

MCCALL'S

MAY 1926 ★

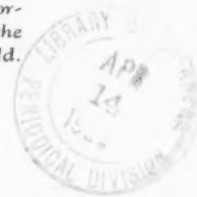
TEN CENTS



MARY STUART

Painted By Neysa McMein

The fifth of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love-stories of the world.
See page 19.



FLORIDA— AND THEN WHAT? By IDA M. TARBELL

◆ IN THIS ISSUE ◆

Once the Room

*"that simply nothing
could be done with"*

FORGET for a moment how distinctive, how pretty this bedroom looks now. The woman whose pride it is to-day will gladly tell you that for many years it was "just impossible."

As a bedroom it was so cheerless, so unresponsive. As a guest room—well, it simply stood bleak and uninviting.

She tried shifting the furniture. First the bed facing the window. Then the bed away from the window. The dressing table here. The dressing table there. But always that subtle something which makes a room a part of a home was lacking. And the floors! Heavens alive, how could any arrangement survive those dingy, worn, splintery boards?

Then the thought flashed into her mind why not start replanning, with the floor?

She selected a pretty printed pattern

She didn't want to spend very much on an upstairs room, so she decided to use a printed pattern of Armstrong's Linoleum—one where the sturdy, springy, comfortable linoleum body had the design printed in heavy oil paints.

This happy beginning even suggested the color of her furniture. A can of blue-green paint worked magic in a few hours. The chairs that wouldn't match? They could be covered with glazed chintz for next to nothing. Two inexpensive gray rugs. Her room was complete!

Was she happy? How could she fail to be? A pretty room with a pretty floor—a floor that was comfortable, warm, easily cleaned, and most remarkably durable.

Designs for every room

Visit your local furniture and department stores and see the new designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—new Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaids, new Marbleized Inlaids, softly rip-

pled Jaspé patterns—really, your choice of patterns and colors is equal to any room done in any spirit.

These new pattern floors come in either inlaid or printed linoleum. The floor of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum properly cemented over a layer of builders' deadening felt is really a lifetime floor. Treated to a coat of wax, say twice yearly, it glows with a lustrous sheen. The floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum is even more moderately priced than the inlaid; but its beauty,

its long wear, give no hint of the low price.

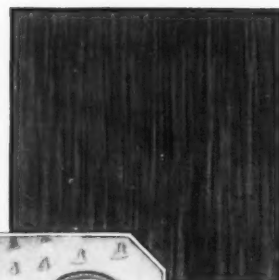
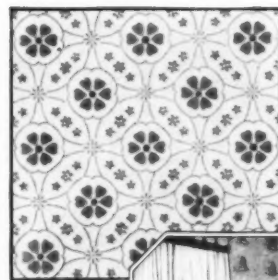
For home decorators

Our Bureau of Interior Decoration will gladly help you select smart linoleum floors that match with draperies and wall colors. Just describe the room or group of rooms you want to do over. This service is free.

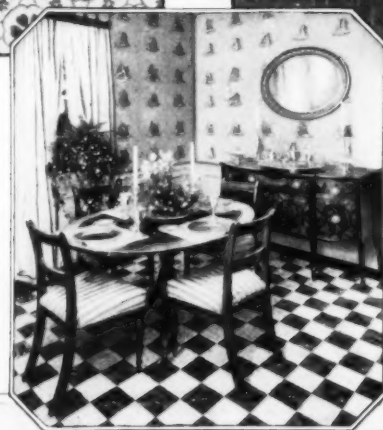
For a ready-reference guide on home decoration, write for Agnes Foster Wright's new book, "Floors, Furniture, and Color." This book brings you color reproductions of model interiors and a wealth of practical suggestions for making your home attractive. Mrs. Wright's book will be sent anywhere in the United States on receipt of 25 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Co., Linoleum Div., 831 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.



Armstrong's Printed
Linoleum, Pattern
No. 8431.



Armstrong's
Jaspé
No. 19.



A dining-
room floor
of Arm-
strong's
Marble
Tile Inlaid
Linoleum.



An inexpensive floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum (Pattern 8322) was used for this charming bedroom.

Armstrong's Linoleum

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for every floor
in the house

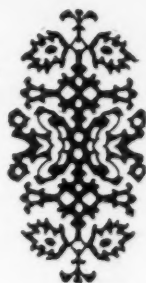


"HOW LONG," HE SAID, "ARE YOU GOING TO HOLD ME CAPTIVE?"
A SCENE FROM "MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW" PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY ARTHUR LITTLE

THE RETURN OF THE DOUGHBOY

IF "The Keeper of the Bees," that masterpiece of the late Gene Stratton-Porter, delighted you as it did hundreds of thousands of other McCall readers, you are going to enjoy, too, a new novel of another returned soldier—just written by Vingie Roe, beloved author of "The Splendid Road"—which will begin in the June issue of McCall's.

"Monsieur of the Rainbow" is the charming and intriguing title of Miss Roe's story of this other returned soldier and it, too, takes place near the mountains and the shores of lovely California—just as did "The Keeper of the Bees." But whereas "Jamie" found again his lost health and happiness in those hazy, grey-green canyons of the coast range beyond Santa Monica, Miss Roe's hero finds he must needs have a wilder, more primitive environment if



the hurts and scars that have seared his body and his soul are ever to be healed; so he pushes his lonely way into the far fastnesses of those most superb of all American mountains—the majestic High Sierras. There, among the serried ranks of snow-crowned, pineclad ranges, he comes upon his great adventure—an adventure fraught with healing in its wings. And his story, and that of "the prince of the tribe of failures," who so fantastically becomes his guardian angel, combine to make of this one of the most satisfying and uplifting of all current novels.

For, as it unfolds, it turns out to be not only the thrilling story of a great fight made by a man with a stricken body to win back his wholeness—but also the breathless tale of a man with a stricken soul to win his way back to—God.

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*The fifth of a series of portraits of the heroines
of the great love-stories of the world.*
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

I AM often-times asked, "How do you write?" I suppose people mean by this: Is it by inspiration, by hard work, or is it pleasure? It is all three, but not all three at the same time.

Nature study, and collecting natural history specimens, are real toil; they are accomplished only by infinite patience and "the sweat of the brow." But there is the joy of the great outdoors in this work, the joy of becoming better acquainted with God through the flowers and tiny creatures He created. So in field work, carrying the photographic paraphernalia, plodding across plowed fields, climbing barbed wire fences, wading streams, fighting through dense growths of underbrush, and battling mosquitoes, are the work; listening to the wind fluttering the leaves, the bird songs flung from far overhead, and the water bubbling over the stones in the creek beds, are the pleasures.

I have done some work, one piece in particular, which I felt was truly inspired; perhaps I can best tell you why I feel so about it by telling you how I wrote it.

In 1909 in my book, "Birds of the Bible," I used a certain description of Jesus Christ. I always have been a person of the fields and out-doors, and from my early Biblical training I happen to know that Jesus Christ was the same kind of person, and I happen to know that he could not possibly have performed the offices attributed to him in the Bible had he been a weakling. I get so tired of representations of Christ as a round-shouldered, woman-faced old man of fifty or sixty; when, as a matter of fact, at the time of His execution, He was thirty-three, the very cream of physical, virile manhood.

After "Birds of the Bible" was published, I received a letter from a man in Australia, and a picture of Christ. He explained that it was the picture from which the description was taken that I had used in my book. It interested me greatly, as I have always imagined Him exactly as He was represented in this picture. I began, and I am still carrying on, a search for the origin and authenticity of the picture, which I had framed, and which hangs in a conspicuous place on my study walls. Its beauty lingered with me, and I thought about it a great deal.

Just after it came, I started on a motor trip through Southern California. I carried the picture and the letter along and read it to my daughter and her escort, a youngster who has since become her husband. I had a wonderful journey, and in the old mission garden at San Juan Capistrano, which was the headquarters of Fra Junipero Serra, my mind was full of the picture and the description. The old Indian gardener gave me three pomegranate slips from the roots of trees three hundred years of age, which Fra Junipero had carried from Spain in his hands, on his last visit to his native country.

In looking over the lovely hills, green with Spring and bright with flowers, I said to Mr. Meehan, "You know, I believe



THE OLD INDIAN GAVE ME THREE POMEGRANATE SLIPS

HOW I WRITE

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES" AND
"THE KEEPER OF THE BEES"

ILLUSTRATION BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

"I realized that while I had been working, I had been praying; that I had been begging the Lord to help me to do a big thing, a beautiful thing, a thing that would be of benefit to the whole world; and as I lay there unable to sleep, this thought came to me: You have prayed to the Lord for help. You feel that the poem as it stands in your mind is better than you could have done it alone. Now, perhaps the Lord does not want you to go to sleep and take the risk of forgetting. So I got up and went to my desk."

AN EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S
ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE.



that we are very nearly in the same geographical latitude as the Holy Land. I believe that we are seeing today things very like what Jesus saw when He travelled over the hills and through the valleys on His mission on earth."

I came home exhausted with beauty and wonder, physically tired, and rolled into bed. Immediately the poem, "Jesus of the Emerald," which was later published, began coming just as it was published, with scarcely the change of a word. Far into the night I had gone over it for the third time, and then I punched up my pillow, and tried to control my mentality; tried to settle down and go to sleep. I found that sleep was impossible. I realized that while I had been working, I had been praying; that I had been begging the Lord to help me to do a big thing, a beautiful thing, a thing that would be of benefit to the whole world; and as I lay there unable to sleep, this thought came to me: You have prayed to the Lord for help. You feel that the poem as it stands in your mind is better than you could have done it alone. Now, perhaps the Lord does not want you to go to sleep and take the risk of forgetting.

So I got up and went to my desk. Because I could not use my typewriter without awakening my family and causing protest, I sat down alone in my study and wrote out the poem, as it now stands, in long hand. So I feel that I had help with this poem, and I hope any of you who read it may like it.

I have sometimes had people ask me how to write. It is impossible for me to tell you that. It is impossible to open the door to a literary career except by sending editors the kind of work they are anxious to have. The door is not closed because you are poor, or because you are unknown. Neither of these things makes one particle of difference. What you must do is decide for what magazine, paper, or publisher you wish to write; then thoroughly inform yourself as to the kind of material that is being accepted by those people, and make your work as good as, or better than the material that is being accepted. My best advice is to do as I did: get on the job alone and work out your own salvation. What anyone can tell you will be of no particular value. It is what you find out for yourself that really gets you on in this world.

As for literary style, it is better that you develop your own. It is the style that carries a hint of a fascinating personality behind it, that is attractive to publishers and to the public. You may think this is easy for me to say, but it is exactly what I did. When my first work was published I lived in a little town that did not even have a public library, a theater, or a literary club. And at first I had no help; my first work was published before my family or friends knew anything about it.

Concerning ways of the actual writing, they are many, and I think I have tried them all. At first I wrote everything laboriously in long hand. My hands used to cramp until I would [Turn to page 117]



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Why swords flashed in Beauty's garden

"Why," demanded the Lady Joan in disapproval, "are you two trying to kill each other in my garden?"

The gentlemen maintained an embarrassed silence.

"Ah, Michael," she exclaimed, espying her faithful gardener peering from behind a tree, "step forth and explain this scene."

"Please, Your Ladyship," said Michael, "it all started with Lord Ormond saying that your beauty came from beauty soaps and lotions that he had brought you from the far East. Sir Harry said his Lordship lied in his teeth. Then . . ."

"Sir Harry, you are quite right," interrupted the lady, smiling, with heightened color, and turning to the handsome young nobleman. "I never trust anything upon my face but Ivory Soap! Will you walk in the garden with me?"

DOES it surprise you to learn that the finest treatment you can give your complexion is really very simple? That just about all your skin needs is—*soap and water cleansing*? This is what the physician, the dermatologist, the skin specialist will tell you. These authorities go further and say that more elaborate treatments are usually useless and frequently harm the skin—by making it sensitive, enlarging pores, or relaxing tissues.

But just *any* soap will not give your skin the perfect cleansing it requires. You need a gentle soap that protects delicate texture and bloom—a soap of unquestioned purity—Ivory. With good health and Ivory Soap—so safe that physicians almost universally recommend it for babies—the care of your complexion becomes a very simple matter.

PROCTER & GAMBLE





McCALL'S

FOR MAY MCMXXVI



As long as questing youth will turn its footsteps to the magic city, so long will lovely ladies, bored by humdrum lives, seek for adventure in the narrow, crooked streets of Greenwich Village. For here New York harbors in attics under leaking eaves the earnest youth that

IN his school-day period he wrote stories, drew pictures, acted a play of his own and composed a little song. Of all his relatives only his father remained unastonished. John Close was his father's name; and when the World War came he made hardware for the Government. And several millions.

His son, Willie, became Bill in college. He was one of those youths passionately enamoured of art, but who mistook his appreciation of beauty for the ability to create it. How best to employ his elaborate university education perplexed the boy. He could not make up his mind what masterpiece to create first. For a year he tinkled the piano, rigged up a studio on the top floor, began to begin a novel and a play, and otherwise dawdled about town with youth of his own caste.

At the end of the year it was his father who solved the problem for him. "Either," said he, "you start on a fifteen dollar job in my office or remain at home and read your masterpieces to your mother. In the latter event your allowance stops."

"But how about my career?" inquired the boy.

"You have done your careering with your button-headed friends," said his father. "Now, you can go to work until you make enough to continue your capers. If you're really a genius in disguise you'll take the fifteen per and do your masterpieces after hours—just to show us."

"Very well," said the boy, "I'll show you."

BILL was a nice boy with unclouded eyes at twenty-three. Education and the New Freedom had brought no sophistication to a naturally clean and fastidious mind. Life to William Close was still a romance from which no rainbow hue had faded. And while he worked among the clerks in his father's office his boyish brain remained crowded with beautiful phantoms—lovely dancing ghosts of the Nine Muses, all of whom he believed in, none of whom he was able to pluck by her rosy fingers and induce to listen to honorable intentions. He admired writers of books, but could not write one; he loved pictures, but couldn't paint one. As an observer and listener he was truly a genius; as a creator, a cipher.

He was, naturally, a shy boy, and scarcely dared venture into some of those cafés and restaurants where, it was rumored, genius gathered to feed-makers of books and plays; awe-inspiring creatures known as newspaper men; actors, cinema directors—all sorts of towering intellects.

William remained fearful lest these transcendent beings detect in him a hardware clerk. Very shyly he visited one or two genius-haunted resorts, and experienced thrills. Nor did his enchanted boyish eyes perceive the dinginess nor his ears notice what was blatant. How marvelous, he thought, to be able to live one's life in generous, carefree disdain of such sordid considerations as business and money-grubbing! How wonderful to really belong to the set that did things.



HE KISSED HER; ENCIRCLED HER SLENDER BODY WITH BOTH ARMS

WORK

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTING CHANCE,"
"CARDIGAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ



comes from everywhere to live and learn and to transmute its hard-worn knowledge into art. Of this life Robert Chambers can write fully for he lived it once himself, and here he tells a story of America's bohemia—where "all the sad young men" learn of love and tragedy.

SOMETIMES he lunched at French cafés and fancied himself in Paris amid the priceless tumult of feeding genius in its more human moments. Sometimes he ventured as far as Greenwich Village and shyly lunched at the Inn, imagining himself in the Latin Quarter amid immortal fledglings whose pin-feathers, one day, were to become pinions as wide and glorious as those of the Winged Victory.

He never dared address anybody with that Bohemian freedom and good-fellowship which he so adored in novels. Nobody had ever spoken to him, so far. Until one day in May. One Saturday.

Amid pin-feathered immortals, though not of them, he sat all alone that spring afternoon, eating and drinking the most Bohemian comestibles procurable and pretending that this was the Latin Quarter, and all the evening lay before him in the City of Light.

A thin girl, with bobbed hair came in alone, took the table next to his, and ordered chocolate and little cakes. She was enchantingly pretty. She smiled in friendly fashion at the waiter as she gave her order. Then, glancing about her, she encountered the interested gaze of William Close. The half-shy smile did not alter. It almost seemed to include him. At that instant her vanity box fell to the floor.

"Thank you so much," she said, as William recovered it. She rested her elbows on the table and balanced her chin on two clasped hands, slender and white. She seemed interested in looking about her at the place and in watching its denizens feeding or dancing. Twice her errant eyes encountered William's, and the faint tracery of a smile still remained on her lips.

They were dilatory in bringing her chocolate. She said aloud, yet as though to herself: "I wonder whether that waiter understood me?" Her wandering glance rested on William at that moment. They both smiled.

About that time his waiter fetched him a bowl heaped with strawberries. "Oh," she said, "they look good."

"Will you try them?" he suggested.

"Yes, if I may—"

He started to rise; but she said: "I'll come to your table," and did so, with a smile as swift and light as her step. She took up a berry by the stem and held it poised over a saucer of sugar.

"Take one, too," she said; and he did.

Thus they shared the berries, dusting each with sugar and gaily conveying them mouthward with pink-stained fingers. A waiter had fetched her chocolate and little cakes. She offered to share these with him but he was disinclined to further gastronomy.

"Then will you try one of my cigarettes?" she suggested.

So he smoked one; showed her his own case, and she promised to try one. "What is your line?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, honest but red with humiliation.

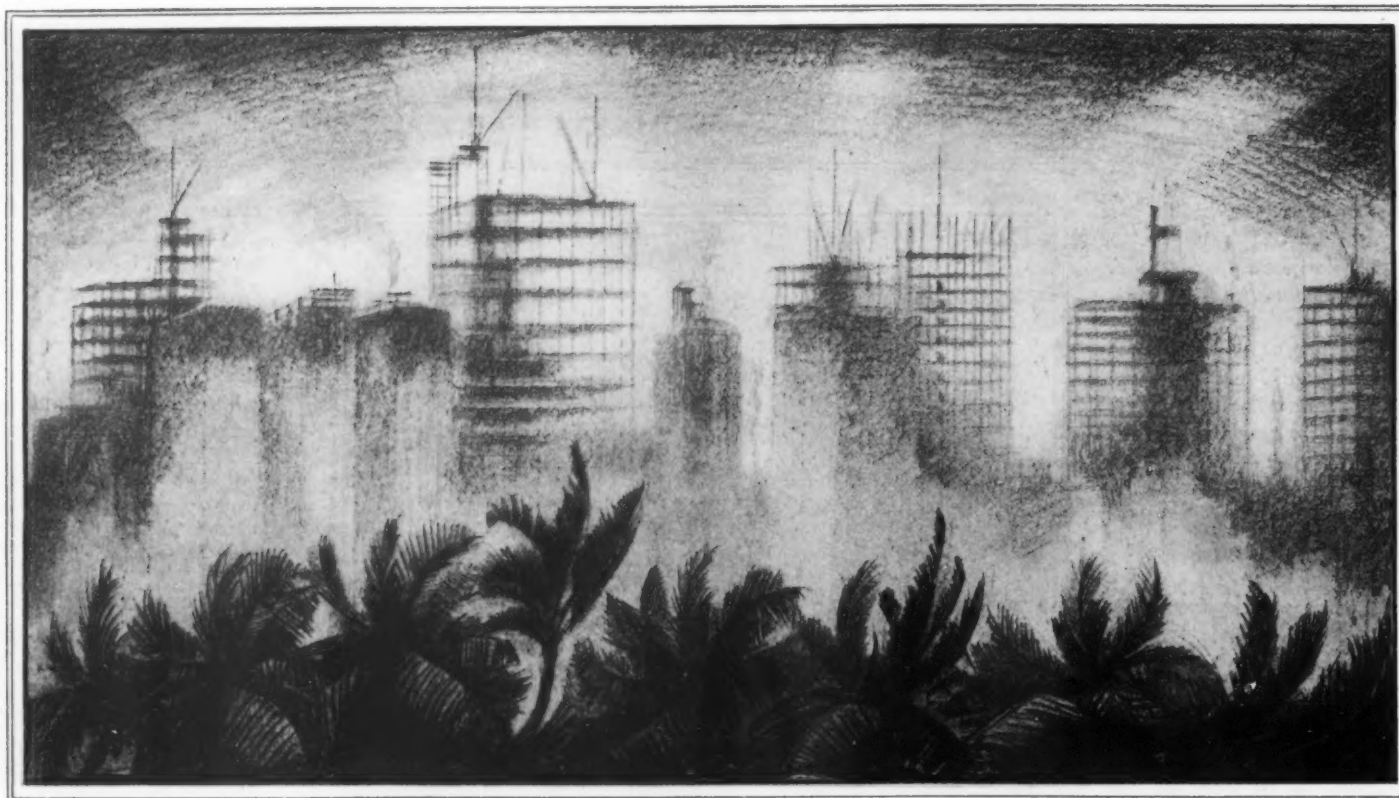
"Oh; don't you go in for anything?"

"I've tried—several things."

She laughed: "Go on trying, then. You haven't found yourself," she nodded with an understanding smile.

"Have you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes I think so." [Turn to page 47]



OUT OF THE SWAMPS AND JUNGLES OF FLORIDA IS RISING A MAGIC CITY IN THE HEART OF THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND

FLORIDA— AND THEN WHAT? IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOOM



BY IDA M. TARBELL



DRAWINGS BY HUGH FERRIS

The name of Ida M. Tarbell, signed at the top of an article, means something. It means the article will contain the sharpest observation, the shrewdest judgments and the whole truth about the subject treated, and nothing but the truth. The name of no woman journalist in America stands for so much. For this reason McCall's engaged Miss Tarbell to investigate the greatest phenomenon in America today—the Florida boom—and to tell our readers what is good in Florida, what is bad in Florida, and to do this without regard to the feelings of anyone but with only the determination to ferret out the facts in this confusing issue.

Miss Tarbell, with the same persistence and the same keenness that she applied to formulating the history of the Standard Oil Company, has been analyzing the Florida boom during the past few months, especially for this magazine; as a result, she

has turned out a masterly series of papers—a series that aims to destroy certain maleficent factors operating in The Sunshine State, but a series that, by and large, is so constructive that, taken in its entirety, becomes a mighty social document worthy to be studied not only by the sponsors of the Florida boom, but also by the United States government itself for its guidance in future work of colonization in America. No man or woman, interested in obtaining for old age a place in the sun, can afford to miss Miss Tarbell's series, of which this is the first. These papers constitute the first authoritative and complete analysis of Florida by a social and economic investigator of the very first rank. The next article appears in the next issue of McCall's. It digs still deeper into the subject of the Florida boom, and with amazing revelations and sound recommendations.

THE sun flooded the valley. It had called out the young leaves and early flowers; set the birds to singing. I walked the solitary road with a sense of complete well-being; of supreme content. Only the sun could give that sense, reaching down to the inmost marrow, the last filament of nerve.

Then suddenly ahead I saw a figure propped against the green roadside bank—legs stretched out—arms over his head—disreputable even at a distance—a confirmed hobo. The sun gave confidence. I walked ahead and as I looked him in the face uneasiness disappeared. His mood was as beatific as my own. We smiled in mutual recognition of our common experience. Then an old habit reasserted itself.

"Lady," he said lazily, "give me a dollar."

I laughed aloud at the incongruity of the request. "A dollar! What do you want of a dollar, happy as you are?"

His eyes swept the lovely sky—lingered on a bird piping a tune nearby, and he parried: "I might want it!"

Then old habit stirred in me—an old organized



IDA M. TARBELL

charity habit—"What do you do?" I asked severely.

His answer was epic.

"Lady, I follow the sun."

He had struck the universal, a root in all mankind. Since his beginning man has followed the sun—sought his place in its glow and warmth—its power to heal and restore. The sun is back of many of his migrations, even of some of his wars, and if you want the explanation of his most iridescent bubbles—those bubbles he calls "booms"—you must every now and then start with the sun.

The sun and its fruits are certainly the first and the staying ingredient in the Great Florida Boom, which in the last five years has, very quietly at first, though none the less surely for that quiet, crept over the country, invading homes, unsettling the settled, disturbing nest eggs, enriching advertising columns, employing the trained and untrained publicity men, enticing the rich, giving joy to the speculators of North and South and finally forcing over one hundred and ten millions of

people to "think of Florida." You can no more get rid of it now than of tax reduction or the oil scandal. It has become a great national fact. A fact pregnant with questions of many kinds:

(1) How is a boom of this kind created? What is its germ—its culture—its propagation and spread?

(2) What does such a boom do? What are its gains; its casualties; its future?

(3) If it gets away from you can it be deflated gradually, safely?

(4) And what can we learn from it? For the Florida Boom deals with problems which concern not only itself, but every State in this Union. These problems are:

(1) How can we bring into our borders people who will settle in our undeveloped or abandoned parts—turn our waste places to profit—our deserts to bloom—our streams to producing power—our untouched natural resources to wealth.

(2) How can we get them in and then so direct their efforts that they will not be crushed in the process?

(3) How can we insure intelligent, scientific development of our land and our opportunities?

The Florida Boom of 1920 to 1926 has a lot to tell us about these matters, so general in most, if not all, of the United States—a lot to tell about what we should and should not do if we want to bring in people and keep them here—happy, contented, enriching themselves as well as our commonwealths.

What started this Florida Boom? There's a nice question for students of mob psychology! Perhaps we had better ask, what did it have to start with—for the Florida Boom is not made up of dreams, oratory and advertising alone, though, as we shall see, they have all had a part in its nourishment and beautifying.

The Florida Boom, if we date its beginning as 1920, and that seems reasonably exact, had a solid primary foundation—30,000,000 acres of land;

30,000 lakes;

11,970 or so miles of ocean and gulf coast;

Mean temperature of the State for the year of 70.8°F.

An average rainfall of 50 to 60 inches;

Fish—by the millions—Amberjack, Barracuda, Kingfish, Tarpon, Wahoo, Grouper, Jewfish, Sailfish, Bonefish, Ballyhoo, Trigger Fish, Bonita, Porpoise, Devil Fish, Catfish,

Channel Bass, Moonfish, Pompano, Sheepshead, etc., etc.—No one man knows the names of them all, and no man has the muscle to outfight and bring in some of them. They talk of fish in tons in Florida, not in pounds as we do in the North.

Game: Alligators and Turtles.

Fruits: Oranges, Lemons, Grapefruit, Bananas, Pineapples, Watermelons, Strawberries.

Vegetables: Anything you wish.

Trees: Pines, Palmettos, Palms, of more varieties than are in the botanies.

"A summer that stays all winter" and

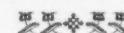
Sun—Sun—Sun.

That was what there was there for the foundation for the boom, but these things were also in Florida in 1513, when Ponce de Leon came seeking a fountain of youth and did not realize that he had found it—the perpetual sun bath.

They were there when De Soto landed in 1539 in Tampa Bay and tried titles with the wily Seminoles. Then there followed the days of the Spanish and English settlements, and finally we bought the 30,000,000 acres for \$5,000,000. (Remember that \$5,000,000. For it is useful as a way of comparing increases in



ABOVE—WHILE THE NORTH FREEZES, VISITORS IN ST. AUGUSTINE ENJOY CONCERTS IN THE CITY'S PARKS
LEFT—AT ORMOND BEACH CARS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY GATHER TO CREATE FLORIDA'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM



value. You cannot deny that it is impressive to hear a gentleman say, "I made \$5,000,000 out of that tract of 1,000 acres—as much as the United States once paid for the whole thirty million acres." And you hear some strange tales like that again and again.)

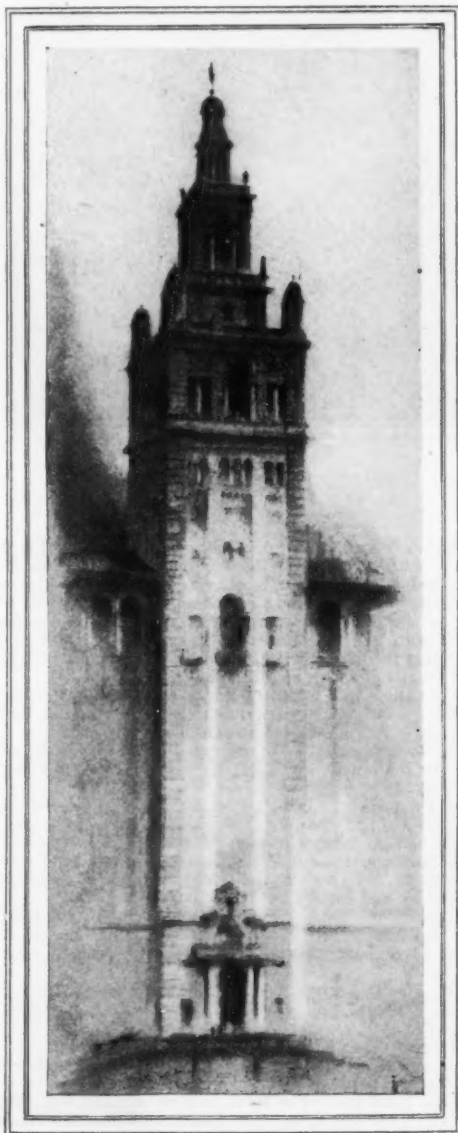
It is only about fifty years ago since men began to make the fundamental wealth of Florida—its sun and sea and fertility—available for the nation; to open highways; to plant and build and test. And what did Florida do in 50 years? What had she in 1920?—A railroad from Jacksonville to Key West of 458 miles, opening up her entire East Coast. She had along the route of this road some of the greatest Cities of Pleasure ever built in America—hotels palatial, fantastic, expensive, abiding places for the rich and leisurely, as well as for the well-to-do; also an unending amusement for the students of the American panorama. Taken one by one, as they ran down the East Coast there were—the Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine—the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach—the Royal Palm at Miami. Every possible sport which men love had been developed around these hotels—golf courses, tennis courts, harbors for yachts, concert halls, everything, indoors and out, to amuse and entertain and give joy to people.

Villas had followed the great hotels up and down the shore. Some of them unbelievably magnificent, like the Deering Estate, south of Miami. This development had brought in its train settlements big and little. The great villa had been imitated by those who could afford only the small one.

These things were all on the East Coast in 1920, and on the West Coast a railroad had reached from Jacksonville to Tampa, and a City of Pleasure with all accessories for those who came had been built. There, too, were villas great and small and—what the East Coast lacked in part—a wonderfully developed back country.

Thus by 1920 you could get into Florida as far south as Key West on one side and Tampa on the other by rail, though you must double your tracks to get back and forth, there being no easy route from East to West. Roads were multiplying. The central counties and East and West Southern coasts were only fairly provided, but they had endless plans,

the hub of them all being the Dixie Highway, which was on its way to Miami; (It's there now!) Florida by 1920 knew that she had transportation sufficient to make that bid for people which she felt she must have and have at once in order to develop what she had begun. Looking over her long history it seems incredible that at our starting point, 1920, there should only have been about 1,200,000 people in the State, and that three out of every eight of them were negroes. The City of New York covers 197,406 acres, and accommodates nearly six times as many men and women as all of Florida was supporting on her 30,000,000 acres in 1920! Those who wanted to boost Florida in [Turn to page 57]



THE NEW MIAMI-BILTMORE HOTEL



COCOANUT BOWLING—TYPICAL FLORIDA DIVERSION



THE NEW BUILDING OF A MIAMI NEWSPAPER



The GOOD TURN

BY
ETHEL M. DELL

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES REX,"
"A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY"

ILLUSTRATED BY
H. R. BALLINGER

*A masterly novelette
complete in this one
issue, by the most
widely read author in
the world today—a
treat unparalleled in
current fiction.*



IT was very hot in Russet & Varney's Shoe Shop that afternoon in the middle of the July sales, and—perhaps in consequence—tempers were short. The face of the girl at the end farthest from the street, who bent over the very difficult foot of an elderly female customer, was white and exhausted.

A great array of shoes was spread around the two, but nothing suitable could be found among them all, and the girl patiently pursued her search, up the step-ladder and down again, bringing ever more and more for the consideration of the openly exasperated customer. Each effort seemed doomed to failure almost before made. The long shoes were too slender, the short ones too wide; the toes were too pointed, the heels too high.

"Those of course could be altered," suggested the girl. "Altered shoes never answer with me," said the customer. "Can't you show me something different? I want something strong and comfortable, but not too hideous, for wear on the moors."

On the moors! A faint sigh escaped the meek, bending figure.

"I am afraid this is all we have," she murmured, as she withdrew the last offensive shoe from the difficult foot.

"Then you have a very poor selection, that's all I can say," snapped the customer.

"There's nothing here to suit me. Perhaps you will be good enough to put my own shoe on again, and I will try at Basing's in Mond Street."

A very faint flush showed in the assistant's white face, but she turned to comply without protest.

She was in the act of fastening the customer's shoe when a voice suddenly spoke above them. "Hullo, Aunt Olivia, what are you doing here?"

Both women started, and in a moment the elder smiled,

albeit somewhat petulantly. "Oh, good gracious, Shandy, how you startled me! What ever made you come here?"

The young man smiled. He had an engaging smile and he often made use of it. "Process of deduction," he said airily. "I saw the car round the corner, and Parker told me where you were to be found. Are you buying all this lot, eh? Where in wonder are you going to put 'em all?"

"As a matter of fact," said Aunt Olivia, returning to her grievance, "I am not buying a single one."

"What?" said Shandy. "You don't say you've tried on all this lot! By Jove, you have had a field day! And turned 'em all down? I say, that's bad." He seemed to perceive the black-clad figure of the shop-assistant for the first time. "Pretty rotten for you too!" he said.

The shadow of a smile crossed the girl's tired face, but she said nothing.

"Look here!" said Shandy, plunging at random at the heap before him and pulling out a smart pair of brown brogues. "What's the matter with that pair? Have you tried those, Aunt Olivia? I say, you can't have tried on those! They are absolutely It. Put 'em on! Do put 'em on, and let me see!"

"My dear, it is quite useless," protested Aunt Olivia. "I am sure I have had them on. They pinched somewhere."

"They couldn't—they couldn't!" vowed Shandy. "Try them on again! Do! Let me do it for you! Yes, let me! I'd love to. Give me the shoe-horn thing! That's the way. Easy does it! Now where does it pinch, I'd like to know? Where?"

The shoe was on, and after a brief, excruciating grimace over the operation Aunt Olivia sat mute, her favourite nephew on his knees before her, exultant. "I never saw anything so smart in my life!" he declared. "I simply wouldn't know you. I say, you must have those shoes,

you know. You simply must. Take my word for it! I'm an expert. You'll live to bless the day you bought those shoes."

He had his way. It was almost a foregone conclusion. Shandy—a fond diminutive of "Shandygaff" which was the color of his hair—was accustomed to storming positions of this sort, and the friendship between himself and Aunt Olivia was far too well established to be disturbed by anything so trivial as a pair of shoes.

As the shop-assistant deftly made out the bill, however, she did say with a hint of warning, "Mind, Shandy, if those shoes prove unsuitable, the responsibility is yours."

"Oh, rather!" agreed the irresponsible Shandy. "If you find you can't wear them, I'll carry them round my neck to my grave."

There came a sound like a smothered laugh from the girl, and since it was the first time he had heard her voice Shandy looked at her curiously, but she moved away on the instant under pretence of getting nearer the light, and when she returned, her face was the same pale mask of endurance as when he had entered.

"A most inefficient saleswoman!" commented Aunt Olivia when she had departed to procure change and receipt. "I should never have bought anything here if it had rested with her."

"No. That was my doing," said Shandy with pardonable conceit. "I sold you that pair of shoes, Aunt Olivia. Russet & Varney's ought to be jolly grateful."

"More so than I, I am afraid," said Aunt Olivia.

"Oh, rats!" said Shandy amiably. "Come along now and help me buy a dinner-service for the yacht! And, by the way, did I tell you? I've found a name for her, something that expresses her calm and comfortable stand-byishness down to the water's edge. I know you'll never come aboard her, Auntie, so she will be to me afloat what you have



The yacht was not leaving before dawn, and they went up on deck later and sat watching the lights of town and harbor in amicable silence—at least it was amicable from Shandy's point of view, but it presently dawned upon him that it might be different with the girl.

He tackled the matter at once with characteristic directness. "I say," he said, "you won't be home-sick, will you?"

She looked at him in surprise. "I haven't a home for one thing," she said.

"How could I be?"

"And you're not dreading the voyage?" he said. She shook her head.



always been ashore—The Chaperone!"

"My dear idiot!" said Aunt Olivia indulgently.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Shandy, with his usual irrelevance.

IT was three hours later, and the intense heat of the day was giving way to a faint, still coolness on the Embankment when Shandy came sauntering down from his flat with his hands in his pockets, to enjoy it. The slowly sinking sun shone upon his uncovered, straw-colored head. Shandy always behaved in London exactly as he did in the country. It was his pleasant Irish way, and, as he was wont to say, if nobody minded—and nobody did—why bother? He was in his twenty-eighth year, and it was just six months since Fortune had dealt him an extraordinary hand—the Grand Slam, he called it. He had never had any money in his pockets up till then, and now they were full—bulging, practically running over. An unknown relation had died in America and a fortune of which he had never even heard had come to Shandy—a fortune that made all Shandy's debts look feeble and absurd, his debts being, however, merely the ordinary debts of an ordinary young man in an ordinary regiment.

He was chuckling a little in happy reverie as he sauntered down to the river on that breathless July evening. He had had three months of idleness. And now he was beginning to feel he ought to be up and doing. There were of course heaps of things to be done. The only difficulty was where to begin. He might go round the world. He had bought an ocean-going steam yacht, fitting it with the exquisite delight of a child in its first possession of a doll's house. But he had a sociable nature, and he shrank from setting forth alone. And none of his friends seemed to be at a loose end like himself. What he needed, they told him, was a wife.

He reached the wall above the river and leaned medita-

tively upon it, enjoying the sunlit glory of the river.

He had been told he ought to marry, but had discarded that idea without a moment's hesitation. Dash it! Why should he? Some day perhaps, but not yet;—oh, certainly not yet. Marriage—like the world—could keep. He had no idea of curtailing his play-time at present. At the same time he did not wish to waste the precious hours.

He looked up the river for inspiration and watched some black barges float behind a steam-tug over the golden ripples. It appealed to his artistic sense, but it failed to give him inspiration. He turned and looked down the stream.

Someone else was doing the same. The faint vague coolness came from this direction, and a slight figure hung on the wall not more than thirty yards from him, drinking it in. There was something of unspeakable dejection in its pose. Otherwise Shandy would not have noticed it. The face was turned from him. It was the attitude that spoke.

"By Jove!" Shandy said to himself. "What misery!"

And then a moment later:

"She can't be very old either. Wonder what her trouble is. Wonder if I'd better ask?"

Caution hindered him. Then, suddenly she turned and looked up the golden stretch of river to the west.

Shandy gave a start at sight of her white, tired face. "Why, it's the shoe-girl!" he said half-aloud.

She did not see him. She did not seem to see anything. Her expression, like her attitude, was one of utter hopelessness, complete indifference to her surroundings. He watched her with a more furtive attention now that she was looking his way, but it was quite obvious that she was unaware of him. There was nothing attractive to the ordinary observer about the thin, drooping figure in its shabby attire. But somehow the very lack of attraction appealed to Shandy just then, the pitifulness of her.

"I'd like to do a real good turn to someone before I clear out," he reflected. "It would bring me luck."

But how to offer help to a total stranger who might not even, despite appearances, be in need of it—a stranger, moreover, of the opposite sex—was a problem that taxed Shandy's ingenuity. And there was undoubtedly something about this girl which seemed to warn him not to come too near. She was plainly not the sort to encourage attention from an outsider.

Even while he watched, she turned slowly away and began to walk in the opposite direction. "And that's the end of that," said Shandy to himself with disgust.

But it was not the end. The abstraction which had prevented her seeing Shandy a few minutes before still possessed her. A piece of orange-peel on the pavement was wholly unobserved by her. She slipped upon it and, after a vain effort to recover herself, fell headlong.

"That's done it!" said Shandy as he raced to the rescue. He was in time to pick her up, for she was momentarily dazed by her fall. "I say, you haven't hurt yourself, have you?" he said.

"Oh no! Oh no!" she answered rather shakily. "It was very stupid of me. Thank you very much."

There was a seat on the edge of the pavement a few yards distant. "Come and sit down a minute!" said Shandy.

She murmured something that he did not catch and to which he paid no attention. With his hand under her elbow he drew her towards it. She submitted with a dull fatalism, but as she sank down he saw that she was deadly pale.

There were few passers-by, for which he was thankful. A crowd around them at that moment would have been unbearable.

"Take it easy!" he advised. "A bit of a shake-up, what?" She leaned back with closed eyes. "I shall be all right

directly," she said. "Please don't bother about me."

Her breath came quickly through her white lips. Shandy watched her uneasily. After a time she recovered somewhat and looked up at him, though the awful pallor remained unaltered.

"You are very kind," she said, faintly smiling. "I am so sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"I think the trouble is on your side," said Shandy. "Don't move till you feel better!"

"I am better—much better," she said. "I must be getting on."

Shandy spoke with sudden boldness. "Where do you live? I'll see you back. There's a taxi coming now."

"Oh no!" she said. "No!" But he had already hailed the approaching taxi. It drew up beside them.

"Where is he to take us to?" said Shandy. "No, never mind! We'll go into the Park first."

Shandy in certain moods was hard to resist. He could be wayward on occasion, and his companion was obviously in no state to give battle.

He helped her into the cab autocratically and, having given his orders to the driver, took his seat beside her.

The air blew in upon them as they shot forward. "That'll revive you," he said. She lay back in her corner in silence, but he saw with relief that her color was becoming more normal.

"Better?" he inquired presently.

She gave him her faint smile again. "Yes, I am quite well, thank you. Please put me down at the corner and I will get a bus!"

"Now don't be silly!" said Shandy in a grandfatherly tone. "You know a bus would just about finish you in your present state. And I'm not a very dangerous animal really. I shan't eat you."

"I am not afraid of that," she said.

"Good!" said Shandy.

"Then let us enjoy ourselves! Do you know I have been watching you for some time? I was wondering if you were going to recognize me."

"Recognize you!" She

looked at him in surprise, and in a moment he saw recognition dawn in her eyes, but almost immediately she lowered them. "People in my position don't recognize people in yours," she said.

"Well, I think you might," said Shandy pathetically. "I helped you sell a most unsuitable pair of shoes to my poor old aunt to-day."

He expected her to smile again, but to his disappointment she stiffened. "I disclaim all responsibility for that," she said coldly. "I knew they were unsuitable directly she put them on."

"Never mind! She can afford it," said Shandy.

"That makes no difference," she answered.

"Dash it all!" said Shandy boyishly. "I suppose it did to you. The more shoes you manage to sell must improve your position."

"No," she said again, her eyes fixed straight before her. "I am leaving next week—at the end of the sales."

"And what are you going to do then?" said Shandy, recovering somewhat.

She made a slight gesture with one hand, lifting it and automatically letting it fall. She said nothing whatever.

And there followed a pause while the cab turned away from the river-bank and threaded its way through a crowded thoroughfare.

After a time Shandy stole a glance at his companion, and saw with relief that she still looked normal, if somewhat severe.

"I say!" he said. "I want to talk to you. Do you mind?"

The severity of her countenance softened a little, as it were in spite of her. Shandy took heart. "Of course I know it's awful cheek on my part. But there's nothing underneath the cheek. I'm not one of your strong, silent villains, or heroes either. In fact, I'm rather a simple little thing, if the

truth were known. All my friends say so."

"I gathered that," she said.

"You did?" said Shandy, delighted. "I say, you are a brick. Do you mind telling me your name? They call me Shandy."

She gave him a straight look. "Shandy, what?"

"Shandy-Gaff," he explained, "for obvious reasons."

He heard again that faint laugh that she had uttered that afternoon. Yet she did not look as if she were laughing.

"My name is Munro," she said briefly.

"Oh, thanks!" said Shandy. "That's a big help. And—you're looking for a job, are you?"

She hesitated for a moment, then decided to lay aside her reserve. "Yes, I am. I shall be. I am thinking of going to Canada if I can get the Emigration people to help me."

"But why Canada?" said Shandy.

Again she paused as if making up her mind before answering. "I have some people out there; at least my mother had, once. I've no one in England now since she died, and I thought I'd like to try and find them. But of course I shall have to work my way."

"But look here!" said Shandy. "If you're set on going to Canada, I've got a suggestion to make. I'm going to America myself on business. I've got a yacht and everything complete. Let me—I say, do let me—give you a lift across!"

The girl beside him gave a great start. "Are you mad?" she said.

"Oh no!" said Shandy. "Really not! Quite sane—according to present-day standards. There's nothing in it, you know—no earthly reason why one shouldn't. It's quite a big yacht. You wouldn't be in my way, and I shouldn't be in yours. Quite safe too! She's been to sea before and never sprung a leak yet. I say, do come! Think what a

lark it would be! I've been longing for company."

She was still looking at him with doubtful eyes. "Have you got a party on board?" she said.

"Of course not!" said Shandy. "Nothing of that kind. I should hate a party, shouldn't you? Oh, don't let's have a party!" He spoke coaxingly, as though her presence at least were a foregone conclusion. "Think of the beastly complications that might arise! Whereas if we just go quietly over—I can pick you up at Plymouth—no one will know a thing about it, and there will be no stupid jokes."

"I think you must be mad," she said.

"I'm not!" vowed Shandy. "Look at my knee-kick! Positively violent. Nothing wrong there, is there?"

"But why," she said, "why suggest this mad scheme to me? Surely you can see I am not the giddy, feather-brained sort of girl to be drawn into it! Not that I am a girl at all! I'm twenty-six."

"I knew you were young," said Shandy. "I'm twenty-seven."

"I should have thought you were straight from the nursery," she said.

"Not really!" laughed Shandy. "Well, I'm not, you know. I've seen quite a lot of life. But I've had my head turned just lately by an extraordinary piece of luck."

"Oh!" she said. "I thought there was something."

"Make no mistake!" said Shandy. "There is. But it's

all quite true, about the yacht, I mean, and so on. I've been buying a dinner-service for her only this afternoon with Aunt Olivia."

She brought him gravely back to the point. "What is the piece of luck that has had such an effect upon you?"

"Oh, that!" said Shandy. "Well, it really happened some time ago, but I haven't quite got over it yet. A relation of mine—very distant, that I'd scarcely even heard of—

died over in America and left me trucks of money as the next of kin. There's some property over there, and I'm going over to have a look round. I've bought a yacht and there's plenty of room for a passenger. So if you'll come—" he waved an airy hand—"as I said before, I shan't get in your way and you certainly won't be in mine."

"It's such an extraordinary suggestion," she said slowly.

"No, but why?" said Shandy. "It sounds quite practical common sense to me. Why should you waste money on your crossing when you can cross for nothing? Surely that would be ridiculous! Come! Wouldn't it?"

"Perhaps!" she said guardedly.

"Good!" said Shandy. "Well, that's settled then, is it? You'll come, what?"

She looked at him again with absolute directness. Her eyes were grey and very clear. He rather liked her eyes. "Will you tell me something?" she said.

"Of course!" said Shandy generously. "Love to. What is it?"

"Why are you so anxious to bring off this hare-brained scheme?" she said.

"Oh well," he said again. "It's because—mainly because—you see, I've been so dashed lucky, for no earthly reason that I can see, that I want—I do really want—to do a good turn to some one, just—you know—just to show I'm grateful."

"I see," she said, and suddenly she smiled without reservation. He liked her smile immensely. "It's a sort of thanks-giving, is it?"

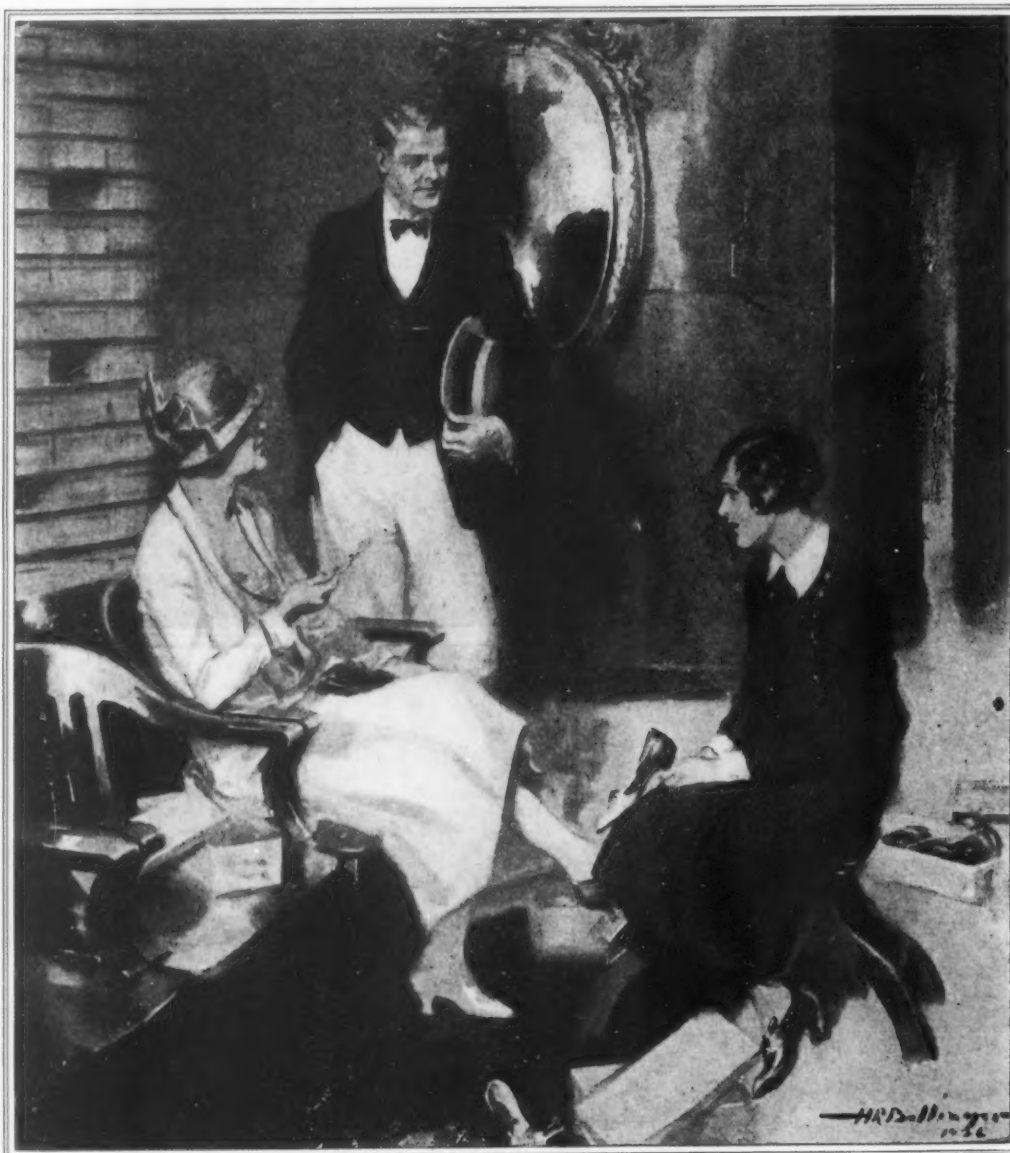
Shandy's face was very red. "It sounds rotten, put like that," he said.

"I'm not in the least pi, you know—not that kind of pi. But I'm not a villain either. I think I mentioned that. I hope you can manage to believe it."

Her smile broadened, became a laugh. It was wonderful how much younger she looked when she laughed. "Shall I tell you what I think?" she said.

"Please!" said Shandy expectantly.

She was still laughing. "I think you [Turn to page 69]



THE YOUNG MAN SMILED. HE HAD AN ENGAGING SMILE, AND HE OFTEN MADE USE OF IT



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IT all happened so without warning. Of course, Emmy Harmon had not been strong for years, but when people continue, day after day, to do the accustomed things, somehow one is not prepared for catastrophe. It hit Bill Harmon right between the eyes. There he sat, slumped in a chair, utterly crushed by his wife's collapse. She had simply keeled over, and lay rigid before his eyes, as if Life had already paid in full its debt to Death. Alma, their daughter, did all that could be done until the doctor arrived, for Bill was helpless in the crisis.

The doctor's fiat was inexorable:

"Quiet, absolute rest! No unnecessary exertion, even after she has recovered from this attack. Another, and you may lose her!"

He put his stethoscope back into his bag and departed, leaving Alma thoroughly alarmed by the warning. Her father, in his grief-dazed condition, was mercifully spared the realization of its import.

Emmy finally relaxed. The pallor left her face, and her breathing became even and normal, although she was still unconscious.

Alma's memory bled as she recalled the earlier scene—her father on his knees beside the bed, calling pitifully to Emmy to come back, then talking to her softly in words of endearment, words pitifully foreign to the hum-drum drabness of their daily life.

"—Emmy, hear me! It's me, Bill, calling to you. I'm here, darling, holding your hand, and waiting for you to speak to me. I need you, dear, now more than ever!"

The girl, stricken herself, could hardly endure the poignancy of her father's grief. He never talked this way. It struck her suddenly, and surprised her as if it were a new idea, that he must love her mother tremendously, deeply; that their life together must, after all, contain values almost buried beneath the litter of commonplace which made up the visible structure of their rather poor, struggling existence. She felt like an intruder as she listened.

"—You can't leave me now—not yet. Oh, I've never told you all I feel, and now it's too late!—You can't go like this! Emmy, speak to me just once—"

His voice was lost in choking sobs. It seemed more than Alma could bear. She lifted him up with tender hands.

"There! There! Dad! The doctor'll be here in a minute. Everything'll be all right!"

Strange rôle! She, playing comforter to her big dad, who was usually so gruff and self-reliant. But he seemed weak and helpless now, and she suddenly felt strong and capable, equipped to take charge of the little household.

Then remorse swept over her, as she realized she should have assumed that responsibility more fully long before. Alma's husband had died, leaving her nothing, and when she came home, with her baby, there had been at least a tacit understanding that she was to relieve her



EMMY HARMON'S WISTFUL, TIRED FACE BRIGHTENED BUT LIFE HAD LEFT HER NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT FUTURE BLESSINGS. THEY CAME TO SOME PEOPLE, OTHERS THEY JUST NATURALLY PASSED BY

SAWDUST

BY EDGAR J. TYLER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

In the springtime month of May we celebrate throughout the length and breadth of our great land Mother's Day—wearing, some of us that Sabbath, a white carnation in token of her who bore and nurtured us through long, drab years. But is this enough for us to do? Does it cancel our debt to Mother? Or is it only a hollow, sentimental mockery—"sawdust" in comparison to our real debt, which can only be paid in the true gold of daily affection and constant solicitude? Such are the thoughts that this fine story will arouse in the breast of everyone at this time of year when the coming of Mother's Day makes us all turn, for at least a moment, to that selfless figure whom even Time's mists cannot dim.



mother of much of the burden of housekeeping. She had bent to the task heartily at first, conscious of the sacrifice the old folks had made in providing asylum for her and tiny Emmy. But soon the demands of her own young life had become more and more urgent. She met new friends and formed contacts which took her away from home in the evenings. There were parties too. At times she felt herself cramped by the restrictions which her father's moderate income placed upon her social cravings. Her natural love of fine, pretty things, which had been partially gratified during her brief married life, was offended by the old, worn furniture and rugs, and the chipped, crackled dishes of her parents' home.

"It almost makes me ashamed to entertain my friends here," she had exclaimed bitterly one day, as she fingered a fork with bent tines, from which the silver plate had been rubbed off by many scourings. Bill Harmon, usually taciturn and inarticulate, flushed with rage.

"You ought to be thankful you've got as good a home as this," he flung back at her.

"Don't, Bill, don't! She don't mean it that way." So Emmy had

soothed the troubled waters.

Her mother always interposed when a word storm threatened, had always shielded Alma even as a child. Good mother! Wonderful mother!

And there she lay now, helpless, her attack brought on, the doctor had implied, though his words were guarded, by the household duties, which she, Alma, young and strong as she was, should have taken upon her own shoulders.

"Another attack and you'll lose her."

The doctor's words burned into her conscience. She determined then and there that nothing should interfere with her simple duty here. Her spirit thrilled with the exaltation of sacrifice.

All through the days of her mother's illness, she moved quietly and efficiently about the house, doing the colorless everyday things, not in the dead rhythm of duty grudgingly performed, but with a gesture of new-found happiness. She sang as she cooked and swept and washed and ironed. She invented a dozen merry, little games to keep small Emmy amused, and she watched tenderly over her mother, as Emmy slowly regained strength.

"Good comes in queer dress sometimes," Bill said to her one night. "But if your mother being knocked flat, and you having to pitch in around here, has made you more contented, then, maybe, the good Lord knew what He was doing. Specially, now we've got her nearly well again."

Alma and her mother laughed. They all felt very close to each other those days.

Recovery came, as the doctor had predicted, and Emmy was again able to go about the house and tiny garden. The habitual activity of her life could not be denied. Soon she was performing little tasks, which Alma, alert to save her mother, could easily do. [Turn to page 84]



ON THE CREST OF COBB'S HILL A BLUE ROADSTER SLID TO A HALT AND TWO YOUNG PEOPLE LOOKED UP AT THE MOON

ALL day, from her window in the old wing of the house, she had watched the preparations for the dance, and all day she had been slipping farther into the past. Now Teedy, bursting into her room, seemed to her the darling young beauty she had once been, and this party of the granddaughter's twenty-first birthday was her own party of her eighteenth birthday fifty-five springtimes back.

Poised on one dancing toe, Teedy bent toward her image in the cheval glass until she made of herself an almost perfect question mark. To be sure, the very short, beaded, white skirt cut up into points and the pomegranate-red crêpe scarf, twisted like a tourniquet about her bare throat and floating, the scarlet curve of her lips, and the crescent moon curve of her short hair—these details gave a modern fillip to the question she posed. But the look which Teedy's face wore was that same look of wide-open, breathless wonder which is worn by the faces of girls of all centuries who stand on the edge of life. The grandmother saw herself, before that same cheval glass, in a ball-room gown of cream-colored silk brocaded in bright bunches of red flowers, with a point lace cape, also cream-colored, on that evening far back when, for a moment, she, too, had hesitated, poised expectant, lost in delighted wonder.

But Teedy snatched up a chintz pillow and jazzed with it till the cut glass chandelier clinked and the petal skirt was a-swirl about her. And the grandmother had to remind herself that she was broad-minded—not like Mehetible Dearborne and others of her generation who saw in short skirts and bobbed hair a moral issue.

"But there, I'm jarring you into little bits!" Teedy dropped, contrite, onto the claw-footed stool at her grandmother's feet. "I keep forgetting—you're sure you can stand the rumpus, Gram?"

"I like it. The music—"

"Fagan's jazz band, and darned lucky to get it!"

"Is—not so bad from here."

"Honestly, Gram, you *are* a wonder."

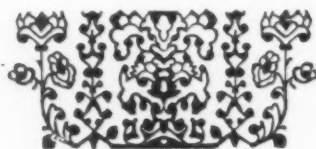
"Mehetible Dearborne is younger by two years, yet *she* has a face like a dried ham," agreed grandmother complacently. "You cute thing!" Teedy snickered. "What I like about

EXPERIMENT

BY VALMA CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

Who understands the flapper? Perhaps, after all, it is not mother—but grandmother, to whom the passage of years has given a true perspective, who alone is really qualified to know this bewildering product of modern times. For, in this delightful story of flappers, and moonlight, and jazz, it is she who sees in Teedy's experiment a parallel to her own youthful romance, and who alone is capable of realizing just why she chose "that red-headed Spike."



you is you're such a darned good sport in spite of yourself. Better than mother. Mother—oh gosh!"—she made a wry mouth. "Because you are a sport, I'm going to show you—" She dipped into the low front of her dress, produced a tiny, red enameled box.

"What—?"

"Vanity case; birthday present from Nat Wheaton."

"Jewelry!" But grandmother strove to conceal the shock.

"Isn't it a duck?" gloated Teedy, dabbing at Gram's nose with a midget powder puff. "It came wrapped in silver paper in a box of chocolates, which shows Nat's not so slow when he sits down to it. Don't tell mother."

"And—sh!—these—" Teedy tweaked up her skirt to dis-

play orchid-colored ribbon confections with dangling showers of tiny, painted ladies' faces.

"Garters!"

"From Spike Fitz Simons. Imported from somewhere, for there's not another pair like them in this town. Aren't they delicious? He disguised them as the ribbon on an old-fashioned bouquet, and added a note to his card. Don't breathe it to mother!"

"Garters from a... young man," groped grandmother feebly. "Are you—engaged to him, dear?"

"No. That's what makes it so original, don't you see? Brakes on, Gram, here comes mother! Engaged?—No. But I may get engaged, only who—that's the big question—who?—Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief, Nathaniel, Gordon, Spike, or—Keith?" she chanted, naming the crystal bracelets on her arm, and then jangling them all together furiously.

"Careful, you'll break them!" heaved Mrs. Bruce.

"Let them break, and let the good man win!"

"Stop it, Matilda. They're not safe, my dear; I was reading, only yesterday, how a young woman cut an artery on a glass bracelet and had to be—"

"But, my darling, they're the rage, and so tinkly and so sweet."

"And speaking of engagements," ploughed Mrs. Bruce, "I am wondering whether Nathaniel has—has said—"

"Yes?"

"Well, whether he has made any mention of a rather significant birthday present for you?"

"Nat sent me chocolates," said Teedy, with a side wink at grandmother; "Spike sent me flowers."

"Oh, that 'Spike'!"—Mrs. Bruce discarded him. "But Mrs. Wheaton was telling me that Nathaniel has been looking into—solitaires."

"Do you mean," stared Teedy, "that Nat's mother has been proposing to my mother, for me?"

"Mrs. Wheaton merely mentioned—and I merely guessed—I thought, if you understood you had the approval—the best wishes of both families—it might make you feel more like encouraging—not that it would probably make any difference to *you*!" broke off Mrs. Bruce bitterly.

"No, not that it would." Teedy shrugged her indifference.

"I hope," with dignity, "that you will remember that Nathaniel is one of the Genesee Wheatons. A thoroughly nice boy."

"A good egg in spite of it, and not an absolute idiot," agreed Teedy. "He'd be furious if he knew his mother was pulling the mediaeval on him. But Spike Fitz Simons is a good kid, too."

"That red-headed lunatic!" Mrs. Bruce exploded. "Matilda, I won't have you—"

"Won't? Won't! Oh mother—you mustn't talk so."

"Is he, by any chance, related to the Fitz Simons of Medina?" wondered grandmother mildly.

"Gram, how could you!"

"He's not," stated Anna Bruce, "related to anyone anywhere that I've been able to discover."

"He came up from a family of policemen," Teedy offered pleasantly. "Nathaniel, Gordon, Spike, or Keith," she began her impartial chant again, and darted, laughing, from the room.

But again the soft fog of the past had closed over grandmother. That red-headed boy was Cliff Parsons, and the Wheaton boy was her own Henry, and Anna, her daughter, had become her mother on that evening of long ago...

Anna scolded her about the draft from an open window.

"I like a draft," muttered grandmother.

But she submitted; and only after Anna's departure did she ring for Laura and order her to open the window again and to switch off the lights. The furniture, old mahogany friends, retired into the darkness, and the white marble mantel-piece and some pale Lowestoft plates in the cabinet of the tambour secretary floated, in pearly nakedness, alone. Grandmother, resting there among relics of her girlhood, dozed and dreamed.

Automobiles buzzed up, chortled, and died, depositing their loads of shrill-voiced young people. Fagan's jazz band blared and insinuated. But the night was pearly in a vague, soft mist, like old luster ware; and the garden under her window was the same old garden, with the same flagstone path bordered by primroses. There was even a moon to turn the lilacs and the apple blossoms and the magnolias—all white flowers—whiter. The artificial moon of a distant street lamp did not matter. The garden had dropped back, with grandmother, into a setting of dusty lanes, buggies, and gas lamps. The only sounds were the lulling murmur of frogs

and the cadence of a parlor waltz from the open windows of the house. She was eighteen, and pinned there, as to death, on that second flagstone, in the cream-and-red dress, bidding Cliff Parsons good-bye.... Or she was seventeen, and standing under the flowering apple tree, in the embroidered muslin, getting engaged to Henry.... Which? Which of those two birthday party nights.... which of the two men, Cliff or—just Henry....?

The illusion was shattered by the intermission invasion of half a dozen young couples, who perched on the reed chairs and table by the magnolia tree, and talked all together.

"I pulled my best line on Tuesday, and it was Thursday before he came to and asked if he could call—"

"The Harvard interval, darling."

"—Could call, mind! I told him the tea caddy was empty and my duenna'd gone off on a bat. He's a fish."

"You promote him; he's an angleworm in a fish's tummy."

"Well, anyhow, with that snaky car you'd think—"

But she was not shocked, grandmother insisted. No, she prided herself upon keeping pace with the times. Not that she approved—Oh no. But she was seeing, more and more clearly, that these things were less significant than some other things.

Take slang, for instance. She recalled being sharply reproved by her mother for remarking that Mr. Gentles was "an awful quiz." Surely a harmless expression, and lucid compared with the puzzling slang these young people employed. Grandmother sighed, with a wistful regret that her own life had been so regular and so slangless—that her own

But now Teedy struck a new attitude; she struck several insinuating new attitudes in slow succession.

"What d'yuh call—?"

"She's a Sculptured Plastique, you bonehead—shut up."

"What—?"

"Oo—careful, Teedy, don't step over the edge!"

For Teedy had begun to dance, a slow, twisting, really rather naked-looking movement. And Teedy's dress—really, that dress was almost too.... But grandmother remembered the undignified freedom with which she herself had

romped through a quadrille with Cliff Parsons.

"Why, she's that silly Bernice Winters doing *Temptation*—the Pageant, Keith, don't you recollect?"

"Huh. A take-off?"

"Old Bernice? Heigh, it's Bernice Winters in a Spanish shawl."

"Good stuff!"

"Get the hip business—Wow-ee!"

"Encore, kid! Aw, Teedy, come on, give us ano—"

But Fagan's jazz struck up, and the party melted away, all except Teedy and young Wheaton. He was pleading with her in a low voice, and Teedy was only giggling. He was bending over her, his two hands grasping the edge of the dial on which she sat, his arms making a cage for Teedy from which she could not escape, while Teedy herself leaned backward, away from him. But Teedy, with a little exclamation, dropped one white pump, and while young Wheaton bent to retrieve it, she almost slipped from her perch.

Not quite. Nat rose, and caught her, with a gesture of helping her down, and held her....

Grandmother closed her eyes. A good boy—she hoped Teedy would have him. Solid, and safe, just as Henry had been. The least bit selfish, perhaps, in constant, small ways, when it came to living with Henry day after day—Henry had been frequently more considerate of himself than of her. Rather proud, too, and conscious always of his successful appearance before people; young Wheaton's metal gray roadster carried a pretentious monogram, to parallel the absurd coat of arms which Henry, in another day, had had painted upon the new brougham. But handsome—a splendid figure always....

tender and dear through that first spring and summer—and even later, through their honeymoon.

Grandmother opened her eyes to the boy and girl below.... to the garden doubly enchanted by the moonlight and by that faint, mother-of-pearl mist. Everywhere the milky vagueness, so that the street lamp was unclear and blurred into a cross, and the lilacs and the apple blossoms were ethereal in their whiteness.

But "No!" said Teedy.

And "I beg your pardon!" said a masculine voice, not young Wheaton's.

"S all right, Spike—my dance with you, huh? You run along, Nat," ordered Teedy and turned to the newcomer.

"Don't"—his voice, from the first word, ran over grandmother's nerves like a flame—"don't let me interrupt."

"I won't," giggled Teedy.

"I've wanted to ask you something—"

"Shoot!"

"—But now I won't ask you."

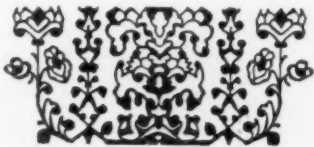
"You.... will ask me," murmured Teedy.

"No!"

"Oh, yes," she teased softly. The little minx! She'd gone close to him; she was flirting with him, daring him to kiss her. He wouldn't. He'd be hanged if he [Turn to page 68]



THE GARDEN HAD DROPPED BACK, WITH GRANDMOTHER, INTO A SETTING OF DUSTY LANES, BUGGIES, AND GAS LAMPS . . . SHE WAS SEVENTEEN, IN THE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, GETTING ENGAGED TO HENRY



high daring had come to nothing. She liked it—the vicarious taste of *their* wildness—yes, she did!

But Teedy drifted into the circle, and they hailed her: "Teedy's got a stunt! Pull it, Teedy!"

"Lift me up, then." And Teedy's companion—that big, blond Nat Wheaton—swung her up onto the sun-dial.

Teedy extracted the vanity case, and sliding into a pose that was like an exaggerated drawl in its insolence and its languor, she tilted up her face and wearily manipulated a lipstick. Grandmother, watching the public exhibition, was reminded of the iron-bound law of her youth which required that a lady should withdraw to the dressing-room to repair so little as a loose lock, but she was not shocked.

BELOW—IN THE EARLY DAYS THE PICKANINNY ACT, WITH ED AS THE GIRL AND FRED AS THE BOY, VIED FOR POPULARITY WITH THEIR FAMOUS HOTTENTOT SKETCH



LEFT—THE THREE STONES WHEN MEMBERS OF THE SAME COMPANY

BELOW—A SAILOR ACT WHICH MONTGOMERY AND STONE MADE FAMOUS



IN the first installment* of this remarkable autobiography the famous comedian told how he began his career as a circus acrobat. In McCook, Nebraska, circus attaches became involved in a fight with the inhabitants of the town. Fred Stone and his brother Eddie were assigned the task of getting Fernie, a drunken clown, out of the way. The actor here continues his own story:

AT last the band wagon came up and we bundled Fernie aboard and hid him in the hay; there were quite a lot of others there already. I climbed up on the seat with the man who was driving. Back of us I could see the torches on the other wagons stringing off into the night. I dozed off after awhile and woke up with a start because we had come to a sudden stop. A buggy with four sheriffs in it had driven up beside us, and one of them climbed up on the hub of the front wheel and pointed a gun in the face of the driver. I took one look at that gun and did a back flop over into the wagon. They had come to get Fernie and some of the others; they pulled them all out from under the hay and lined them up in the road. There was a lot of angry talk from the sheriffs and they weren't going to have any back talk! Anyone that talked back they were going to shoot right then and there and leave on the road for the coyotes to finish! Fernie had hit someone over the head with a bottle; Di Castro, our big, bushy-haired Portuguese, horizontal bar performer, had been seen running around with a gun—as a matter of fact he had been firing into the grass—but an engineer stepping down from his cab while the fight was in progress had been winged in the head. We were only a few miles from the Kansas line and they weren't going to let us get away; they were going to take the whole outfit! Then I remember "Dad" Berry's quiet voice pleading with them not to take Sig Harris, the juggler, assuring them he hadn't been in the fight or had anything to do with the unfortunate affair.

REMINISCENCES

BY FRED A. STONE

The hundreds of thousands of Americans who have been thrilled and delighted by Fred Stone's inimitable antics on stage and screen have probably wagered that this rollicking, joyous fellow must be a wonderful person to know. Well, he is! It is safe to assert that there isn't an actor today who is more beloved by theatre folk and his friends in private life. And when you have finished reading his reminiscences, now being presented here in McCall's, you will not only know him and love him, too—but you will also comprehend how the hard road over which he has travelled, instead of embittering him, has given him an infinite understanding of, and sympathy for, those who have not been so fortunate as he. And then you will come to realize that the deeply religious side of this remarkable man is no accidental development.



AS HOTTENTOTS THE STONES MADE A GREAT SUCCESS

They finally left Harris but they took all the rest, and we went on, into Cumberland, Kansas, with a pitifully depleted force. We opened there the next day with Sig Harris, Mrs. Ford, who was the snake charmer and Berry's daughter, and the Stone Brothers as sole performers! All the shows and the menagerie were worked in together to make one ten cent show. We used a hurdy-gurdy for music. Sig Harris walked a staircase of razor-edged swords and about doubled his usual stint of trapeze work. Eddie and I did our black-faced act, song and dance, and a lot of extra tumbling and contortionist work to pad the program. For two weeks we four held down that show and then, one by one, the others began drifting back. But they had had a bad time of it up in McCook; feeling ran so high that a mob wanted to take Fernie and Di Castro out of jail and lynch them for winging the fireman. Somebody managed to prevent that, and in the course of time they got a jury together and our people were cleared. When Fernie went down to the depot to take the train to the town in Kansas where we were waiting for him, public favor had switched over and half the town turned out to see off the man they had wanted to lynch! He hadn't a cent in his pocket for his railway fare, so he did a clown act for the crowd, down on the end of the station platform, and then passed the hat. He got enough, not only for his own fare, but enough to bring two or three of the hostlers and canvasmen who were stuck there! That was the end of our fight in McCook, but such fights were not uncommon, and the old rallying cry of "Hey, rube!" could always be counted on to mass any town solid against the visiting circus.

Seaber and Berry's circus went as far as Lamar, Colorado, that year and then turned back to Topeka. Eddie and I were with it all the way and I guess neither of us ever forgot that summer.

IN 1888 the Stone family went to live in Kansas City. I never went

to school after that, and Eddie and I started out that winter to get a regular job. We had never seen the inside of a variety theater, but we persuaded the manager of the Haymarket Theater in Walnut Street to take us on at thirty dollars a week for song and dance and acrobatic turns. The engagement lasted three or four weeks. We lived about twenty-five blocks out of town that winter; there was a cable car that ran out in our direction but it had usually stopped for the night before we were through with the evening performance. The cable would keep humming for an hour or so after the cars were taken off. We had to go through a space of vacant building lots and then through some woods. It used to be pitch dark and we two boys would walk in the middle of the road and the humming of the cable would keep things from being so deadly quiet. After that went off, there wouldn't be a sound in those woods but us two crunching along on the road. After awhile we got so we'd run to get home before the cable stopped! I remember at the end of the first week they offered me the thirty dollars in "iron men" in a bag on Saturday night and I was afraid to "pack" it home, and told them, no, I'd send my father for it on Monday morning!

Late in the winter of '88-'89 my brother and I signed up with D. P. Sutton's organization, were with them a year and a half, went on the road in the summer with the circus, and played parts of two winters with their "Double Uncle Tom's Cabin Company." Everything in it was double except Eva and Uncle Tom. They even had two Lawyer Marks. Ed and I were the Topsyies. We played in variety theaters through Indiana and Wisconsin, went up as far as St. Paul and Minneapolis, I remember. We had a parade every day before the performance, and every male person in the show had to wear a plug hat, including Eddie and me—and the other end of our costume in those days was normally short pants! The boys along the street used to hoot at us and Eddie, who was a great boy for beating them up, used to pass me his hat to hold and drop out of the parade for a few minutes every so often. My father was along with us as ticket seller. He always had an itch for a stage career and in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" he used to come on in the auction scene. He always bid "forty-nine!" and I remember once he got held up outside and almost lost his cue—he came running down the middle aisle crying, "Here I am! I bid forty-nine!"

The whole company and all the properties and scenery of that show travelled in one sixty-foot car, inside it or under or behind! Two donkeys were in a box on the end of the platform and the six Shetland ponies were up in front. We always had two or three so-called bloodhounds in with us—everything passed for a bloodhound with that company except a poodle—and there were five or six more in a sort of cellar under the car. It was part of my job to take care of those dogs and I never will forget the day I crawled 'way inside with their dinner and they all got to fighting, about six big mastiffs, between me and the exit. I'd be willing to wager I made more noise than all six dogs put together until someone hauled them out from outside and gave me a clear track!

My last circus experience was with Mr. F. J. Taylor, and I had parts of two summers with him. He was one-time mayor of Creston, Iowa; he was in the grain business and well known all over the grain-producing states of the Middle West, and I think he got his slant for the circus through arranging concessions for Barnum and Bailey and Ringling



ABOVE—SOME OF THE COSTUMES THAT STARTLED AUDIENCES IN THE NINETIES

RIGHT—MONTGOMERY AND STONE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THEIR ASSOCIATION



Brothers. We set out from Creston early in the summer of 1890. We were a big wagon circus, with three or four camels and a couple of elephants, and Mr. Taylor himself driving the six horses on the band wagon. He was sixty years old and looked like General Grant, had the same kind of chin whiskers, and always had a cigar, usually a dead one, in his mouth, and when he picked me to ride up on the front seat with him my head got several sizes too big for my hat.

It was on that trip someone gave me my first cigar, a five-cent affair called a "Speckled Trout." I was seventeen at the time and I don't know how I had escaped so long. But I didn't escape that time—I was the proverbial sick boy under a tent for about two hours, and my second cigar made no impression on my mind at all, it came so long afterwards!

six weeks, the tents almost dissolved and no one came to our shows. Time after time one of the big wagons would stick in the mud; we used to put a little pillow against the end and bring up one of the elephants to push the wagon out—an interesting sight, but not one to enliven the spirits of a manager when it

[Turn to page 92]



A BUGGY WITH FOUR SHERIFFS IN IT HAD DRIVEN UP BESIDE US, AND ONE OF THEM CLIMBED UP ON THE HUB OF THE FRONT WHEEL AND POINTED A GUN IN THE FACE OF THE DRIVER

PAINTED BY JAMES H. CRANK



"WHAT SPELLS DO YOU MEAN, RASCAL? BY WHAT ARTIFICE DO YOU DO THIS?" BELLARION ANSWERED WITH A PROVERB

STRANGE adventures have befallen Bellarion since he left the peace and security of the monastery in which he was reared in order to pursue his education at Pavia. In Montferrat he became entangled, by chance, in a conspiracy which had for its purpose the assassination of the Regent Theodore. Bellarion was able to foil this, not because of fondness for the Regent but because he believed the plot would fail and the beautiful Princess Valeria would become involved in it. To check the conspiracy he was forced to kill Count Spigno, but Bellarion has escaped from prison and is now in Milanese territory, beyond the jurisdiction of Montferrat. Proceeding quietly along his way, he is astounded to see a man pursued by three huge dogs, while behind the animals ride men who appear to be enjoying the chase.

TERROR lent wings to the heels of the hunted man. He gained the edge of the deep, sluggish stream a dozen yards ahead of the hounds, and, without pause or backward glance, leapt wide and struck the water cleanly, head foremost. Through it he clove, swimming desperately and strongly. After him came the dogs, taking

BELLARION

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

AUTHOR OF "SCARAMOUCHE," "CAPTAIN BLOOD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON

Your children's children may read this masterpiece, which some say will rank, perhaps, with "Ivanhoe," "The Three Musketeers" and the other great historical romances of all time. But you have the opportunity to read it now upon its first publication anywhere.



the water almost together.

Bellarion, in horror and pity, ran to the spot where the swimmer must land. As the foremost of the dogs came clambering up the slippery clay of the bank, it received in its throat the dagger with which Bellarion awaited it.

A shout of rage from across the water did not deter him from slitting the throat of the second dog that landed, and he had hurled the body of it after the first before that cavalcade brought up on the far side, vociferous and angry.

The third dog, however, a great black and yellow hound, had climbed the bank whilst Bellarion was engaged with the second. With a deep-throated growl it was upon him, in a leap which bore him backwards and stretched him supine under the brute's weight. Instinctively Bellarion flung his left arm across his throat to shield it from those terrible fangs, whilst with his right he stabbed upwards into the beast's vitals. There was a howl of pain, and the dog shrank together a little, suspending its attack. Bellarion stabbed again, and this time his dagger found the beast's heart. It sank down upon him limp and quivering, and the warm gushing blood soaked him almost from head to foot.

The young man in red and silver was blaspheming horribly. He paused to scream an order. "Loose the pack on them! Loose the pack, Squarcia!"

But the big man addressed, on his own responsibility, had already decided on action of another sort. From his saddle-bow he unslung an arbalest, fitted a bolt, and levelled it at Bellarion. And never was Bellarion nearer death. It was the youth he had rescued who now saved him, and this without intending it.

Having recovered something of his breath, and urged on by the terror of those dread pursuers, he staggered to his feet, and, without so much as a backward glance, was moving off to resume his flight. The movement caught the eye of the black-browed giant, Squarcia, just as he was about to loose his shaft. He swung his arbalest to the fugitive, and as the cord hummed, the young man span round and dropped with the bolt in his brain.

Before Squarcia had removed the stock from his shoulder to wind the weapon for the second shot he intended, he was slashed across the face by the whip of young red-and-silver. "Who bade you shoot, brute beast? I ordered you to loose the pack. Will you balk me of sport, you dog? Did I track him so far to have him end like that?" He broke into obscenest blasphemy, from which might be extracted an order to the grooms to unleash the beasts they held.

But Squarcia, undaunted either by blasphemy or whiplash interposed. "Will your highness have that knave kill some more of your dogs before they pull him down? He's armed, and the dogs are at his mercy as they climb the bank."

"He killed my dogs, and dog shall avenge dog upon him, the beast!"

One of the grooms spoke to Squarcia, and Squarcia turned to his young master. "Checco says there is a ford at the turn yonder, Lord Duke."

The form of address penetrated the absorption of Bellarion's feelings. A duke, this raging blaspheming boy, whose language was the language of stables and mean streets! What Duke, then, but Duke of Milan? And Bellarion remembered tales he had lately heard of the revolting cruelty of this twenty-year old son of the great Gian Galeazzo.

Four grooms were spurring away towards the ford, and across the stream came the thunder of Squarcia's voice, as the great ruffian again levelled his arbalest. "Move a step from there, my cockerel, and you'll step straight before your Maker."

Through the ford the horses splashed, the waters shrunken by a protracted drought, scarce coming above their fetlocks. And Bellarion waiting, bethought him that, after all, the real ruler of Milan was Facino Cane, and took the daring resolve once more to use that name as a scapulary.

With a thong of leather the grooms attached his right wrist to a stirrup, and compelled him to trot with them. But though soaked in blood and water, he still carried himself proudly when he came to stand before the young Duke.

Bellarion beheld a man of revolting aspect. A bridgeless nose broad as a negro's splayed across his fresh-complexioned face, immediately above the enormous purple lips of his shapeless mouth. Round, pale-coloured eyes bulged on the very surface of his face; his brow was sloping and shallow and his chin receded. From his handsome father he inherited only the red-gold hair that had distinguished Gian Galeazzo.

Bellarion stared at him, fascinated by that unsurpassable ugliness, and, meeting the stare, a frown descended between the thick sandy

eyebrows. "Here's a bold dog! Do you know who I am?"

"Your highness knows my name!"

"Your name, oaf? What name?"

"What your highness called me, Cane." (The Italian word meaning "dog.") Thus again, with more effectiveness than truth, did he introduce the identity that had served him so well before. "I am Bellarion Cane, Facino Cane's son."

It was an announcement that produced a stir in that odd company. The Duke turned to him. "You hear what he says, Francesco? No matter." A deepening malice entered his evil countenance, the mere fact of Bellarion's parentage would give an added zest to his maltreatment. For deep down in his dark soul Gian Maria Visconti bore no love to the great soldier who dominated him.

At a command from the Duke the grooms loosed the thong that bound him to the stirrup, and he found himself suddenly alone and free, with more than a glimmering in his mind of the ghastly fate intended for him. "Now, rogue," the Duke shrilled at him, "let us see you run." He swung to Squarcia. "Two dogs," he commanded.

Squarcia detached two hounds from a pack of six which a groom held in leash. Holding each by its collar, he went down on one knee between them, awaiting the Duke's command for their release. Bellarion, white-faced, with such a terror in his soul as he had never known and should never know again in whatever guise he should find death confronting him, turned and broke wildly, instinctively, into a run towards the wood. The Duke's bestial laughter went after him, before he had covered twenty yards and before the dogs had been loosed. His manhood, his human dignity, rose in revolt, conquering momentarily even his blind terror. He checked and swung round. Not another yard

would he run to give sport to that pink and silver monster.

The Duke, seeing himself thus in danger of being cheated, swore at him foully. "He'll run fast enough, highness, when I loose the dogs," growled Squarcia.

"Let go, then."

Bellarion's senses swam; a physical nausea possessed him. Yet he resolved to offer no resistance so that this horror might be the sooner ended.

He closed his eyes. He groaned. "Jesus!" And then his lips began to shape a prayer, the first that occurred to him.

The dogs had reached him. But there was no impact. They sniffed the air, and at close quarters now, they crouched down, nosing him, their heavy tails thumping the ground, in an attitude of fawning submission.

There were cries of amazement from the ducal party. Amazement filled the soul of Bellarion as he looked down upon those submissive dogs, and he sought to read the riddle of their behaviour, thought indeed, of divine intervention, such as that by which the saints of God had at times been spared from the inhumanities of men.

And this, too, was the thought of more than one of the spectators. It was the thought of the brutal Squarcia, who, rising from the half-kneeling attitude in which he had remained, now crossed himself mechanically. "Miracle!" he cried in a voice that was shaken by supernatural fears.

But the Duke, looking on with a scowl on his shallow brow, raged forth at that. "We'll test this miracle!" he cried. "Loose me two more dogs, you fool."

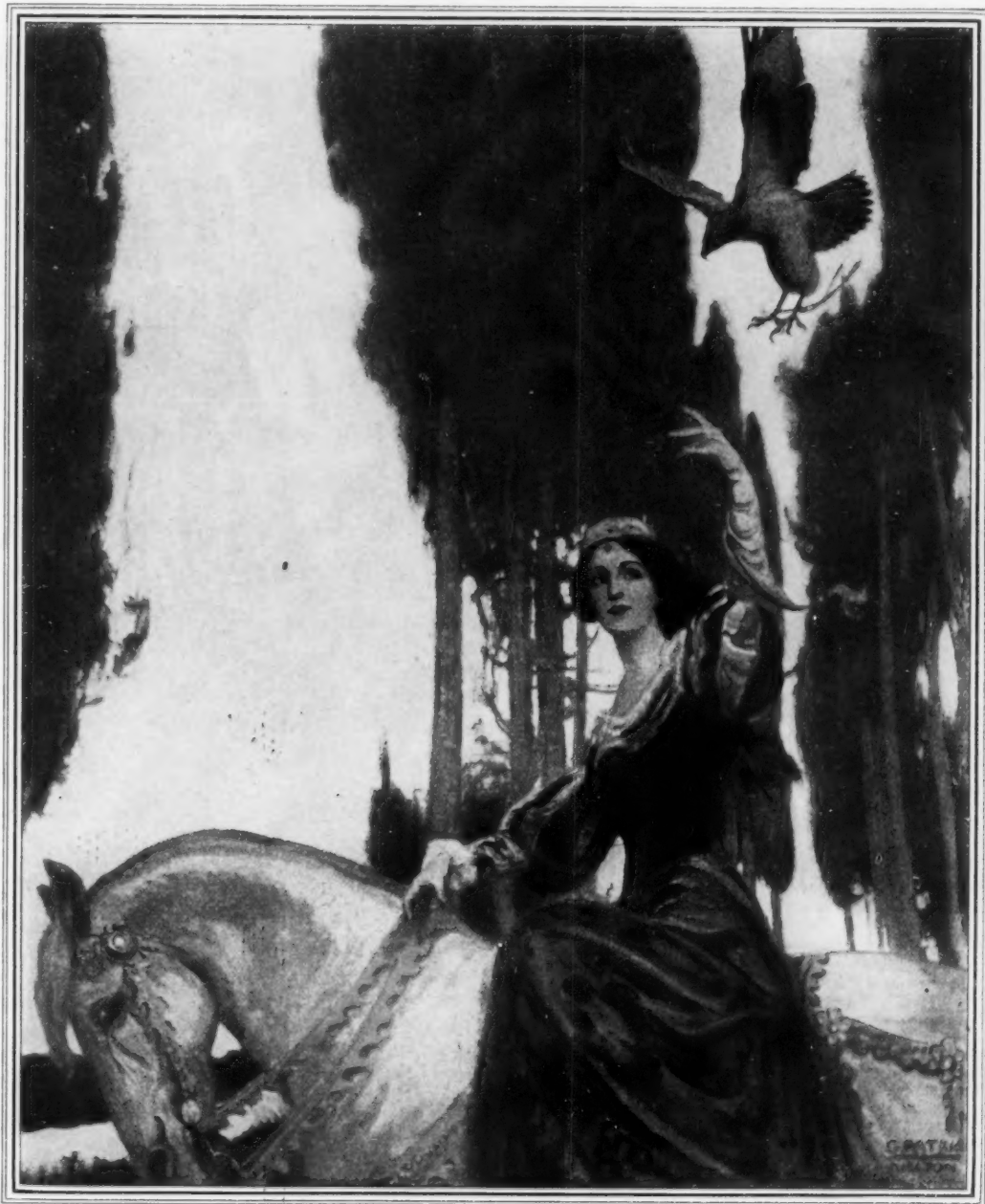
Squarcia's fear of the Duke was even greater than his fear of the supernatural. With fumbling, trembling fingers he did as he was bidden. Two more dogs were sent against Bellarion, incited by the Duke himself with his strident voice and a cut of his whip across their haunches.

But they behaved even as the first had behaved, to the increasing awe of the beholders, but no longer to Bellarion's awe or mystification. His wits, recovered from their palsy, had found a physical explanation for the sudden docility of those ferocious beasts.

In the Duke's own mind some fear began to stir. Whether of God or the Devil, only supernatural intervention could explain this portent. He spurred forward, his followers moving with him, and Bellarion as he looked upon the awe-stricken countenances of that ducal company, was moved to laughter, laughter that brought the scowl still lower upon the countenance of the Duke. "What spells do you mean, rascal? By what artifice do you do this?" "Spells?" Bellarion stood boldly before him. He chose to be mysterious, to feed their superstition. He answered with a proverb that made play upon the name he had assumed. "Did I not tell you that I am Cane, son of the Count of Biandrate? Dog will not eat dog. That is all the magic you have here."

The Duke empurpled. "Do you mock me, filth? You shall yield me your secret." He turned to the gaping Squarcia. "Call off the dogs, and make this knave fast. Fetch him along."

On that the Duke rode off with his gentlemen, leaving the grooms to carry out his orders. They stood off reluctantly, despite Squarcia's commands, so that in the end for all his repugnance the kennel-master was constrained, himself, to take the task in hand. He cast a glance over his shoulder to satisfy himself that the grooms were out of earshot. "Be sure," he muttered in his dense black beard, "that his excellency the Count of Biandrate shall know of your presence within an hour of our arrival in Milan."



AT THE SAME TIME HE WAS TAKEN IN HAND BY THE COUNTESS FOR INSTRUCTION IN MORE PEACEFUL ARTS. AN HOUR EACH EVENING WAS DEVOTED TO THE DANCE, AND THERE WERE DAYS WHEN SHE WOULD RIDE FORTH WITH HIM IN THE OPEN MEADOWS ABOUT THE TICINO TO GIVE HIM LESSONS IN FALCONRY



BELLARION was conducted to a stone cell underground. At the end of two hours or more the Duke's magnificence came to visit him in person. His goggling eyes measured the prisoner with a glance which almost sent a shudder through Bellarion. "Well, rogue? Will you talk now? Will you confess what was the magic that you used?"

"Lord Duke, I used no magic."

The Duke smiled. "You need a lenten penance to bring you to a proper frame of mind." He turned to Squarcia. "Bring him along," he commanded, and stalked stiffly out.

They dragged Bellarion into a larger stone chamber that was as an anteroom to the cell. Here he now beheld a long wooden engine, standing high as a table, and composed of two oblong wooden frames, one enclosed within the other and connected by colossal wooden screws. Cords trailed from the inner frame.

The Duke growled an order. "Lay the rogue naked."

Without waiting to untruss his points, two of the grooms ripped away his tunic, so that in a moment he was bare to the waist. Squarcia stood aloof, seeking to dissemble his superstitious awe, and expecting calamity or intervention at any moment.

The intervention came. Not only was it of a natural order, but it was precisely the intervention Squarcia should have been expecting, seeing that it resulted from the message he had secretly carried. The heavy studded door at the top of a flight of three stone steps swung slowly open behind the Duke, and a man of commanding aspect paused on the threshold. A moment he stood at gaze, then spoke, in a pleasant resonant voice, its tone faintly sardonic. "Upon what beastliness is your highness now engaged?"

The Duke span round; the grooms stood arrested in their labours. The gentleman came sedately down the steps. "Who bade you hither?" the Duke raged at him.

"The voice of duty. First there is my duty as your governor, to see that...."

"My governor!" Sheer fury rang in the echoing words. "My governor! You do not govern me, my lord, though you may govern Milan. And you govern that at my pleasure, you'll remember. I am the master here. It is I who am Duke. You'll be wise not to forget it."

"Perhaps I am not wise. But there is another duty whose voice I have obeyed. Parental duty. For they tell me that this prisoner, with whom you are proposing to be merry after your fashion, claims to be my son."

"They tell you? Who told you?" There was a threat to that unknown person in the inquiry.

"Can I remember? A court is a place of gossip. What matters to me is whether you, too, had heard of this. Had you?" The pleasant voice was suddenly hard; it was the voice of the master, of the man who holds the whip.

"By the bones of Saint Ambrose! Did you not hear that he slew my dogs? Slew three of them, and bewitched the others."

"He must have bewitched you, Lord Duke, at the same time, since, although you heard him claim to be my son, yet you venture to practice upon him without so much as sending me word."

"Is it not my right? Am I not lord of life and death in my dominions?"

The dark eyes flashed in that square shaven face. "You are...." He checked. He waved an imperious hand towards Squarcia Giramio. "Go, you, and take your curs with you."

"You grow daily more presumptuous, Facino," the Duke admonished him.

"If you will dismiss them, you may think differently."

The Duke hesitated, his prominent eyes engaging the other's stern glance, until, beaten by it, he swung sullenly to his knaves: "Away with you! Leave us!" Thus he owned defeat.

Facino waited until the men had gone, then turned again to the Duke. "You set too much store by your dogs," he quietly admonished him, "and the sport you make with them is as dangerous as it is bestial. I have warned your highness before. One of these fine days the dogs of Milan will turn upon you and tear out your throat."

"The dogs of Milan? On me?" His highness almost choked. "On you, who account yourself lord of life and death. To be Duke of Milan is not quite the same thing as to be God. You should remember it." Then he changed his tone. "That

man you were hunting today beyond Abbiate was Francesco da Pusterla, I am told. Hunt the Pusterla all you please, magnificent, and at your own peril. But do not hunt the Cane without first giving me warning of the intention."

He paused. The Duke, slow-witted ever, stood between shame and rage before him, silent. Facino turned to Bellarion, his tone and manner expressing contempt of his ducal master. "Come, boy. His highness gives you leave. Put on your tunic and come with me."

IN a fine room that was hung with Flemish tapestries, and otherwise furnished with a richness such as Bellarion had never yet beheld, the masterful Facino dismissed a couple of waiting lackeys, and turned at last to bestow a leisurely scrutiny upon his companion. "So you have the impudence to call yourself my son," he said.

He threw himself into a chair, leaving Bellarion standing before him, a sorry figure in his tattered red tunic pulled loosely about him, and his flesh showing in the gaps. But he had no thought for this at the moment. "To be frank, my lord, in my anxiety to avoid a violent death I overstated our relationship. I am your son by adoption only."

Down came the eyebrows in a frown, and all humour passed from the face. "A lie!"

And now Bellarion, judging his man, staked all upon the indolent good-nature, the humorous outlook upon life which he thought to perceive in Facino's face and voice. He answered him with a studied excess of frankness. "The adoption, my lord, was mine; not yours." And then, to temper the impudence of that, he added: "I adopted you, my lord,

"I am called Bellarion, my lord."

"Bellarion? A queer name that. And what's your story? Continue to be frank with me, unless you would have me toss you back to the Duke for an impostor."

At that Bellarion took heart, for the phrase implied that if he were frank this great soldier would befriend him at least to the extent of furthering his escape. And so Bellarion used an utter frankness. He told his tale, which was in all respects the true tale which he had told Lorenzaccio da Trino. It was, when all is said, an engaging story, and it caught the fancy of the Lord Facino Cane, as Bellarion closely watching him, perceived.

"And in your need you chose to think that this nameless fellow who befriended you was called Facino!" The condottiero smiled now, a little sardonically. "It was certainly resourceful. But this business of the Duke's dogs? Tell me what happened there. Do you pretend that the mere name of Cane....?"

"Oh no. I reeked, I stank of dog. The great hound I had ripped up when it was upon me had left me in that condition, and the other hounds scented nothing but dog in me. And dog does not eat dog. The explanation, my lord, lies between that and miracle."

Facino laughed outright. "You're a frank rogue," said he, and heaved himself up. "Yet it would have gone ill with you if I had not heard that a son had suddenly been given to me." To Bellarion's amazement the great soldier came to set a hand upon his shoulder, the dark eyes, whose expressions could change so swiftly from humour to melancholy, looked deeply into his own. "Your attempt to save Pusterla's life without counting the risk to yourself was a gallant thing, for which I honour you, and for which you deserve well of me. And they are to make a monk of you, you say?"

"That is the abbot's hope."

"But is it your own?"

"I begin to fear that it is not."

"By St. Gothard, you do not look a likely priest. But that is your own affair. From me you shall have the protection you invoked when you adopted me, and tomorrow, well-accredited and equipped, you shall resume the road to Pavia and your studies."

"You establish, my lord, my faith in miracles," said Bellarion.

FACINO CANE and Bellarion talked long together on the night of their first meeting, and as a result the road to Pavia was not resumed upon the morrow, nor yet upon the morrow's morrow. Facino believed that he discovered in the lad certain likenesses to himself: a rather whimsical,

philosophical outlook, a readiness of wit, and an admirable command of his person. He discovered in him, too, a depth and diversity of learning, which inspired respect in one whose own education went little beyond the arts of reading and writing. He admired also the lad's long, clean-limbed grace and his boldly handsome, vivid countenance. Had God given him a son, he could not have desired him other than he found Bellarion. From such a thought in this childless man—thrust upon him perhaps by the very manner of Bellarion's advent—it was but a step to the desire to bind the boy to himself by those ties of adoption which Bellarion had so impudently claimed. That step Facino took with the impulsiveness and assurance that were his chief characteristics. He took it on the third day of Bellarion's coming, at the end of a frank and detailed narrative by Bellarion of the events in Montferrat. He had for audience on that occasion not only Facino, but Facino's young and languidly beautiful countess.

They removed themselves next day—Facino, his lady, his household and Bellarion—to the ducal hunting palace at Abbiategrasso, and there the secular education of Bellarion was at once begun, and continued until close upon Christmas tide, by when some of the sense of unreality, of dream experiences, began at last to fade from Bellarion's mind. He was taught horsemanship, and all that concerns the management of horses.

Followed a training in the

use of arms, supervised by Facino himself.

At the same time he was taken in hand by the countess for instruction in more peaceful arts. An hour each evening was devoted to the dance, and there were [Turn to page 79]



THEY TURNED, FLUNG AWAY THEIR SHIELDS. . . TO SPEED THEM CAME ANOTHER VOLLEY AT THEIR FLANKS

in my hour of peril and of need, as we adopt a patron saint. My wits were at the end of their resources. I knew not how else to avert the torture and death to which wanton brutality exposed me, save by invoking a name in itself sufficiently powerful to protect me."

There was a pause in which Facino considered him, half-angrily, so that Bellarion's heart sank and he came to fear that in his bold throw with Fortune he had been defeated. Then Facino laughed outright, yet there was an edge to his laugh that was not quite friendly. "And so you adopted me for your father. Why, sir, if every man, could choose his parents...." He broke off. "Who are you, rogue? What is your name?"



THUS DIED MARY STUART, A WOMAN WHO WAS NOT EVIL, BUT A WOMAN WHO WAS VAIN

The GREAT LOVE HEROINES of the WORLD



MARY STUART

BY W. L. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND BLOOMING"

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

Among the figures of history whose great loves have made them immortal stands Mary Stuart, the martyr queen of Scotland. Like Cleopatra she, too, cherished an ambition for power, but where Egypt's wily queen, through clever diplomacy, succeeded, she, through vanity, found herself finally in a morass of court intrigue from which she was powerless to escape. As W. L. George portrays her here we see her a tragic figure to whom, mayhap, fate dealt the punishment she deserved, but whose youth and charm and beauty, to which Darnley and Bothwell fell victims, will ever kindle the sympathy of all lovers of true romance. Neysa McMein's portrait of this loveliest of the Stuarts is particularly felicitous, as it appears on the cover of this issue of McCall's.



It is not unjust to call Mary Stuart a "fatal" queen, since every man who came within range of her beauty and of her intrigues soon became the prey of death or disaster. But she was not an evil woman; many critics have loaded her with insults fit for Messalina, have represented her as a monster of lust, an amateur of murder. Mary, Queen of Scots was not that; she was not so much as that! On the other hand poets from Schiller to John Drinkwater, and many prose writers, have seen in Mary Stuart a figure of radiant grace, hunted and persecuted by men. She was not that; she was not so much as that! Between these two extreme views lies the true Mary Stuart, a romantic, devout, somewhat callous, somewhat vain and selfish woman, but a woman greatly capable of love. In other words, Mary Stuart was not in herself a great figure, but she was made great by history; notably, she was made great by one infinitely her superior in intellect

—Queen Elizabeth, who hated and persecuted her from her birth to her death, a death which Mary deserved. Yet her good looks and tragic end have earned her the world's warm sympathy.

The magic of Mary, Queen of Scots, was not entirely due to her beauty. The portrait which now hangs at Holyrood is not that of a technically beautiful woman; the nose is rather too long, the forehead too high, according to our modern notions; the lips seem a trifle thin, but the hazel eyes with their heavy lids are full of brooding melancholy. Also it is evident that here is a tall woman, of rather massive proportions, with fine hands. We know that she wrote verse and that she loved music; it is clear from many of the unfortunate pranks which she played in Edin-

burgh that she was gay and charming. Thus delineated by nature, and thus favored in the mind, it is not wonderful that she drove to his destruction almost {Turn to page 85}



AN ANGUISHED CRY
FROM THE INDIAN
GIRL CAME TO HER
DULLY. "MRS.
NEWTON TAKE
YOUR REVENGE ON
ME IF YOU WILL,
ONLY DO NOT LOOK
LIKE THAT—LIKE
SOMEONE WHO HAS
SEEN DEATH! I
COULD KILL MY-
SELF FOR SOR-
ROW!"

MARY NEWTON, deserted by her husband, attempts to persuade him to come back to her, though she really loves John Curry, who returns her love. In an effort to give Newton a letter from his wife, John and a cowboy called "High-Lo" surprise Newton and a confederate in bootlegging operations. In the fight which follows John is wounded and Newton's associate killed. Newton flees.

THEY were back at Black Mesa again with a story of a scuffle with Newton and assurance for Weston that the Sage Springs trade would not corrupt him. They made light of the shooting incident, mentioning a pal of Newton's but giving no name.

Thirty-six hours of pain and mental agony conspired to make John hopelessly wretched. He was hungry, yet when he touched food it nauseated him. His wound throbbed, yet he pretended it bothered him very little. High-Lo, he noticed, would not let him out of his sight. With the resolve to appear as well as he claimed, John sat in the living-room with a book open before him. Pete, Newton, Mary were living and doing on the black spotted page... Newton had the letter... Mary had brought him back...

He heard Mrs. Weston. "Magdaline left a letter for you, John. Better give it to you before I forget."

The letter was near at hand in the table drawer. "There!" she said, tossing it on his book. "Magdaline always worshipped you, John. Poor child!"

Magdaline! He thought of the felicitousness of the name. Then, contrary to an impulse not to bother with the letter at the moment, he slashed it open. Her writing to him ir-

DESERT BOUND

BY ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS," "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," "THE CALL OF THE CANYON."

DRAWINGS BY
O. HOWARD

PAINTINGS BY
FRANK STREET



THEY WERE BACK AT BLACK MESA AGAIN



ritated him. Then he remembered he had asked her for her address. This was more than an address; it was a lengthy letter. He scanned it. She reminded him of their talk, particularly of his comparison of life to a canyon, saying she could feel her way to the light if only someone strong like

John felt High-Lo's arm gently embracing his left shoulder. "You're right plucky, John. But a little fever's got you an' you ought to give in to it. You forgot we're goin' to Mexico, old man. A feller'd think you gurgled some of that stuff yesterday."

John could help her. He was so wise and brave. She was so foolish and cowardly. She had faith, she confessed, in nothing but him. Would he who believed in God pray for her who believed only in him? Maybe then the power she could not comprehend would help her. She gave no address.

"Poor girl! Poor Magdaline!" he said to himself. "She thinks I'm wise and brave. I was really preaching to myself when I talked to her. She gave no address! What is she going to do? She's an exile, too. Both of us exiled. Wonder where she is. Wonder why she didn't leave her address. Who'll take care of her? She needs affection. She needs protection. I'm the only one she believes in. Why can't I help her? Why am I looking around for something to do to distract me when it's here—here riding the same saddle. She's an exile, too. I could take her away. Marry her, of course. Who cares in Mexico? Squaw man? What of it? Intelligent, educated woman. Nothing compared to Mary Newton's sacrifice. So she was going right on out leaving no address, was she?"

His head throbbed. His blood beat through bulging veins. He got up and went out and High-Lo followed him. "You look like the mischief. Why don't you go to bed?" High-Lo protested.

"I will presently. Got to get sleep. We're off tomorrow."

"You're off all right, now in the head!"

"I've got to get to Flaggeston and find Magdaline."

Feeling High-Lo turning him, John resisted forcefully. "Hold on a bit. Let me tell you what's on my mind. Then I'll go to bed..." When we came through here a few days ago Magdaline told me she was in trouble. A baby. See? She's desperate. It would break your heart to hear her. I might have done more to help her when she was here last summer if I wasn't so set on my own affairs. I was the one person she poured her heart out to. I saw her walking right straight for trouble and never stopped her. She didn't understand herself. But I understood her and I should have been more kind. I feel sort of to blame. I was short, I remember. She loved me. Told me straight. She still loves me. I'm going to look her up in Flaggerston and marry her. They'll be three of us going to Mexico."

High-Lo's arm fell away. "I've had crazy ideas in my time," he said, "but none like that. You're more than sittin' in my place, I'll say! You're not going to marry Magdaline! You're plumb crazy!"

Dizziness returned to John. "Oh yes, I am," he said in a voice more weak than calm.

He felt his way unsteadily back into the living-room. Mrs. Weston looked up as he entered. "Bed for mine," he said, summoning a little cheeriness to his voice. "Goodnight, folks."

Hearing High-Lo's footsteps behind him he quickened his pace down the hall. Once in his room he quickly shut the door and turned the key to lock it. The handle was shaken ferociously and that was followed by a bang on the door. "Let me in," called High-Lo. "I want to dress that wound."

"It was dressed an hour ago," John returned.

"Three hours ago! It needs another. Let me in."

John sank down on a chair wearily. "No use to bang, High-Lo. I want to be left alone. Go to bed yourself. See you in the morning."

The more High-Lo swore, coaxed, pleaded, the more John's determination against him grew. High-Lo was carrying his role of guardian too far. After all, he was only a kid. By the time John had struggled out of his clothes, High-Lo's arguments and patience were exhausted. His goodnight was a rain of blows on the door followed by the sound of retreating foot-steps. Content that the boy was defeated, John got into bed.

He awoke before dawn with the memory of interrupted sleep, of the ride of the day before, of High-Lo's dismay last night. What was it about? Events returned in order. Magdaline! Strange he forgot! Why, he had decided to marry her! At first he was alarmed at the thought. Three of them going to Mexico—two of them exiled! Three not going if High-Lo knew it! Well, he must not know. The only way to outwit him was to go to Flaggerston without him.



HE WOULD REACH FLAGGERSTON THE NEXT DAY

John was out of bed in a flash. Pain drummed in his shoulder. He dressed stealthily, using his one free hand. Once he was dressed he brought up a chair to the high window to enable him to climb out. He struck his wound in his descent, which brought an involuntary cry to his lips. Dogs barked. Fortunately for him, they had barked before during the night and more violently.

Supported by his knees and one arm he crawled under the windows to the front of the house. There he straightened and strode swiftly away. The dogs came to him, tails wagging. They followed him to the corral, where he saddled one of Mr. Weston's horses, downing the voice that reminded him that such a taken-for-granted loan came close to horse-stealing. His own horse was worn. He could not make the trip. John planned to ride hard.

The morning was cold. John's mount answered promptly to the spur. He seemed to feel the desperation that possessed John. They were only a few miles from the pass when the sun came up, but from there on the journey was to be retarded by many an upward climb. During the ride to the pass John suffered no indecision of purpose. The flight was the thing, like a march in a war when one stepped into pace under orders, the tool of uncompromising fortune. He had pledged his self to a cause and he would take what came.

He measured the trip in his mind. He would camp beyond Castle Mesa that night, many miles beyond Tahoe the next night, and reach Flaggerston noon the next day. His

horse's hoofs beat, his wound beat, his heart beat. His mind soon was pulseless, blank to thought. Only sounds and sights inspired him; the beat, beat, beat—hoofs, wound, heart—the miles, miles, miles—mountains, valleys, walls.

THE day after Katharine and Alice arrived Mary woke with a feeling that she must fly from them. Alone with Katharine the night before she had been unable to confide the recent harrowing events, and her failure she accepted as judgment against herself which Katharine would surely comprehend. The letter was on its way to Wilbur. Revocation seemed impossible. If she tried to look fearlessly at the future she was conscious of pretense, conscious that she was false. John's denunciation had left its deadly mark. She told herself she should forget him, but the frequency with which she repeated the injunction was proof to her honest self that she could not. She did love him. Yet Wilbur was coming—perhaps today. "No, no!" she cried fiercely, trining before the impending doom.

When she called Joy to dress, the child, with eyes of love, saw at once that she was not herself. "Mudder sick! Poor Mudder!" she said. Then whispered innocently, "Mudder not so glad she was Aunt Katharine come?"

That day was destined to be full for Joy; when Mary went to work she was left in care of Alice and Katharine. Mary's day on the contrary, was long and fearsome. Time and again her conscience smote her because she should have warned the girls that Wilbur might appear at any time, and not have led them to believe they were to continue with her. She hurried home straightway at the close of her working hours. From a distance Mary descried a figure on the porch step, and, thinking it was Katharine, hurried along. Nearer view disclosed an Indian girl as alert and motionless as a statue. She rose as Mary turned in at the gate.

Mary was impressed by the sadness of the girl's face. "Young enough to be a school girl," she said to herself. She smiled and nodded to her visitor.

"Are you Mrs. Newton who takes care of my sister Joy?" the girl asked.

"I am Mrs. Newton," replied Mary. "I understood Joy had a sister. You've come to see Joy—not to take her from me, I hope."

The girl gave a quaint gesture of denial with swift eloquent fingers. "I shall not take her home. I came to thank you for your kindness to her. I learned about it in the village. The Indians think you are very wonderful. At Sage Springs we would have known late if she had died, without knowing even that she was sick, they tell me. I was much surprised to find she was not at the school."

"Won't you come in now? Joy must [Turn to page 74]

THE DESERT LAY IN GLISTENING SERENITY . . . A TIME OF TRANSFIGURATION HAD COME. THE PITILESS HOURS WERE GONE. THE DESERT SILENCE, VAST YET INTIMATE, ENVELOPED THEM. "DESERT-BOUND!" MURMURED MARY, TOUCHED BY THE PROFOUND TRANQUILLITY OF THE SCENE. "TOGETHER!" ADDED JOHN.

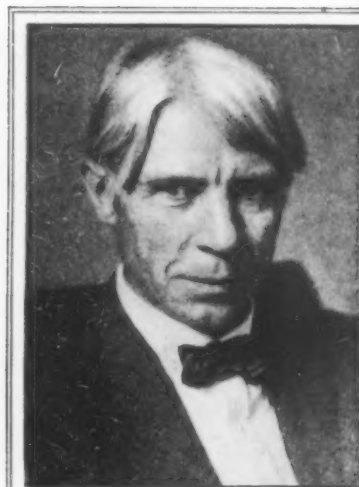
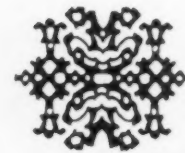


WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



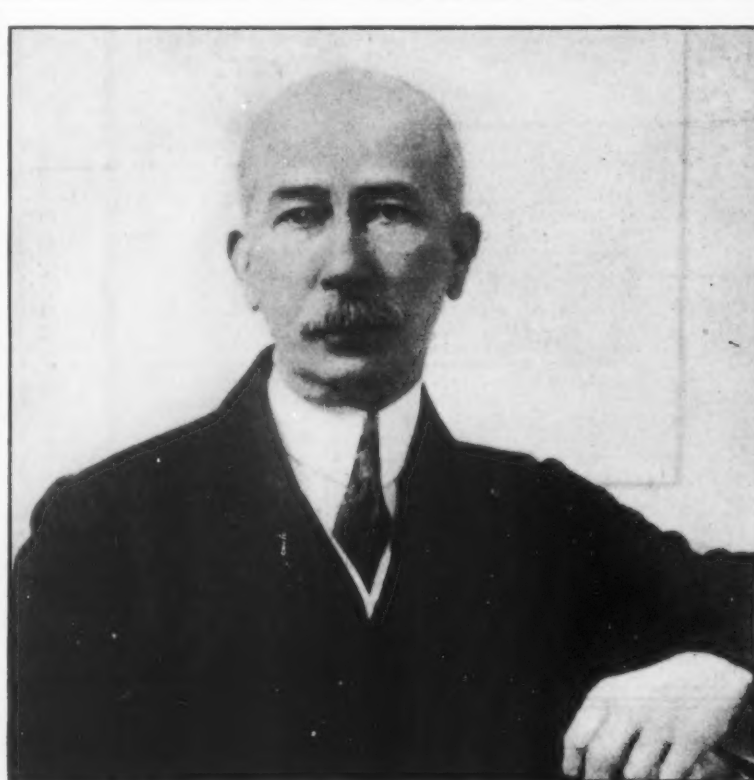
This is a new department of McCall's in which each month you will find brilliant reviews by America's foremost authorities of the most noteworthy of the month's creative activities. The most notable play, film, book and sermon of the month, as they see it, will be discussed by these experts—also crucial events in politics and other fields will be analyzed by the most famous of world leaders. It is a department designed to keep you thoroughly abreast of the times by the shortest route—by a monthly symposium of interpretations of news events by eminent minds.



Carl Sandburg

Carl Sandburg is often termed the most typically "American" of contemporary poets, and it is singularly appropriate that he should choose as the central figure of the great prose epic he has just completed the homely, heroic and most American of all figures, Abraham Lincoln.

It is this work which Mr. Stallings reviews here in the first column of the opposite page.



Col. Edward M. House

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

PEACE OR ISOLATION?

BY COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE

"It is not certain," says Colonel House, "that our resolution to accept membership in the World Court has not pushed its advantages further away from us rather than bringing them closer."

THE American people have two strong though incompatible desires—the desire for peace and the desire for isolation so far as it relates to European political entanglements.

Of the two, the passion for peace is foremost in their hearts. The fact that this is true misled the belligerents during the World War. They thought that the citizens of the United States would placidly accept any infringement of their rights rather than resort to arms. Both Germany and the Allies pushed us to the end of our patience, believing that we would never carry out our protests beyond the limits of diplomatic procedure.

We are thought of in Europe as being ignorant of European affairs, and so, indeed, we are, but not more ignorant than Europe is of American thought and purposes. This mutual ignorance was the real cause of the entrance of the United States into the World War. If we had known Europe better, we should have begun to create a large army and navy as soon as it became evident that the conflict was to assume world-wide proportions. With such an army and navy neither of the belligerents would have dared trespass upon our rights as a neutral and our entry into the war, except as an arbiter of peace, would have been extremely improbable. Had Europe known us better they would have been conscious of the fact. [Turn to page 118—Col. 2]

This new department of McCall's, devoted to outlining for our readers the developments month by month in the realm of America's creative activities, is, we hope, to prove a creative thing itself—in other words, to expand and to evolve with each appearance, ever growing more comprehensive and more interesting. Toward this goal, McCall's takes pleasure this month in presenting the first of monthly articles to be written especially for us by Colonel Edward M. House, famous confidential adviser of President Wilson during the World War. Colonel House, who, more than any other American, is in intimate touch with even the farthest-flung of international affairs, will contribute to each issue of McCall's his analysis of what he considers the most important event in world-politics during the month. Colonel House's interpretation, illuminated, as it will always be, by his great knowledge of prevailing economic and political forces, will become a matter of news rather than of opinion—so important are his judgments—and will be widely read and commented upon therefore both at home and abroad—officially and unofficially. It is with much pride, then, that McCall's avails itself of the privilege of presenting to its readers, as one of its permanent features in this department, these monthly articles from Col. House's famous pen.



Rev. Burris Jenkins, D.D.

Reverend Burris Jenkins, D.D., pastor of Linwood Christian Church, Kansas City, holds a place of leadership such as few men have held. This sermon preached on Easter and broadcast widely has been selected by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton as the best of the month. Dr. Newton, himself a famous minister, selects for McCall's each month the sermon he considers the best.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

CAN WE BELIEVE IN IMMORTALITY?

BY DR. BURRIS JENKINS

REVIEWED BY REV. JOSEPH F. NEWTON, D. D.

DR. JENKINS was born in Kansas City in 1869. Educated at Bethany College and Harvard University, he entered the ministry in 1891, and after a pastorate in Indianapolis, he served for seven years as President of Kentucky University. Since 1907 he has been pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church of his native city.

Until recently Dr. Jenkins held what he called "a double barreled job," being the editor and publisher of the *Kansas City Post*, while serving as minister of a great church. Finding two tasks too great for his strength, he gave up the *Post* and devoted himself to the ministry—to the regret of a vast host of readers who enjoyed his weekly column of comment called "Nubbins." Meantime, his Church has outgrown its huge building, and it is necessary to have two morning services to seat the people. The first service is broadcast, and a multitude of unseen hearers all over the Middle West listen in before going to their own churches.

Besides his work as editor, educator and preacher, Dr. Jenkins has written many books of sermons, essays, and stories. He unites in an unusual manner qualities seldom found together, the man of affairs and the man of the spirit, the scholar and the orator, the philosopher and the poet. One of the best beloved men in the American pulpit, he is a truly great preacher—radiant in faith, rich in human sympathy, direct in thought, simple in style, winning in appeal.

In the sermon to which we are listening the preacher takes for his text the scene when our Lord, having uttered a high, hard saying, saw the multitudes melting away. He asked His disciples if they, too, would go away, and they reply: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." (John 6:68.) [Turn to page 118—Col. 1]

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE PRAIRIE YEARS
BY CARL SANDBURG

REVIEWED BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

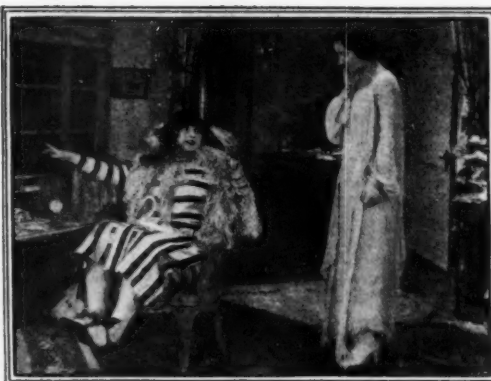
CARL SANDBURG has written a very great book about America, which he calls after the greatest of our countrymen. Reading it, one realizes that Lincoln held in himself all that we Americans hold to be fine and true in our country. Sandburg has written of this in the great rugged prose of the King James Bible, which can be as strong and as vibrant, and as tender and as delicate, as that book itself. It seems to be superbly fitting that he should have written in this manner; for here, in two volumes called "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," are set down all the legends and myths, the virtues and the faiths, of the American Commonwealth. It is a new covenant for the fundamentalist's faith in the destiny of the American republic, this book of Sandburg's.

Sandburg begins his narrative with the passage through the wilderness of the early colonial Lincolns over the Cumberland and down into the promised land of Kentucky. There is in this exodus the simple imagery of the Old Testament itself. There is the same deep piety, crude virtue, heroic endurance. It is a brief, swift essay into the progenitors of the great Father Abraham.

The rest is leisurely, and with the flow and strength of one who makes haste slowly. Lincoln is born upon the beaten earth floor of that log cabin and is rudely wrapped and in a manger laid. He grows into manhood after experiencing all the hardships, all the sufferings, and all the strenuous rustic joys of his time. What a time it was Sandburg is at pains to make us understand; a day of flatboat heroes who shouted their challenges much as did those other primitive bullies in Homer; a day of strong drink and stronger language, of folk labors and folk dancing, of lonely women and murdered men. Into the midst of this period, the most strenuous passage since the beginnings of our era, Lincoln was born and learned his life.

Sandburg is not afraid of his hero; he knows him to be of sterner stuff than would melt under a rough hand. There is no prosy psalm-singing of his virtues, no prophet crying in the wilderness of his greatness, no biographer's milk-and-water diet of adulation. Rather he paints a portrait of Lincoln in midst of his scene, as the central figure in a community of men and women broken to every mischance, immured to all hardship, calloused to every hazard of a rough and uncertain life. Nor is the bite of poverty made over-severe or romanticized.

It is in the beginnings of the prairie lawyer, the backwoods jester, and the unschooled lover that Sandburg swings into his stride to reveal that he is working away at the man who will presently lead the way in the bloodiest of all fraternal strifes, and who will write the Gettysburg address to justify that leadership. The portrait is not achieved as a single study. Lincoln is sometimes seen only through the crowds of men surging through the book, is heard as part of the perpetual tragi-comedy of the life into which he was born. Sandburg's monumental industry in assembling the elements of that social scheme is never apparent, for it is all supplied so gracefully, and with such security of understanding that the reader is never conscious of the external facts Sandburg is weaving into his narrative. Ballads and songs, frolics and sports, courthouse anecdote and village characters are supplied with vast industry, with enormous artistry [Turn to page 118—Col. 3]



BELLE BENNETT AND ALICE JOYCE IN STELLA DALLAS

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

STELLA DALLAS

FROM THE BOOK BY OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY

REVIEWED BY ROBERT SHERWOOD

IN "Stella Dallas," we find the first really artistic triumph of the purely sentimental movie. There have been sentimental pictures before—countless thousands of them; a few have been moderately good, more have been unspeakably bad. But here is the memorable exception: a film that is frankly, unashamedly tearful and, at the same time, genuinely intelligent.

There are many reasons for the exceptional worth of "Stella Dallas." These may be found in the original story, by Olive Higgins Prouty; in the direction of Henry King; in the work of a generally fine cast, and in the liberality with which Samuel Goldwyn has staged it. Mr. Goldwyn wisely realized that he had extraordinary material here which deserved unusually careful treatment, and what might have been just another sob-drama emerges as a recognizable work of art.

In the first place, Mrs. Prouty's story (which had previously seen service both as a novel and as a play) strikes a definitely new note. It is concerned with mother love—instantly bringing up a mental picture of those gray wigged, grease-painted, glaringly artificial character actresses who usually portray simpering motherhood on the screen. *Stella Dallas*, however, is not like these. She is a poor, coarse, untutored, unsophisticated, ill-bred girl who marries out of her class, and suffers for it. Her [Turn to page 118—Col. 4]



All New York is making an arduous journey these days into the farther reaches of the lower East Side to see "The Dybbuk." On the left Mary Ellis who thrilled Broadway last year as primadonna of "Rose Marie," is shown as Leah in the throes of her agony; above are the elders preparing to try to dislodge the dybbuk; on the right is one of the typical Jewish scenes with which the play abounds, making it, in fact, a sort of complete cycle of Hebrew folklore.



THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

THE DYBBUK
BY ANSKY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THE story of "The Dybbuk" is beautiful and moving. You are carried along by it into the intense, quivering life that is portrayed, and you are held scene after scene by its dramatic power.

The play begins with a group of rabbis sitting at a table talking. They speak of the young student in their midst who has shown so great a genius in learning and who has gone so far in his religious devotion, in his prayers, fasting and study, that he is believed by some to have supernatural powers. A girl comes to the synagogue with her foster mother. The young student's emotion at the sight of her is overwhelming. When she is gone he has a vision beyond the veil of his bodily life and falls dead.

This young man and girl are the children of two friends who promised one another that the boy and girl, when they were of age, should be married. Years passed, the two children grew up together, expecting one day to marry. The girl's father, however, growing rich and prominent, came in time to have more ambition for her. He planned to arrange a more distinguished alliance, his old friend's son seemed too obscure for his purposes. The two are separated; the girl is prepared for marriage, the young man, his father dead, enters the synagogue.

In the second act of "The Dybbuk" we see the wedding day. The poor of the town have been invited to the feast. There is a table spread for them and music is ready for them to dance. They snatch and devour the food, they scowl and fight, they are hideous and sordid. Without the dramatist's saying so, they symbolize the horror and drabness of life, as the bride symbolizes its ecstasy and beauty. She is bound by custom to dance with any one of them that asks her. Horrible old hags and old men whirl her around. The girl asks to be allowed to visit the grave of the student and to say a prayer there. The rich bridegroom comes. He is a callow youth, very much frightened at the idea of the maiden. He is led to his bride. But suddenly she springs away from him, crying that she does not belong to him but to the other. The dead man's soul has entered into her body. Suddenly from her mouth his voice and his song burst forth. The curtain falls.

In the third act the rabbis and scholars have met again at the synagogue. The girl is still possessed by the dead youth's soul. No exorcisms have been able to drive the spirit forth from her body and let her life take its course. Extreme measures are to be taken. The Dybbuk is to be cursed and to be cut off from all Israel. The girl's father, having betrayed his promise and broken off her betrothal to his friend's son, must make restitution. He agrees to any terms. At last the spirit departs. The elders and rabbis leave the room. The girl is left alone. Her lover's voice comes, asking why she has deserted him and separated herself from him. She dies and goes to him.

Ansky, the author of "The Dybbuk," was one of the great Jewish scholars of our century. Into it he has put the riches of his race, the mythology, the poetry, racial passion and intensity. It has been played over the world everywhere by Yiddish theatres. But its appeal is infinitely wider than any one race. Mr. David Vardi, who created the play in Moscow, where it has had an immense success, has here in New York, with the help of Miss Alice [Turn to page 118—Col. 2]



TOMORROW'S TANGLE

BY MARGARET PEDLER

AUTHOR OF "RED ASHES," "THE MOON OUT OF REACH,"
"LAMP OF FATE"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND



JILL WEDDERBURN, the talented young artist who has just completed her portrait of Lady Susan Brabazon at the latter's beautiful country estate in Devon, once told Straton Quayne, the novelist, that she was so completely wedded to her art that she would never marry. Then Quayne rescued her from a fall over the cliff, and in the friendship that ensued Jill found her resolve weakening.

Meanwhile the portrait was progressing satisfactorily and Sir Philip and Lady Susan had both grown very fond of Jill.

For Lady Susan herself, Jill had conceived almost a daughter's affection. Her sound common sense, her humour, her frank, clear vision appealed to her enormously. But, herself, it was the comings and goings of Straton Quayne which had added a new savor to life. Since the night of their adventure, he had become a frequent visitor at Lorne, and Lady Susan lost no opportunity of throwing the two together. Sometimes he took her out in a boat, and they pulled round the coast, and lunched picnic fashion at some small inlet.

Once, when the tide was out, they disembarked at Coryton Cove, a tiny bay which lay to one side of the great promontory, on which they had spent that memorable night. Jill shivered a little as her searching eyes discovered the ledge on which those long hours had been passed.

Quayne too regarded the towering cliff.

"Perhaps I was subconsciously aware that it was you who were lying there," he said at last.

Jill flushed a little. "I don't see—" she began uncertainly.

"Don't you? Oh, Jill, little Jill, will you ever see, I wonder? Haven't you realized—guessed?"

"Guessed?" Her voice was very low and a trifle tremulous. "Guessed—what?"

He drew closer, and the fire that had been smouldering in his eyes leaped suddenly into flame as he leaned forward.

"That I love you? Haven't you seen it? I should have thought I'd made it clear enough these last few days," he said quietly.

"I knew—of course I knew that you liked me," she faltered. "But I thought it was just as a friend."

"As a friend! Jill, you're not being honest. That night on Coryton Point, I knew I loved you. And you—didn't you know, too? Or are you pretending, as all other women do?" He spoke bitterly.

"No, no—really, Straton," she protested. "I didn't know. That night—oh, that night it was different. We were in danger. Any man might—might kiss a woman at a moment like that. And though, sometimes, I've thought—wondered a little. We have been so happy together. Yet, you—you

Can wives mix work with matrimony? Or will a house, divided against itself, fall? This is the question now disturbing many homes wherein the wives believe in the right to "live their own lives" out in the world as their husbands do, returning to the hearth only at night. What may happen in such an establishment is revealed in this great new novel of Mrs. Pedler's, throbbing, as it does, with the very pulse of twentieth century married life, and showing the kind of "domesticity" that many flapper-wives look forward to.



SHE LOOKED UP AT HIM IMPLORINGLY, HER EYES DARK WITH PAIN
SHE DREW A STEP NEARER TO HIM. "CAN'T YOU FORGIVE ME—EVER?"



have always spoken of women as though you hated them."

"I've never spoken to you as though I hated you, have I?" he said drily.

She shook her head.

"No, you've always been good to me."

"Then be good to me! Jill, I love you. Say that you'll marry me?"

She drew away, staring up at him.

"Oh, no—no, I couldn't marry anyone. I told you long ago that I should never marry. I'm an artist first and a woman after. And people who are made like that shouldn't marry."

He laid his hands on her shoulders, forced her to face him.

"I'm not going to take 'no' as easily as that, Jill," he said, determinedly. "Look at me." Slowly she raised her eyes. "Now, can you look me in the face and say that you don't care? That I mean no more to you than any other man?"

She hesitated. She was coming to realize that Quayne meant more to her than she had believed any man could ever mean, but she had fought against it with all her strength. But she wanted to keep her freedom, and everything within her rose up in resistance against the domination of this man. But it was with an effort that she answered him.

"I don't care—like that," she said difficultly. "I don't care enough to marry you. My work comes first."

"I don't believe it," he said grimly. "And some day I shall come first and your work second."

He released her, and, turning away to where the hamper which they had brought with them lay on the sand a few paces from them, he began unstrapping it.

"And that being settled," he remarked calmly, "suppose we have lunch?"

That night she lay long awake, puzzling over the experiences of the day. She had put the idea of marriage outside her life, setting her beloved art in its stead. It had been easy enough to say "no" to Garry, but the "no" which she had given Quayne today seemed to have been dragged out of her very soul. And it had left a raw wound behind it.

Two days later a telegram received from Hazel: "Arriving Lorne about six thirty," threw the household into confusion.

"But there's no train at that time," objected Lady Susan.

"Let me have a look at the wire," suggested Brett, and, upon Lady Susan's handing it to him, he pursued: "She doesn't say anything

about wanting to be met at the station. 'Arriving Lorne'—presumably she's coming by car with some friends who happened to be coming to Devonshire, and who have given her a seat in theirs."

And towards evening, just as he had surmised, a small car, with suitcases strapped at either side, came whirling up the drive, with Hazel and—of all unexpected people—Garry Lester.

"And where are you going on to, Mr. Lester?" inquired Lady Susan, after general greetings had been exchanged.

Garry looked a trifle embarrassed.

"Oh, any old where—I don't mind," he replied airily. "But I'll be here promptly on Tuesday to run Hazel back to town."

[Turn to page 27]

The Tomato Soup that makes your appetite glow!

What a delicious beginning to your meal! What a refreshing flavor! How eagerly you relish every spoonful—hot, savory and invigorating!

At the very start of the meal it greets you with all the glory and tonic refreshment of red-ripe luscious tomatoes. Just the pure tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" strained to a smooth and tempting puree.

There is golden butter blended in, and the most delicate of seasoning to make the flavor all the more enticing.

This is Campbell's Tomato—the most popular of soups. Hosts of people like it even better served as a Cream of Tomato Soup. (See directions on the label)

21 kinds

12 cents a can



IF YOU TAGGED EACH PIECE

*you'd find your week's wash
worth \$100! yet 4¢ gives
them all fine fabric care*

AT first you may not believe it true—\$100 worth of fabrics in a week's wash!

But look at this list—just the bare necessities for cleanliness in an average family! No fine things included—just the dozen and one everyday pieces which make up a single Monday's laundry. Worth, all told, \$123!

3 men's shirts	\$6.00*
1 suit men's underwear	2.00
1 pair pajamas	3.00
3 housedresses	9.00
2 aprons	2.00
1 nightgown	2.00
1 muslin step-in	2.00
5 boy's blouses	10.00
1 pair boy's pajamas	2.00
7 pairs rompers	21.00
3 girl's dresses	9.00
4 suits of children's underwear	4.00
1 girl's nightdress	1.50
1½ dozen handkerchiefs	5.00
4 sheets	8.00
5 pillow slips	5.00
8 table napkins	6.00
2 table-cloths	10.00
Table doilies	5.50
4 bath towels	4.00
8 hand towels	5.00
6 kitchen towels	1.00
	\$123.00

*Average prices from medium-priced department store

Now figure roughly the value of your own laundry. Your total may be twice as big!

*Now let Lux save your hands
in the laundry just as it does
when you wash out a bit of
finery—when you wash dishes.*



*FIGURE for yourself the value
of your week's wash—you'll
be astonished at the total!*

ENOUGH LUX IN THE BIG PACKAGE
FOR TWO AVERAGE WASHINGS



TOMORROW'S TANGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR



"In that case, why not remain here? Do. I should be so pleased."

"May I?" Garry's grey-brown eyes twinkled as he continued with the charming impudence which was so characteristic of him: "That's just what I hoped you'd say, Lady Susan."

Everyone laughed.

Dinner was a lively meal. Even Sir Philip thawed a trifle, and Lady Susan, surrounded by so many young people, was in her element.

Afterwards, when they were all having their coffee on the terrace, Straton Quayne strolled up through the garden. "May I join the party, please?" he asked.

"Of course you may," replied Lady Susan cordially. "I suppose your neighbors at the Chase are still in town?" she went on conversationally.

"I believe so. Not that I think Lady Farnby would be exactly calculated to enliven depression of spirits."

"I wasn't thinking of Lady Farnby, but of Iris. I think she's so charming," added Lady Susan, with a swift upward glance at Quayne's face. It remained perfectly impassive.

"I believe that opinion is very general," he returned indifferently.

Lady Susan breathed a soundless sigh of relief. She had been delighted to see that he had been attracted by her beloved Jill, and she was proportionately relieved to hear the utter lack of interest in Iris Lethbridge betrayed by his voice.

"Now, let me see," she said, "I think you know everyone here except Mr. Lester."

The two men acknowledged her introduction rather curtly. An odd shock of mutual antagonism seemed to pass between them. As Hazel remarked to Jill, later on, when they were alone: "Lady Susan might have been making an introduction between a black panther and a tiger."

Later, amid chaff and laughter and a criss-cross fire of "good-nights," they all made their way up to bed.

But outside Jill's door, Garry paused a moment. The others having walked on towards the end of the corridor.

"What's Quayne to you, Jill?" he demanded, with a suddenness that brought a quick flush to her cheeks.

"Straton?" she said faltering. "Why nothing, of course."

"I don't believe it. Lady Susan told me all about how he came to your rescue at Coryton Point. No man could spend a night alone with—you, and remain indifferent."

"Don't be a fool, Garry," said Jill, recovering her poise somewhat. "I'm not Circe or Helen of Troy, you know, merely Jill Wedderburn."

"Jill," he interpolated. "And 'merely Jill' is enough for most men. Tell me—he bent forward—"did he ask you to marry him?"

She smiled a little.

"Our night on the cliff was much too uncomfortable and nerve-racking to be a suitable environment for a proposal," she replied.

"But since—since then?" he persisted, catching hold of her hands. She resisted him, trying to free herself, but he only held her the more firmly. "Answer me! Answer!" he reiterated.

"No, I won't answer you," she returned with spirit. "You've no right to ask such a question."

"Haven't I?" His grey-brown eyes had grown very dark. There was something in him that reminded her of a panther about to spring. "Haven't I?" he repeated. "I've the right of a man who loves you—and means to have you. If Quayne has proposed, or does propose, you can dismiss him. I will never let you marry him—or any other man. You'll marry me."

He bent his dark head and pressed his lips hard against



GARRY HAD A VERY SILENT AND ABSTRACTED COMPANION UP THE RIVER THAT AFTERNOON



her hands. Then, abruptly releasing her, he turned away and strode down the corridor to his own room.

Jill was sitting at the foot of a steep rise in the ground, her knees drawn up almost to her small, pointed chin and her hands clasped round them, gazing dreamily at the river.

"I think I should like to take a 'bus-man's holiday,'" she remarked suddenly.

Quayne, lying full-length at her side, looked up with a flicker of amusement in his eyes.

"As how?" he enquired.

She gestured towards the other members of the party a little distance away. Lunch was over and everybody was lounging comfortably on the grass, smoking and chatting.

"Why, instead of picnicking here with all you nice people, I should like to be putting that"—again she gestured, "on to canvas."

A slight shadow crossed Quayne's face. "Can't you ever put your work aside, as I do mine, and forget it?"

"Not quite in the same way. You see, the moment an artist sees a scene like this he wants to catch it, then and there. While you, if some incident strikes you, suggesting an idea for a story, can stow it away in your mind, make a note of it when you get home, and keep it for future use."

Quayne nodded.

"You're rather an understanding person," he said quietly. Then, abruptly: "When do you go back to London, Jill?"

"About the end of the week," she answered a trifle absently, her eyes still on the beauty which surrounded her.

"And you're quite sure that your work is always going to be a barrier between us?"

She flushed.

"It must be," she said.

"Very well," he replied philosophically. "Che sará sará."

His impassivity piqued her a little. It is one thing to refuse to marry someone, but it is quite another if that someone accepts his congé with imperturbable calm.

"You don't seem to mind—much," Jill was pricked into saying.

"Don't I?" His deep-set eyes met hers. There was no

misreading the vehement demand they held.

The summer was over and September had brought a sudden, sharp crispness into the air. A small fire crackled away cheerily on the hearth in Jill's big studio and beside it Omar, her Persian cat, was industriously licking his coat into a superlative state of sleekness. Every now and again he paused in this praiseworthy occupation to regard his mistress with solemn, unblinking eyes. She seemed restless and fidgety this morning.

Garry Lester had gone away on a six weeks' cruise with some yachting friends and had not yet returned; the Brabazons did not propose coming back to town until the end of September, so that Jill had found herself a trifle lonely of late.

The only thing which had occurred to alleviate matters somewhat was that she had been commissioned to paint the portrait of Iris Lethbridge. Lady Farnby had seen Jill's portrait of Lady Susan, and, being quite as clever an old woman as she was disagreeable, had immediately recognised the brilliance of the work. Accordingly, she had commissioned Jill to paint her great-niece with a view to getting the portrait hung in the Royal Academy the following spring. Iris had already passed her twenty-eighth year without acquiring a husband, and Lady Farnby was shrewd enough to foresee that a portrait of Iris, painted by Jill, might be the means of recreating the same furore as that which had raged

in earlier days over the beauty of her great-niece.

As far as Jill was concerned, from the moment old Lady Farnby had introduced Iris to her as a prospective sitter, she had been anticipating painting this especial portrait with unusual enthusiasm. The girl was so beautiful with her flaming chestnut-red hair and dazzlingly clear skin—that snow-and-roses complexion which is so frequently to be found as an adjunct to that particular shade of red. And the appeal in the hyacinth-blue eyes—that misleading look of wistfulness which had proved the undoing of so many men—had called up all Jill's quick sympathy. She had heard a good deal of the gossip which clung round Iris's name, but something in those eyes of hers seemed to her to contradict the hard truth of general opinion.

Jill heard a light tap at the flat door, and, hurrying into the little hall, found someone just pushing it open.

"I'm so sorry I'm late," said Iris, emerging from behind it. "And"—with a charming smile—"as your door was on the latch I didn't know whether I was expected to walk in or not."

While she was talking, Iris had taken off her hat and slipped out of the fur coat which concealed the exquisite gown she was wearing—a shimmering tissue of gold, shot with vivid reds which glowed like her hair, and blues that matched her eyes. It was cut low, revealing her beautifully modelled throat and shoulders, with the skin mat white and fine in texture as a child's.

Jill caught back an almost irrepressible little gasp of admiration. Everything that was artist in her clamoured to begin work on such a model. But Miss Lethbridge appeared in no such hurry. She glanced round the room appreciatively.

"You've got a delightful studio here," she said. "And oh!"—as she caught sight of Omar—"what a perfectly gorgeous creature!"

She made a quick, impulsive movement forward to stroke him, and Jill had time to notice the supple grace of her body—lithe as a cat's. Then came a sharp spitting sound and Omar was standing up, his ruff looking about twice its normal size as his fur rose, his big tail [Turn to page 37]

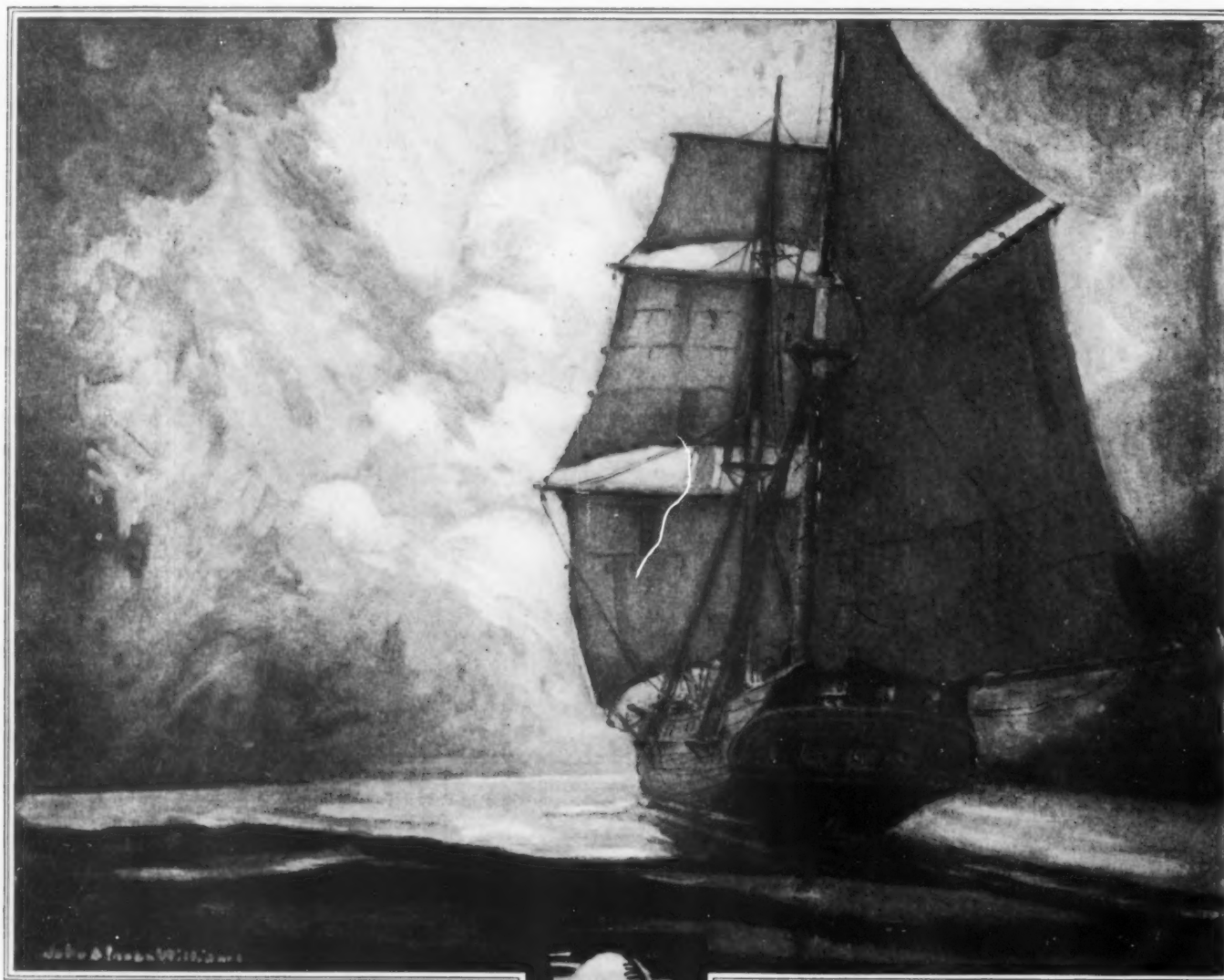
A VOYAGE of SUPREME ADVENTURE



BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL
OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS



FAR OUT INTO THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THE PACIFIC



CHARLES DARWIN

OCEAN SAILED THAT BATTERED OLD HULK, THE BEAGLE

THERE have been many voyages of adventure, discovery, triumph and disaster since men first went down to the sea in ships. But no one of them, unless it was that of Columbus himself, has equalled in interest or importance the voyage of the Beagle. The official record of this vessel's celebrated cruise, entitled *The Journal of a Naturalist's Voyage around the World*, was published in 1839. It conveyed the author's name around the world, posted it in every college hall and university, made academic circles vibrate with it, and aroused all the clerical assemblies at its bare mention.

"Please show us the man behind this tremendous upheaval and what he did or revealed to create such a stir," asks some reader.

Charles Darwin was the son of a physician of Shrewsbury, the county town of Shropshire, England. He was born on February the twelfth, 1809, the ever-memorable year which also witnessed the birth of Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Poe on our continent; of Gladstone, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Chopin and Mendelssohn in Europe. Certainly Darwin could not complain of the illustrious company which embarked with him on life's hazards. Still less could some members of so noble a group complain of Darwin. The imprint of his amazing teachings has gone deep into the lives of millions in many lands. Simple or scholarly, believing or skeptical, wherever men and women cherish intellectual values, or practice religion, or favor doubt, or read the Bible, or discuss science and theology, Darwin's personality and books are sure to be introduced. Just as surely as the discovery of the law of gravitation established order in the place of chaos for all future studies

of astronomy, so surely Darwin's discovery of the law of *Natural Selection*, (popularly called Evolution) established a firm basis for all future biological investigations.

From the moment Darwin accepted the British Government's invitation to spend five years in scientific research on that old, battered hulk, *The Beagle*, his noble destiny was assured. The voyage sealed his life, moulded his thought, enforced his solitude, concentrated his energies. Sixty months! no less, were occupied—hour by hour—in those fascinating pursuits which drew the young enthusiast from needed sleep, and absorbed his every waking moment! Far out in the trackless wastes of the Pacific Ocean, away from the sailing routes, or encamped on the most desolate shores of South America, Darwin waited, watched and toiled till he believed he had glimpsed the meaning of Creation's riddle. His belief is still furiously opposed by some Churchmen, but accepted by nearly all scientists. There can be no question that the marvellous results he then and afterward obtained, were traceable to habits formed by his relentless self-discipline, and the perfect isolation of this meager little ship. In a tiny, comfortless cabin, without efficient instruments, un-

aided and alone, he originated and matured his speculations for future use. When he returned home to publish them, his father met him at the dock and exclaimed with astonishment, "The very shape of his head has changed!"

Yet Darwin did not bring home with him, as so many have wrongly supposed, the original idea of evolution. This idea is more than two thousand years old. The Greeks held it, and asserted that species changed in the course of ages; growing less simple and more complex; the worm becoming the lizard and the lizard the quadruped. They also taught that there was in all living creatures an inherent power of development. Nature thus produced fresh types out of older ones, in which the fittest survived to make new and better terms with their environment. Those who insist that all visible life, from the amoeba to the man, has been evolved from pre-existent and still simpler forms, will find corroboration for their beliefs in the great thinkers of classic antiquity. The Humanists of the fifteenth century, and the scholars of the Renaissance held to this idea of "Natural Selection." "I cannot understand," said Matthew Arnold to Professor Judd in 1871, "why you scientific people make such a fuss about Darwin. It's all in Lucretius." To which Judd replied: "Yes, Lucretius guessed what Darwin proved." The answer hit the nail squarely on the head. The profoundest meditations of two thousand five hundred years were verified for the first time by an obscure young man, seemingly buried alive in a leaky old tub on a far distant sea.

As if to add to the romance of Darwin's unparalleled achievement, it came to him, not as the result of logical deduction, but of intuition.

He observed, when he excavated the [Turn to page 83]

Three hundred and fifty-two Stars at Hollywood



WHERE THAT FRAIL, PERISHABLE POSSESSION, A BEAUTIFUL FACE, IS WORTH MORE THAN STOCKS AND BONDS, RAILROADS, OIL WELLS . . .

say they find this soap "splendid" . "wonderful for their skin" .

HOLLYWOOD—a city of fairy tales!

Here some little working-girl suddenly finds herself a princess—wearing sables and diamonds—dining off gold plate.

Here a penniless vagabond becomes, almost overnight, the owner of a palace and a fortune.

Two pass-words open all the doors at Hollywood,—youth and beauty.

Radiant, youthful beauty—nowhere else has it ever been at such a premium—won such huge material rewards. Gathered together in this one spot one sees more young lovely faces than anywhere in the world.

How do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite, in spite of the constant use of make-up and the cruel exposure to high-power artificial light?

We asked 480 stars at Hollywood what toilet soap they select for the care of their skin.

Three hundred and fifty-two—nearly three-fourths—answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"*WOODBURY'S keeps my skin in wonderful condition.*"

Now—the New, Large-Size Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,
1505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City State

"UNTIL I USED WOODBURY'S I could not use any soap on my face, but this leaves my skin as soft as a baby's."

"WOODBURY'S makes the skin so soft and smooth!"

"SPLENDID after removing grease paint."

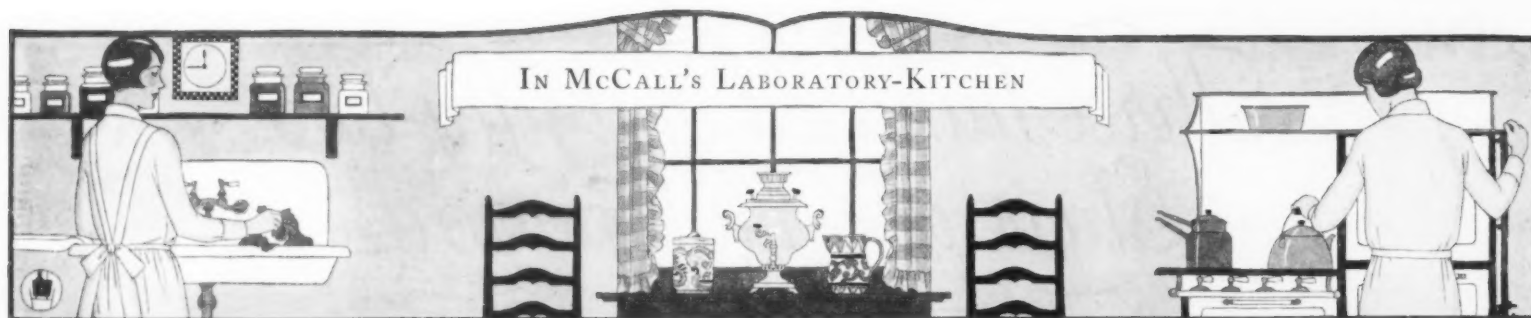
"MY SKIN CHAPPED EASILY—so I started using Woodbury's and have had no trouble since."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion—will see it growing smoother, clearer, finer. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

Copyright 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



DINNERS *which* MULTIPLY THEMSELVES

Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



WE have had a pet time-saving idea in mind for a long time, and this month seemed the right time to give it to you. There is just enough of a hint of Spring in the air to make you want to be out-of-doors instead of in, and to wonder whether there isn't some way you can cut short the necessary tasks of housekeeping and answer the call of Spring.

This is what our pet idea is—a short cut in meal preparation! We have planned six dinners for you, each of which can, with little trouble, be multiplied into two or three other meals. Another thing you will like about our idea is that it answers the eternal question—"What can I do with left-overs?" We planned all our dinners and recipes for six persons.

The whole secret of this short cut is to buy and prepare enough meat or vegetables or both for dinner to have some left-over to serve as a basis for dinner, lunch, breakfast or supper on the following days.

DINNER MENU NUMBER 1

Purée of Green-Pea Soup with
Crisp Crackers
Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Jelly
New Potatoes with Butter and
Parsley Sauce
Creamed Celery
Pineapple Bavarian Cream
Coffee

For this dinner we bought a 6 to 7 pound leg of lamb and roasted it in the regular way. We boiled enough potatoes for two meals instead of one, and put half of them aside. Then we prepared an extra cupful of creamed celery.

From a leg of lamb of this size there should be enough left to use for another dinner-dish and possibly for one luncheon-dish. From our roast we made a delicious Curried Lamb Stew in which we used the extra potatoes we had cooked. So we had to cook only carrots to add to it. While the carrots were boiling we reheated the lamb gravy, adding the curry powder and then the meat and potatoes, cut in small cubes. When the carrots were done we drained off the water and added them to the stew. Here is our recipe for it.

CURRIED LAMB STEW

Lamb gravy and enough water to make 3 cups	2 cups cooked lamb, cut in pieces
1 teaspoon curry powder	1½ cups cooked potatoes, cut in cubes
	1 cup cooked carrots, sliced

Reheat lamb gravy, adding enough boiling water to make 3 cups. Add curry powder, dissolved in a little cold water. Reheat lamb and potatoes in gravy and add carrots when done. Serve hot.

If you would prefer a plain Irish Stew, use this same recipe, leaving out the curry powder and adding one onion sliced thin.

For luncheon the next day we cut off

WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR CHARACTER?

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT

How many of us, I wonder, ever stop to consider the debts we owe to the people whose lives have touched ours? When someone says to us, as I heard a woman say to another not long ago, "I wish I were half as nice as you," do we pat ourselves on the back and feel a nice little glow of self-satisfaction? Or do we answer, as that woman did: "It isn't really my niceness you see. I am just a combination of odds and ends. If I have courage, it is because my mother was the bravest woman I ever knew. If I am gentle, it is because my father never, as far as I know, did an unkind thing. To a great teacher I owe an open mind, and a little Irish washer-woman taught me to laugh when I wanted to be angry." Since then I've been thinking about the people who have shaped my ideas of life. And I've asked myself more than once: "Am I still learning?" I'd hate to arrive at a state where I was too lazy or unobservant to take on new lessons. Do you, too, owe debts of the mind and spirit?



The family dinner table should be as attractive as you can make it, and the best linen, china and silver should be often used

all the small bits of lamb which were left on the bone, put them through the coarse blades of the meat-grinder, although it could just as well be chopped fine. This gave us about 1½ cups of minced lamb. We made 1 cup of well-seasoned white sauce and added to it the lamb and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley. This was delicious served on crisp toast.

From the creamed celery we had left from our first dinner we made Cream-of-Celery Soup for another luncheon.

DINNER MENU NUMBER 2

Stuffed Shoulder of Veal
Spinach Pan Roasted Potatoes
Cabbage Salad with Green Pepper Dressing
Prune Soufflé with Custard Sauce
Coffee

In order to have meat for the next day's dinner we bought a 5 pound shoulder of veal and had the butcher bone it. We then stuffed it with a well-seasoned poultry stuffing and roasted it, making extra gravy at the same time. The bone and trimmings we reserved to use later for making a stock. We cooked enough spinach to have about two cups left over, and we cooked prunes for next day's breakfast as well as for the Prune Soufflé. The soufflé we made from the recipe for Peach Soufflé in Master-Recipes, a McCall Service Booklet.

Next day for dinner we made a Veal Pie. Below is our recipe for it. Since we had the meat and gravy left over we needed to prepare only the carrots, onions, celery and parsley, and combine them. For our top crust we used baking-powder biscuit dough, making up twice the recipe for biscuits in Master-Recipes. This gave us hot biscuits and enough dough for the crust.

VEAL PIE

1 cup carrots, sliced	2 cups cooked veal, cut in small pieces
1 cup celery, cut in pieces	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
Stock made from veal bone and trimmings	2 or 3 slices onion

Cook carrots and celery in boiling salted water until tender. To make stock, cover bone and trimmings with cold water and simmer slowly for ½ hour. Thicken 2 cups stock with 3 tablespoons flour. Add veal, carrots, celery, parsley and onions and extra seasoning if necessary. Put into a baking-dish and cover with baking-powder dough rolled out to ¾ inch thickness. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 or 20 minutes or until crust is done.

If you still have some meat left after making the Veal Pie, as we did, grind it up and make a Veal Soufflé, Scalloped Veal or Veal Croquettes for luncheon. You will find recipes for Scalloped Veal and Veal Croquettes in Master-Recipes. For the Soufflé you can use the recipe for Ham Soufflé in the same booklet, substituting veal for ham.

From our left-over [Turn to page 32]



This charming daughter of Mr. JOHNSTON LIVINGSTON of New York and Long Island is a descendant of one of the distinguished old families which helped settle Manhattan three centuries ago.

MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

of the smart younger set tells how a girl should study her looks

WHE GIRLS of the younger set," she says, "try hard to know ourselves inside out! We believe it's just as important to study our looks as our characters.

"Naturally, a good clear skin is one thing we strive for, since it's the very essence of attractiveness. Those of us who use Pond's Two Creams believe we have found the surest, most delightful way to keep it fit. With a thorough cleansing, a light protection and powder-base Pond's keep us right up-to-the-minute, no matter how busy we are!"

THESE WORDS reflect the sincerity of their winsome speaker. A slip of a girl with large, soft amber eyes; chestnut hair turning gold in the sun; skin fair and clear with the freshness of exquisite grooming; a *svelte* little figure lending itself to the mode of ultra simplicity in dress—here you have Camilla Livingston. Drop into one of the smart Park Avenue restaurants at noon during the New York season and mark the *cachet* of her close little hat and smart *tailleur* as she lunches with a vivacious group of other "debs."

Her summers are as gay and varied as a printed silk. To Paris and the Lido at Venice; to Newport to visit

a chum; at her father's country estate at Huntington, on the famous North Shore of Long Island, riding and swimming by day, dancing by the summer moon.

But no matter how busy she is with these gay good times, she manages to give her youthful skin the care it needs, rejoicing that with Pond's Two Creams it requires so little time. This is how Miss Camilla Livingston and other charming girls of the younger set are using these famous Creams of Pond's and how you should use them, too:

FOR cleansing the skin and keeping it supple apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly every night before retiring and once or twice during the day, especially after exposure to the weather or to city soot and dust. Leave it on a few moments, letting its

pure oils sink below the surface, bringing up the dirt which clogs the pores. Wipe off all cream and dirt and repeat the treatment finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, apply more cream at night and leave it on until morning.

FOR a finish, a powder-base and a soft protection, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after a cleansing with the Cold Cream and always before you powder. Now your skin has a soft even surface to which your powder clings smoothly and long. And if you use this cream before going out, it will protect your skin from all extremes of harsh weather, hot or cold, and from wind, soot and dust.

Buy Pond's Two Creams—the Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars—and follow this method Miss Camilla Livingston and her friends use to keep their skin fresh and fit.

Free Offer Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
139 Hudson Street, New York City

Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



THE TWO CREAMS the girls of the younger set are using

Protect the Blossoms

THE business of being a parent is difficult at best. There are days when everything seems to go wrong, when Jimmy is mischievous and Janet is disobedient—days when the children are so exasperating that you forget what they really mean to you.

But at night, when you steal quietly in for a last good-night look, how like blossoms they seem—exquisite promises of the future. You dream of the things you hope to do for them—of the advantages you wish to give them—of the gifts you would like to lavish upon them. But has it occurred to you that there is something else that perhaps you should be doing for them right now?

Today—Before It Is Too Late

Use the great gifts of modern medical science to protect your children from disease and to help them become strong and healthy men and women—physically, mentally and morally. Many deadly diseases can be prevented by vaccination or inoculation. Do not risk the blighting of a single blossom.

Three Important Things to Do

These are things which, if not already done, you should do at once:

First. See that your children are vaccinated against smallpox.

Second. Make sure that they have toxin-antitoxin treatments to prevent diphtheria.

Third. Have them examined at least once a year to correct physical defects. Especially—teeth, eyes, ears and tonsils should be thoroughly inspected; adenoids, when present, should be removed.

With positive protection offered against two of the most dreaded diseases, smallpox and diphtheria, it is little short of criminal negligence to overlook these simple precautions. And

a great amount of illness will be avoided when, as a matter of course, children have an annual health examination.

Can you call yourself a good parent unless you are able to say, "My children have the best protection I can give them!"

Even Minor Ailments are Dangerous

More children die from measles and whooping cough than from dreaded scarlet fever. Chicken-pox and mumps may be indirect causes of death. Common colds are dangerous for they may be the first symptoms of something more serious. Some of the most contagious diseases, such as measles and whooping cough, for the first two or three days appear to be nothing but "colds". Even at this stage, before the real sickness is recognized, infection of others may occur.

Frequently whooping cough leads to pneumonia or permanently injured lungs. Unless a child who has measles is carefully nursed,—pneumonia, mastoiditis or kidney trouble may result. The most skilful nursing is necessary in all children's diseases. In not a few instances, an attack of measles is the indirect cause of tuberculosis. Sometimes the little sufferer is left blind or deaf.

Do not make the mistake that some parents have made—do not think that your child must have all the children's diseases and "the sooner the better".

Never let well children play with a child known to have a contagious disease. Protect your boys and girls from sickness.

Health is the greatest blessing you can give your children. Now is the time to plan for it—in blossom time.



For the past three years May Day has had a new meaning. It has become National Child Health Day—the day on which every state in our country takes stock of the health and welfare of its children.

While there have been great gains in protecting the lives of children, these gains have been accomplished by the extraordinarily good work done in some parts of the country. Tremendous betterment will result when the same good work is carried on everywhere.

The New May Day unites us in planning for more sanitary school buildings, for

more and better playground facilities and for unremitting supervision of the water, milk and food supplies of a community.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared pamphlets on the cause, prevention and care of almost all the diseases with which children are threatened.

Send for the booklets on Measles, Whooping Cough, Scarlet Fever and Diphtheria. They will be mailed free and may be invaluable to you.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

DINNERS which MULTIPLY THEMSELVES

[Continued from page 30]

spinach we made a molded salad, adding chopped pickle, chopped hard-cooked egg and mayonnaise. We packed the mixture into custard-cups, then when ready to serve it we unmolded it on lettuce, garnished it with hard-cooked egg and more mayonnaise.

crumbs are brown. From the left-over mashed potatoes we made potato cakes to serve with our scalloped fish. To make these you just add to the potato the beaten yolk of 1 egg, shape the mixture into cakes, dip in flour and fry in a little hot fat.

DINNER MENU NUMBER 3

Braised Liver
Boiled Rice
Lettuce and Radish Salad
Fresh Fruit Jelly
Sponge Cake
Coffee or Tea

If you have never tried Braised Liver, it will be a welcome change from the usual steak, chops and roast. A whole calf's liver weighs from a pound and a half to three pounds, so you can buy as much as you like—about two pounds will be enough for a family of six. Here is our recipe for preparing it:

BRAISED LIVER

2 cups celery, cut in 1/2 teaspoon salt
pieces 1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 pounds liver, un- 1/2 cup water
sliced Several slices bacon

Put celery in bottom of a greased, covered casserole or baking-dish. Wipe off liver with a damp cloth, sprinkle it with a little flour and pepper and put in baking-dish on top of celery. Pour 1/2 cup boiling water around meat, cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. Remove cover, lay several thin slices of bacon over liver and continue cooking without cover until bacon is crisp and liver and celery are tender.

From a liver of this size you will have some left. Chop this fine, add to it one or two hard-cooked eggs, chopped. Then make a well-seasoned white sauce, add the chopped liver and eggs and serve on toast for breakfast, luncheon or supper.

When cooking our carrots for dinner we cooked enough extra to have about 1 cup left over. From these we made Cream-of-Carrot Soup, following the recipe for Cream-of-Pea Soup in Master-Recipes. We cooked enough rice, too, to have 1 cup left over. From this we made rice fritters for luncheon next day, using the recipe in Master-Recipes.

If you make a Sponge-Cake by the recipe in Master-Recipes you will probably have more than enough for one meal. This will keep fresh for a day or two and can be sliced and served with fresh berries or canned fruit as shortcake. If it gets stale before you are ready to use it, pour a custard sauce over it and top it with a bit of whipped cream.

DINNER MENU NUMBER 4

Vegetable Soup
Baked Shad or Bluefish with Lemon Sauce
Pickle Relish
Mashed Potatoes
Stuffed Baked Tomatoes
Rhubarb Pie
Cheese
Coffee

Those of you who live near the sea or where you can get fresh fish will want to serve it at least once a week. We suggest that you bake it, as we did. And since it is as easy to bake a large fish as a small one, get a three to four pound fish. From this you will have some left. We had about a cup and half left over. Flake the fish into small pieces and remove all the small bones, being particularly careful with shad. Make about 1 cup of thick white sauce and add to it the flaked fish and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or green pepper. Put it into greased custard-cups, ramekins or scallop-shells or in a baking-dish. Sprinkle with fine buttered bread-crumbs. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes or until

DINNER MENU NUMBER 5

Swiss Steak with Onions
Scalloped Potatoes
String Beans
Cucumber-and-Tomato Salad
Cottage Pudding

Here is our recipe for Swiss Steak.

SWISS STEAK

3 pounds beef, round 3 small onions,
1/2 cup flour chopped
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup stewed or
1/2 teaspoon pepper canned tomatoes
1 cup boiling water

Wipe meat with a clean, damp cloth. Mix flour, salt and pepper together. Pound flour into the meat with a wooden potato-masher. Brown onion and meat in a little hot shortening. Add tomatoes and water. Cover and cook slowly 2 hours or until meat is tender. Thicken stock with a little flour before serving, if desired.

Next day we put the meat we had left through the meat grinder. This gave us about 2 cups of ground meat. To this we added 2 cups of boiled potatoes, cut fine, additional salt and pepper and a little water to moisten. When well mixed, we put the hash into a shallow frying-pan in which we had fried 1 onion, chopped fine, and cooked it until heated through and brown on one side. We then turned it over like an omelet and served it garnished with parsley.

If you prefer croquettes to the hash, add a beaten egg and seasonings to the chopped meat, shape into croquettes, roll in beaten egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

The potatoes used in our hash were left over, as we had cooked enough extra to have some left. If we had made the croquettes instead of hash we would have just reheated our left-over potatoes, put them into a greased baking-dish in two layers with white sauce and grated cheese between the layers and on top with a sprinkling of fine bread-crumbs to make the dish brown temptingly.

DINNER MENU NUMBER 6

Roast Spring Chicken
Steamed Rice
New Peas
Rudishes and Green Onions
Fresh Asparagus Salad
Strawberry Shortcake

This dinner we planned for Sunday, though you might want to serve it some other day. Instead of roasting one chicken we roasted two. It doesn't take much longer to prepare two and it saves time and fuel in cooking. If the weather is warm, the left-over cold chicken can just be sliced and served. We used our left-over chicken in Chicken Chop Suey. This is a double time-saver, because the rice used in it will be left over from the dinner if you cook a little extra. Here is our recipe:

CHICKEN CHOP SUEY

2 cups cold chicken, 1/2 teaspoon pepper
cut in pieces 1 tablespoon short-
1 cup cooked celery, ening
cut fine 2 tablespoons flour
1 1/2 cups cooked rice 1 1/2 cups chicken
1 teaspoon salt stock

Mix chicken, celery, rice, salt and pepper. Melt shortening, add flour and mix well. Add stock slowly and bring to boiling-point, stirring constantly. Add chicken mixture and heat thoroughly. Add one cup of cooked mushrooms, if desired.

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

A Shield for Beauty

Here is a cream that valiantly lays itself between your complexion and the dangers of wind and sun and rain



By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

Protect your skin when out-of-doors by using Pompeian Day Cream as your powder base.

UNDER the moon your complexion may seem magically fair. In the soft, warm light of shaded lamps, it may keep its fairy charm. But when an ardent sun shines too long upon your face, or a cold wind blows too bitterly against it, how does your complexion look then? How does it stand exposure in the air of dusty streets?

There is a simple way to protect it from these hardships—a way which women all over the world have found effective. They shield their skin with an invisible film of Pompeian Day Cream. This cream stays there until you remove it. Thus dust and grime are kept out. Thus your skin is guarded from the withering action of sun and wind. Thus all through the day your complexion remains clear and velvety, soft and fresh.

When you give your skin this scientific help it rewards you by keeping its true beauty—remaining radiant, youthful-looking, as velvety as a flower petal.

Pompeian Day Cream is one of the very helpful toilette creams which many clever women take advantage of. It is not only a "protective" cream to shield your complexion against sun and wind, but it is almost magical in the way it takes away undesirable "shine" from your skin.

If your skin is an "oily" one you know how annoying are those shining high-lights that come on forehead, nose, chin, and even on the curve of the cheeks! Pompeian Day Cream will keep these spots from shining in that disagreeable manner. Pompeian Day Cream has a slightly astringent action that reduces the activity of the oil. Try it! Just smooth it lightly on your face before you start to dress. Then, by the time you are ready for your powder this cream will have done its work. Wipe any superfluous bits away, and when you apply your powder you will find that the Day Cream



Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream and should be applied with quick finger-tips—use a small quantity at a time till the entire surface has been covered. It will protect your skin all day.

has formed an excellent base for that as well as removed all "shine."

You remember that old, old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The habit of protecting your skin every day with this delicate cream will certainly provide you with that "ounce of prevention" to guard your skin against all the abuses of weather.

This delicately compounded cream will greatly benefit your skin if you use it correctly. You will find that both your powder and your rouge will blend better, and will remain on for a much longer time than usual. Pompeian Day Cream is 60c the jar (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialist in Beauty

P. S. I suggest Pompeian Beauty Powder to be used over your Day Cream, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.



The delicacy and beauty of the blonde skin can be kept as radiantly lovely as a child's, if you give it the constant, daily protection of Pompeian Day Cream.

SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom, the 1926 Panel with samples of Day Cream and other Pompeian products—all for 20c

FOR only 20c you get 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled, "Moments That Will Be Treasured," in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to \$1.00. Sent along with samples.

Tear Off, Sign and Send



Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
1408 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Dear Madame: I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, other samples and your beauty booklet

Name
Street
Address
City State

Shade of powder wanted?

This coupon void after Oct. 1, 1926



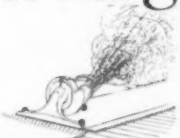
FREE



Housecleaning HELP



Accept Eureka's great National Educational Offer — enjoy **FREE** the amazing helpfulness of the Grand Prize Eureka during your spring housecleaning.



Without the slightest obligation or a penny's cost you can enjoy the quickest and easiest spring housecleaning you have ever known. Accept and use the Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and its "high-vacuum" attachments—escape a lot of hard work and save the needless expense of outside help.

You pay absolutely nothing for the use of either the Eureka or its great attachments. Take them and use them until your home is clean from top to bottom. We are making this sensational offer simply because we know there is no better time than at spring housecleaning for you to give the Eureka a thorough test and discover its astonishing helpfulness.



Eureka Holds World's Highest Honors

The astonishing efficiency of the Grand Prize Eureka has won for it the highest honors the world can bestow. Six times it has won the Grand Prize or highest award in international competition. It

stands approved by leading home experts everywhere. It is the choice of over a million and a quarter users. And, last year, this great cleaner led the world in unit sales-leadership made possible by the tremendous demand for the best home cleaning help obtainable.

To Keep the Eureka, Pay Only \$4.50 Down

Act now and assure yourself the easiest and most quickly finished spring cleaning you have ever known. Then, if you want to keep the Eureka, you can take advantage of exceptionally easy terms—only \$4.50 down, with the balance in extremely easy monthly payments. The complete \$8.50 set of attachments is **FREE** with each Eureka purchased (but this wonderful offer may be withdrawn at any time).

Sign and mail the coupon or phone our dealer near you without delay. To hesitate is but to sentence yourself needlessly to another year's housecleaning drudgery.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Largest producers of Electric Vacuum Cleaner Units in the world.
Canadian Factory, Kitchener, Ontario

Foreign Branches: 8 Fisher Street, London, W. C. 1, England; 58-60 Margaret Street, Sydney, Australia



FREE \$8.50 SET

of Famous "High-Vacuum" Attachments with each Eureka Purchased. (This offer may be withdrawn at any time.)

The Grand Prize

EUREKA

VACUUM CLEANER

It Gets the Dirt

COUPON

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.

At no cost or obligation to me, please deliver a Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner and Attachments for free use during spring housecleaning.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

1926

See the Eureka Exhibit at the Sesquiennial Exposition, Philadelphia, Exposition Building



The prevalence of double chins and triple necks attests to the fact that many are eating more than they actually need

YOU MAY BE EATING TOO MUCH!

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University



SINCE hard work and an active life in the open create a need for food, and since under these conditions the appetite will demand it and the body take care of it, it is most often the man and woman whose conditions in life prevent much activity who require special guidance in the selection of their food.

All around us we see persons who make the mistake of eating too much of protein-rich foods and pastries which contain large amounts of fat and sugar but which are lacking in mineral elements and vitamins. Consequently, they become dyspeptic, constipated and despondent and try to recover their health by restricting themselves to a very limited diet. If they had adhered to a rational diet earlier they would have prevented some of their troubles.

The man who does office or other sedentary indoor work does not require more than half as much food as the man who works hard at physical labor and he will feel far better if he eats as sparingly as he works his muscles. The same can be said of the woman whose duties do not call for much active exercise. Yet the active and sedentary sit down to eat at the same time and the interval between meals is determined by the needs of the first. The prevalence of double chins and triple necks attests to the fact that many are eating more than they actually need. One must not suppose that because one's occupation makes one tired it is hard labor! Any monotonous or uninteresting work quickly leads to a feeling of fatigue, while work in which one is keenly interested does not tire one out quickly.

Unfortunately, the human appetite for good things does not adjust itself accurately to bodily needs and consequently most of us eat more than we require either for bodily repair, for keeping us warm or for furnishing the energy necessary to perform our daily activities. This excess food makes most people fat. The nervous, high-strung individuals make many unnecessary bodily motions, which keep the muscles at an abnormal tension even when not at work and cause the loss of the capacity to relax and rest.

It is not only in the quantity of food eaten that we err, but in the quality or kind as well. We eat too much sugar because we have developed a sweet tooth which is disproportionately large. Sugar is not only the most powerful source of energy but is a habit-forming food. The

more we eat of it, the more we want. If our supply of sweets were suddenly to be taken away from us the

temptation to overeat of the energy foods would, in great measure, disappear.

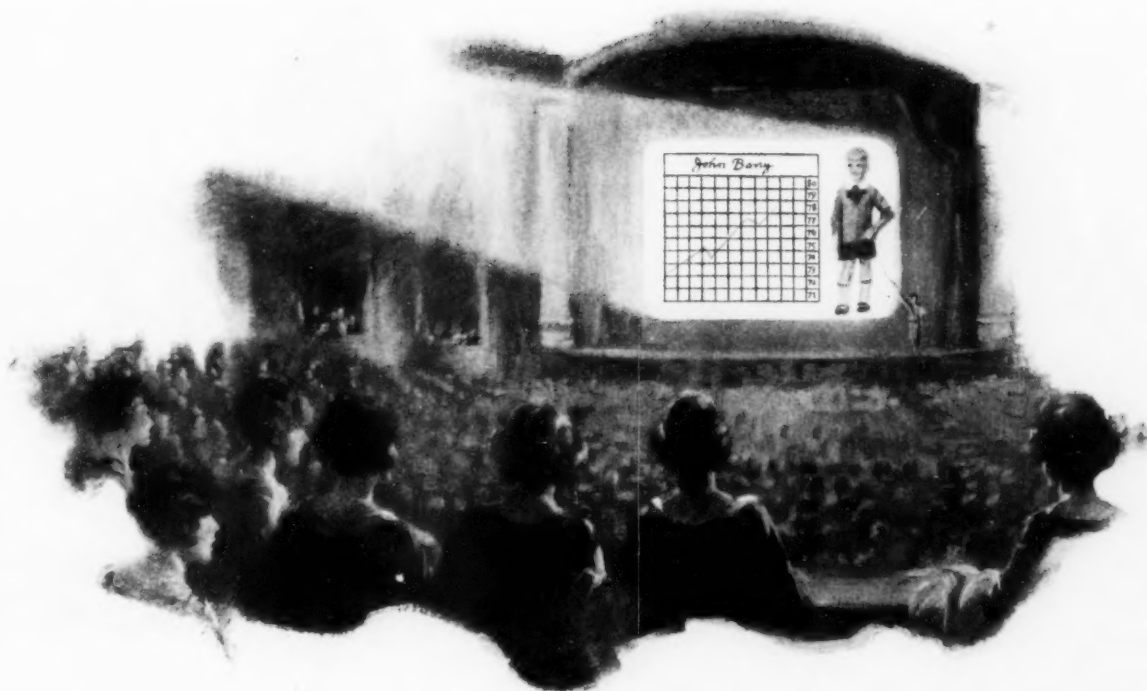
We do not develop such abnormal appetites for fats as do the dwellers in the Arctic regions. We eat liberally of fat-rich foods only when they are made attractive by other flavors. Such meats as goose or duck or pork which are remarkably rich in fat are, however, so appetizing that if we are not careful we easily consume far more energy when we eat them than our bodies need.

There has long been a controversy among physiologists about the amount of protein we should eat. Protein is the one dietary essential which can build muscle or repair the wear and tear which result from physical activity or from the functioning of the secretory glands. There can be no doubt about our needing a supply of it regularly. The question is, how much we need? Should we, after we have passed the period of growth, eat only enough to repair the waste tissues of the body?

To answer these questions requires a knowledge of what protein does in the body. It is a stimulating food and makes the fires of life burn faster than other foods. It makes us use more oxygen and give off more heat than we should without it. This is one reason why some authorities say that the less protein we eat the better off we shall be, provided we eat enough to meet the daily needs of our bodies. Most people naturally eat less of protein-rich foods during the summer. No one, for example, wants to eat roast pork on a hot summer day!

Persons who do much mental work and exercise too little know from experience that they are more likely to feel dull and inefficient if they eat much protein than if they eat other foods which are rather poor in proteins. This is due partly to the presence in the blood and tissues of certain decomposition products of proteins which brings about lethargy; and partly to the fact that when much protein is eaten there remains in the large intestine undigested matter which causes unwholesome bacterial decomposition and generates poisons. These are absorbed and probably cause a mild form of intoxication which depresses mental activity.

The two ideas which should be kept in mind by the sedentary [Turn to page 42]



When 3,000 mothers made this startling discovery about their children *in a co-operative experiment with school teachers*

SOME months ago in Kansas City, mothers and teachers formed a partnership to make a great educational experiment. Its purpose was to determine how much a child's success in school is affected by what he eats.

Three thousand mothers from the Parent-Teacher's Association carried on the experiment with children who would start to school the following fall.

The results were startling to mothers; even to teachers who knew what far-reaching effects correct feeding can have on a child's school work.

This is what happened: In checking the progress of these children during the first year of school, it was found that "the usual number of failures was reduced by an enormous number."

What rules of child feeding brought about this striking result? Very simple ones, indeed.

A diet in which milk, green vegetables,

fruit, hard breads, and a *hot cooked cereal* for breakfast are the important items.

As a result of this, and other similar experiments, over 20,000 schools throughout the country have hung this statement on their walls:

*"Every boy and girl
needs a HOT cereal breakfast"*

This has become Rule Number One in the schools' health campaign. And mothers everywhere are co-operating with it because it agrees with their own common sense experience.

Is there any doubt, then, in *your* mind what cereal to serve your children tomorrow morning? You know that for 30 years authorities have recommended, and children have loved and profited by good old Cream of Wheat.

Breakfast foods have come and gone, but Cream of Wheat has remained fixed in the regard of mothers and children for two very simple reasons.

First, because it supplies in delicious form just that store of mental and physical energy which children above all need.

Second, because it contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat. It is so completely, easily and quickly digested that its energy is released for the child's use by ten o'clock in the morning.

You probably have a box of Cream of Wheat on your pantry shelf now. If not, every grocer has it. Serve it tomorrow morning; give your children a breakfast that will *really fit* them for the mental and physical demands of their day in school. It's easy to prepare and so good to eat!

Note: For a variety of delightful ways to serve Cream of Wheat write for recipe booklet. With it we will send *Free* a sample package, and our authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Address Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 605, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In Canada made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address Fawcett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell road, London, E. C. 1.





What's back of
HEINZ KETCHUP?

Fifty-seven years' experience—

Heinz pedigreed tomato seed. Heinz green houses, gardens, farms—

Spices secured by Heinz buyers in foreign lands—

Heinz many kitchens located where tomatoes grow best—

Tomatoes slowly cooked—water boiled out—goodness left in—thick with tomato essence. That's Heinz Ketchup!

Every step a Heinz step. Same with the rest of the 57 Varieties.

High in quality. Reasonable in price. Most for your money. Best for your table—always and everywhere. The taste is the test.

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

[Continued from page 27]

waving slowly from side to side.

"Don't pay any attention to him," advised Jill. "He'll soon come round. He can't bear being taken no notice of."

But she was wrong in her prediction. Omar did not come round. Moreover, it was precisely the same each time Iris visited the studio. Omar invariably retreated from her as far as possible.

"I really feel I ought to apologize for his behavior," declared Jill, laughingly, one day. The portrait was almost finished now and she was sitting at her easel, throwing quick, keen glances towards her model while she put in the final touches. "I've only once before known him take such a dislike to anyone," she went on, thinking of Garry.

"Man or woman?" queried Iris.

"Man."

"Then his dislike of me isn't due to my sex?"

"Oh, no," Jill answered rather abstractedly. She was growing absorbed in her work, and continued for so long without a pause that it was only when a somewhat weary voice drifted across to her from where Iris sat posed on a divan that she realised how the time had run on.

"Don't you think I might have a rest now?" inquired Iris in a small voice.

Jill flushed apologetically.

"I am so sorry!" she exclaimed contritely. "You must be tired out. Wait, I'll make some tea."

She established Iris in an easy chair by the fire. "I won't be long," she said, as she bent her steps kitchenwards.

The kitchen fire had burned very low, so Jill stoked it up and put the kettle on to boil while she busied herself cutting bread-and-butter and preparing the teatray. And then, all at once, came the sound of footsteps in the hall. Someone had pushed the flat door open and entered. Then came the sound of a voice which suddenly brought the blood to Jill's face.

"Iris! What are you doing here?"

It was Quayne's voice.

"You? . . . Straton, is it you?"

There was a startled note in Iris's low, shaken tones, and again that something more than astonishment.

"Ah! Don't go!" she continued swiftly. Evidently Quayne must have made some movement of withdrawal. Followed the light swish of a skirt. Jill, standing stock still in the middle of the little kitchen, could visualise that rapid, lithe rush of Iris's across the room to his side.

"Don't go—for pity's sake, don't go, Straton. I must speak to you."

"There can be nothing more to be said between us," came the reply.

"Ah!" It was like the desperate cry of something hurt and wounded. "Have you forgotten—so soon?"

"Soon? Do you call three years—soon?"

"It's a short time for love to die in," she replied. "But it's a long time to wait—and wait. Straton, do you realise that we've never even spoken to each other for three years—never since that night on the terrace at Quayling? It—it was cruel of you, Straton!"

"Possibly." His tone was still quite neutral. "But always remember that yours was the initial cruelty."

"Do you think I ever forget it—forget that it was through my own fault I lost you? . . . That doesn't make it any easier to bear. Can't you forgive me?"

"It isn't a case of forgiveness between us. All that I felt for you, you killed."

"And my love—counts for nothing?"

She spoke in a small, tired voice.

"There is nothing to be gained by all this," he said coldly. "I came to see Miss Wedderburn, and since she's not here—"

"But she is here."

"Where is she?" he demanded quickly.

"I'll tell you—I'll tell you," she answered hurriedly. "But promise me one thing first—"

She laid a detaining hand on his shoulder, a hand that shook pitifully. "Promise me that in future when we meet you'll speak to me, sometimes—just a few words, as you would to any other woman. I can't bear it if you won't—do that! Don't thrust me right out of your life. Let me stay in it as a friend—an acquaintance, if you like," she corrected.

For a moment he hesitated. Something seemed fugitively to warn him that it was better to leave things as they were—

But the momentary compassion her pale, anguished beauty had stirred in him still governed his impulses.

"As you will," he said. "Let it be like that, if it pleases you."

With a sudden, impulsive movement she snatched at his hand and kissed it. He wrenched it roughly away.

"I'm going," she said unsteadily. "You can explain to Miss Wedderburn why I've gone—tell her any lie you like."

A moment later the door of the flat closed with a bang.

JILL, sitting alone in the little kitchen, knew now why Quayne was such a hard, embittered man, so full of such strange reticences. He had loved Iris. Some misunderstanding had thrust them apart, and today, in her own flat, the years had been bridged and they were together again.

All at once she felt that she hated Iris—hated her beauty, hated the fact that she should be talking to Quayne under her roof. And as the door of the flat closed behind them the inner meaning of that hatred showed her her own heart.

She rose to her feet and moved unsteadily towards the studio. Then she stopped abruptly on the threshold and stared at a figure on the other side of the room, outlined against the rosy firelight.

Quayne had not gone! He was standing by the chimneypiece, arms folded, gazing down into the fire, his eyes looking even more deeply set than usual beneath savagely drawn brows. He turned instantly.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "Jill—I've come back. I've tried to keep away—But I can't face life any longer without you. I can't think about anything or anybody in the world except you, Jill"—and suddenly his arms went around her—"Jill, beloved, I know you better than you know yourself. You're keeping me at bay by sheer force of will. You're giving both of us needless pain—"

She wrenched herself out of his arms and stood away from him.

"Why do you talk like this?" she demanded in a low angry voice. "Why all this pretence? There's Iris—have you forgotten Iris?"

"Iris?"

"Yes . . . You see, I heard." She went on rapidly, with a kind of ingenuous embarrassment that made her seem very young. "I didn't want to hear. As soon as I knew—guessed what was happening, I kept my fingers in my ears. But I couldn't help hearing something—a few words here and there. I heard Iris ask if you had forgotten. And—and I don't think anyone could forget who had once loved Iris. She is so beautiful . . ."

"So you think I've come straight from making love to Iris to ask you to marry me?" There was a dangerous note in his voice. "Now, will you listen while I tell you the whole story?"

So he pulled a chair up to the fire for her, but he himself remained standing, looking down at her while he talked. "It is more than three years ago since my worship of Iris crumbled to atoms."

"Then—you did—love her once?"

"Yes, I loved her once. And I asked her to be my wife. She gave me her promise, and when I went out from her presence, too happy to think, I've no doubt the people I met in the street could read my fatuous happiness. You see, Iris was very beautiful, and I thought her soul as beautiful as her body. That was where I made my mistake. She had about as much soul as a cat . . . But I left her that day, feeling as if I had been treading on holy ground." He paused, then went on harshly: "That was a wonderful moment. It was a very brief one. Before I reached home, after leaving Iris, I met my best pal in the street and began pouring out my glorious news to him—to learn that at that very time he and she were engaged to be married."

"Ah!" A pitiful exclamation broke from Jill's lips. She could see so clearly that crash between the man's blind confidence in the woman he loved and the stunning fact of her duplicity. It explained the hard side he turned toward the world, his cynicism, the bitter antagonism towards women in his books.

"Do you understand now?" he went on. "All that I felt for [Turn to page 42]



RODNEY M. WRENN
son of Mr. & Mrs. M. Macon Wrenn
1300 Harlem Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Their family physician advised it

WHEN little Rodney Wrenn was born the family doctor recommended Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "We followed his advice," writes Mrs. Wrenn, "and continued feeding Rodney Eagle Brand from the time he was three days old until he was eating food of almost any kind. With the result that we have a child nearly two years old who has never had a day of real sickness in his life and is about as perfect a specimen of humanity as anyone could wish to see. I feel Rodney's wonderful health is mainly due to Eagle Brand, which I believe to be the best baby food obtainable at any price."

any other food prepared for babies.

This selected, full-cream milk—rich in bone-and-muscle building elements, and the essential vitamins—is modified with sugar in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. Always the same uniform, safe product—sold everywhere.

The new booklet, *What Other Mothers Say*, gives experiences of other mothers with Eagle Brand, pictures of their babies, and feeding directions for babies up to 2 years. Mail the coupon for this—and *Baby's Welfare*, a booklet of practical information on the general care of your baby. Both books are free.

If you cannot nurse your baby or if his present food is not entirely satisfactory, put him on Eagle Brand. It is more nearly like breast milk than

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



THE BORDEN COMPANY
222 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of *What Other Mothers Say* and *Baby's Welfare*.

Name

Address

Is your baby's nursing bottle as clean as your drinking glass?



Are you sure the food that goes into your baby's mouth is free from germs?

You don't use a drinking glass shaped like this—



because it would

be too difficult to clean it inside—but you *do* drink from a glass like this—



because it can be kept absolutely

free from germs. Why do you invite the danger of germs by feeding baby from an old-fashioned bottle like this—



when baby authorities like Dr. L. Emmett Holt say, "In selecting bottles, those which are the easiest to clean should be chosen. These are the round bottles with wide mouths. . ."

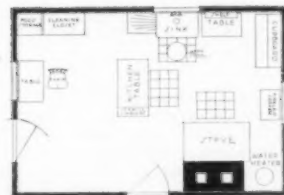
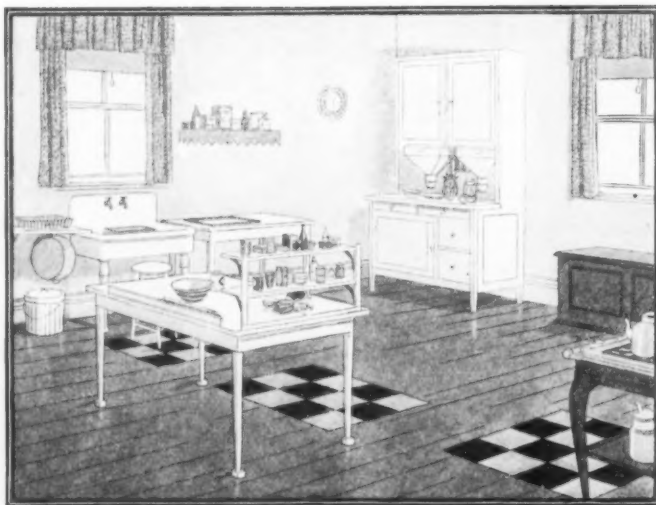
like this. This is the improved, Patented Hygeia Nursing Bottle—the Safe Nursing Bottle—that protects your baby's health. It has straight sides and no neck. The breast portion is soft and flexible and weaning is made easy. Sold by drug stores everywhere. Endorsed by thousands of doctors.



The Hygeia, the modern, safe nursing bottle, does away with dangerous germ-carriers—the brush, the funnel, and the narrow neck.

Hygeia

The SAFE NURSING BOTTLE



This is Mrs. Kelsey's kitchen as it looked when we had finished with it—cheerful cream walls, a floor which wouldn't show grease spots and an efficient-looking work-table brought into proper relationship with sink and stove



THE KITCHEN THAT FOUND ITSELF

BY GLADYS BECKETT JONES

Head of Home Economics Work,
Garland School of Homemaking



IT IS easy enough to have a home that fairly runs itself when you have plenty of money. But if your income is limited, you have to scrape along the best you can and do back-breaking work to make up the difference!

Mrs. Kelsey fairly hurled this heresy to household management at me as I was leading a discussion-group in home-problems. I was a bit disconcerted for the moment but I realized she was sincere. She *really* believed that because she didn't have the money to buy every labor-saving device and expensive piece of household equipment she couldn't possibly have an efficient home.

I knew better for I have seen homes loaded with elaborate equipment, which were poorly organized and poorly operated despite it; and I have seen inexpensively equipped homes where the scant equipment was so well placed in the kitchen and so conveniently arranged for the person doing the work, that all the housework went on smoothly and easily. I know there is a solution for every home-making difficulty of this kind if the home-maker will give to it only the same amount of time and thought and energy she puts into buying her clothes or giving a party.

This was my opportunity to convince Mrs. Kelsey and at the same time to get other points of view on her problems besides my own. So I asked her if we might "talk it out" in class.

I will give you a picture of the Kelsey home just as Mrs. Kelsey gave it to us: "There are four of us," she said, "my husband and I and our two small boys. My husband has recently gone into the trucking business and until he is well established we want to get along on as little as possible so that every dollar we can do without can be turned back into the business. We live in a six-room house. We have running water and a hot-air furnace. In the kitchen I have a combination gas and coal range."

We weren't satisfied with this information. "How high are your sink and table?" we asked her. "What color are your kitchen walls? How close together are your sink, stove and work-table? Do you have drain-boards on

both sides of your sink? How many windows has your kitchen?"

Mrs. Kelsey answered our questions but it was very evident she couldn't see what they had to do with the matter! Then in her zeal to prove that "housework is drudgery and you can't make anything else out of it!" she turned over to us her whole problem to study and solve if we could!

From Illustration 2 and its floor-plan you can see just what we had to work with. The kitchen as we found it had drab-colored walls, a sink too low, a work-table just about as far away from the sink and stove as it possibly could be, no storage-space near the work-table for cooking supplies and equipment, and a total lack of even such small things as a good can-opener, a rack for pot-covers, a japanned tin kitchen-tray or a kitchen-stool.

Since, as lighting experts tell us, dark walls absorb a large proportion of light, daylight or artificial light; and, as we all know, they create a depressing atmosphere, the first thing we advised Mrs. Kelsey to do was to repaint her kitchen-walls. We selected a washable paint in one of the soft, rich, cheerful shades of cream since no small part of our job was to make Mrs. Kelsey's kitchen pleasant for her to work in.

Then the question of expense came up. "Can you do the painting yourself?" we asked her. Yes, she could and she did—with beautiful results, and a total cost of just four dollars and eighty cents.

The woodwork, which was varnished, we left as it was though it would have

been a great improvement if we could have painted it in a flat finish the same color as the walls.

The floor was of soft wood, badly splintered and worn, for Mrs. Kelsey had been scrubbing it twice a week with strong soap and a scrub-brush. She did not want to spend money for linoleum or other composition-flooring which we would have liked to see put down so we advised the cheapest possible finish which could easily be cared for.

We first had a carpenter plane the floor smooth, then Mrs. Kelsey thoroughly cleaned it and let it dry. She next applied a light brown oil floor-stain herself, and after that had dried she bought two quarts of boiled linseed oil, warmed it over hot water and, using a wide paint-brush, painted the entire floor surface with it. The wood was dry and fairly drank up the oil so a second coat was needed.

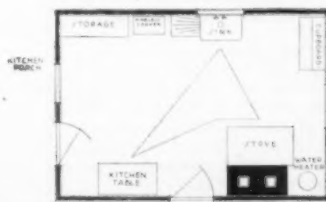
This was one of the times when the family had to eat a picnic-lunch and dinner for it was absolutely necessary that the floor should not be walked on until all the oil the boards would absorb had soaked in. After that the surplus had to be removed by rubbing the floor with soft old cloths.

After doing this Mrs. Kelsey had a floor which would not show grease spots and which she could clean by wiping with a tightly-wrung mop. Then, with slight additional cost she put small, inexpensive brown-and-cream-patterned composition rugs in front of the stove, sink and table, making a very attractive floor.

Her sink already stood in front of a window but she had to lean over so far to get to the dishpan that she hardly knew she had an attractive view outside that window! It was out of the question because of the expense, to have the sink raised to the right height so the next best thing we could do was to raise the dishpan. This we did by setting a wooden box, four inches high, in the sink and placing the dishpan on it. This brought the bottom of the pan about on a level with the one drain-board, on the left-hand side of the sink.

One drain-board was good but two would have been better. It was impossible for Mrs. Kelsey to have even a wooden one made so we salvaged an old table from the attic, gave it a coat of cream-colored paint, then a [Turn to page 42]

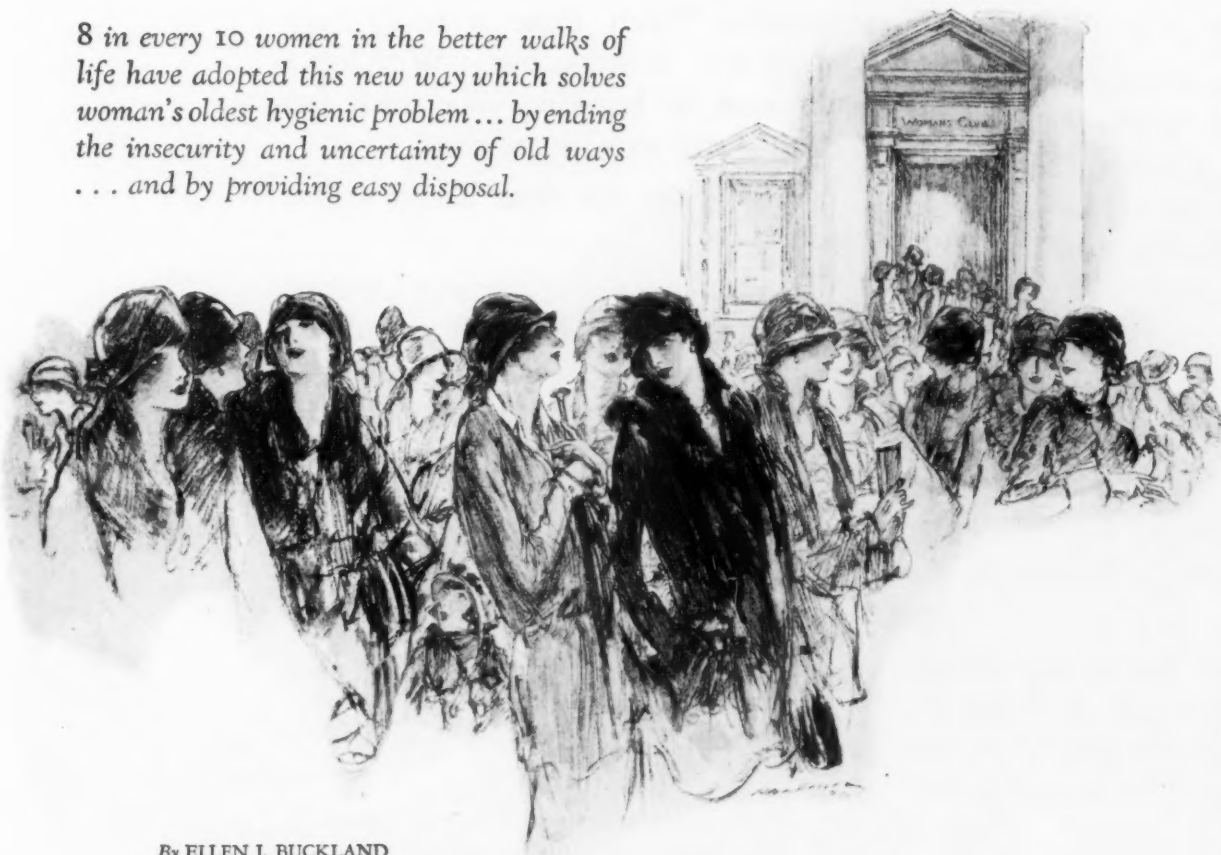
What we had to work with—a kitchen with drab-colored walls, a sink too low and a work-table too far away from sink and stove



Only 2 Women in 10 Today

still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday

8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way which solves woman's oldest hygienic problem... by ending the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways... and by providing easy disposal.



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

THE rigid exactments of modern social and business life demand a new hygiene for women. Days are too precious, too full, to be lost... or interfered with by even natural complications.

For that reason, you will find much more than simply a mere convenience in this new way. It will make a great difference in your life.

Gayest, filmiest frocks may now be worn without a moment's thought. Social demands are met in confidence. One lives every day... unhandicapped. The uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad has been supplanted with a protection both absolute and scientific.

Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new secret

disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

Easy disposal—simply discard

[[There is no bother, no expense, of laundry.
Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.]]

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

A fair test will convince you of its many advantages. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabins in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue.

Even nice people are lazy—

It's no disgrace. In fact, it's usually only human nature.

Particularly, we're lazy when it comes to the little things of life.

Maybe a broken shoe-string that we neglect to replace for days and simply tie together. Or a button that should have been sewed on weeks ago. Or even that visit to the dentist which is so much more important than most folks realize.

Many of these little personal neglects may be forgiveable but not so when they touch some small *important* thing.

Take tooth brushing for example—this most important job is often neglected by many of us.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest* way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth

paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

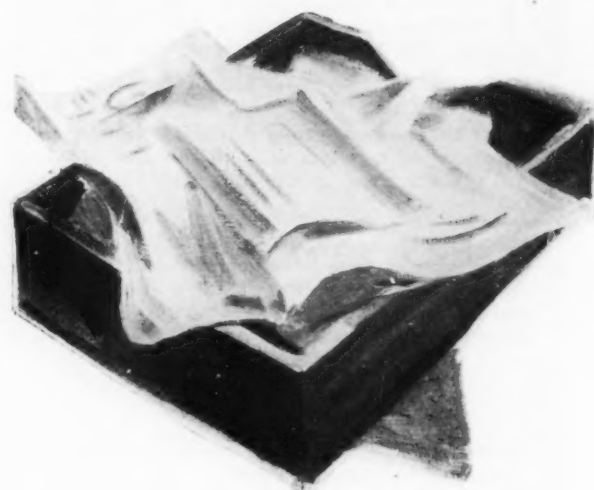
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.



LISTERINE



“—for lazy people”

E TOOTH · PASTE

— — — easy to use



Who Wouldn't Be First for Such a Treat!

IT'S the most exciting moment of the party—refreshments! Especially when the sandwiches are of tender, delicately flavored "Star" Ham!

There is energy youngsters need in Armour's "Star" Ham. There is convenience without waste for the housewife. And there is enticing variety for everybody in the delightful "60 Ways to Serve." May we send you a copy?

May Day Sandwiches

To each cup of minced, baked or boiled "Star" Ham add six finely chopped olives, three minced sweet pickles, and moisten with a boiled salad dressing. Spread on slices of whole wheat or graham bread.

Armour's STAR HAM



Armour's Star
Pure Lard
In pails or cartons

Div. 56, Div. Food Economics,
Armour and Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me Free Recipe Book "60 Ways to Serve"
Armour's "Star" Ham.

Name

Address



THE KITCHEN THAT FOUND ITSELF

[Continued from page 38]

coat of shellac. It was too low, so we set it on blocks of wood to lift it to the level of the top of the sink, moved the fireless cooker under the window near the stove where it belonged, and set the table at the right of the sink. We then bought a japanned tin tray for twenty-five cents, put it on the table and this made an admirable substitute for a right-hand drain-board on which to stack the soiled dishes for washing.

Mrs. Kelsey, like so many housekeepers, had never owned a dish-drainer. She laboriously dried her dishes with a towel but we had to demonstrate only once how easy it is to stack the dishes in a wire drainer, rinse them with very hot water and let them stand a few minutes to dry, to convince her that a dish-drainer is a real labor-saver which soon pays for itself.

We put up a shelf to the right of the window, to hold the needed sink equipment that so clutters up a sink if it is left lying around; we invested a few cents in one of the metal-wound string dish-mops for cleaning pots and pans and a few more in a small kitchen garbage-pail. Small and inexpensive as these additions to Mrs. Kelsey's sink equipment are, they add immeasurably to the ease and joy of doing her work.

Since the sink and stove were stationary, the one movable piece of large equipment was the kitchen work-table. This we helped Mrs. Kelsey to bring in closer relationship with her stove and sink, placing it, as Illustration 1 and plan show, to form a triangle with them but not so that it would interfere with her path of travel from the stove to the sink.

It was just a wooden-topped kitchen-table which was hard to keep clean, so Mrs. Kelsey, at our suggestion, covered it with white oilcloth, tacking the edges

firmly on the underside. This gave her an easily cleaned working-

surface. Then we raised the table on wooden blocks so that when she stood erect the palms of her hands just rested on the top. This made it a comfortable working-height for her.

When this was done, we evolved a utensil-rack to fasten on one end of the table. This holds the egg beater, cups, mixing-spoons and other small equipment. Across the back of the table we put a rail four inches high to prevent things from being pushed off the edge. A home-made knife-rack was fastened to one end of the table and the meat-grinder to the other.

The cabinet at the end of the room is still used for general storage of dry supplies, bread, spices, flavorings and pots and pans.

The grouping of the table, sink and stove left free a large space at the opposite end of the room and this we helped Mrs. Kelsey turn into a rest center, putting her rocking-chair and a small work table, at which she might do household accounts, in front of a window which looks out on the porch. Beside the window we hung a little book-rack for her cook-books and the book she wanted so much to read but never had time even to peek into.

After she had used the rest-center for a month, a pot of geraniums came to bloom in the window which, like the other two kitchen-windows was curtained with dainty, inexpensive yellow-sprigged curtains. Mrs. Kelsey brought her sewing and darning-basket to work there, and on rainy days the children's blocks and story-books came too. Gradually the kitchen became a focal point for the intimate family life and was no longer, Mrs. Kelsey admitted happily, "just a place to drudge in."

YOU MAY BE EATING TOO MUCH

[Continued from page 34]

worker are: first, choose a diet complete in every respect, yet relatively low in the amount of proteins it contains. These proteins should be the kinds which are easily digested and converted into body-proteins. Second, the daily food should encourage in the intestinal tract the friendly, fermentative, non-irritating bacteria instead of the disagreeable, irritating, putrefactive bacteria.

Translated into practical terms, the sedentary person should eat sparingly of meats, beans and eggs. Meat and eggs should be used mainly to add attractiveness to a diet composed mostly of tuber, root and leafy vegetables and of milk-products and fresh fruits. The amount eaten should not be enough to cause a constant gain in weight. Consulting the

scales occasionally will determine the truth about this.

This type of diet promotes intestinal hygiene and will do much toward insuring a feeling of ambition and a desire for physical activity. It will prevent the mental sluggishness which is the bane of the existence of so many persons whose duties require mental clarity.

Of all the factors which determine physical well-being, diet is the most fundamental, but it cannot be depended upon entirely to maintain health. Exercise is essential and there is no substitute for an active outdoor life. Although the city-dweller may find it seemingly impossible to take the exercise he needs, he must find some way to do it or Nature will one day impose a penalty.

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

[Continued from page 37]

Iris is gone—dead three years ago. I hated women pretty badly for a time. And then you came . . . When I found how Iris had deceived me, I swore I would allow no other woman to enter into my life and play havoc with it . . . Do you remember that day you came to me out of the fog? I think I knew then that you were a woman I could love—if I let myself. You had pluck and determination and absolute candor. But I didn't want to be hurt again by any woman. So I tried to be glad when I lost you. Later, you came into my life again, and I knew then that it was useless to fight against my love for you. When will you marry me, Jill?"

The question was so sudden, so unexpected that she could find no answer. Only, instinctively, she tried to draw away from him. But he refused to let her go.

"No," he said, his voice roughening a little. "I'm not going to let you go this time. You said once that you didn't care enough to marry me, and I told you that you weren't being honest with your-

self. I didn't believe you were. This time I'm going to know. If you send me away now, I shan't come back again. I shall accept your answer. If you love me, be honest with your own heart and say so. Jill, am I to go—or stay?"

And Jill, who in those tortured moments in the little kitchen had learned all that lay hidden in her own heart, turned towards him and answered: "Stay."

She felt herself swept up into his arms, while he rained kisses on her lips and eyes and throat—till she lay spent and shaken in his arms—almost frightened by the passion her surrender had evoked.

"Straton—" She spoke breathlessly. He folded her only more closely with less passion now and more tenderness.

"My beloved!" It was as if he took her into his life and heart forever, and suddenly all fear of him left her. She lifted her face to his, her eyes shining.

"And mine," she said.

THE only shadow that fell across Jill's complete and utter happiness was Garry's reception of [Turn to page 44]



© 1926
The Selby Shoe Co.

"I couldn't believe my child would talk that way"

No. 3 of a series of great messages to American Women, from American Women

A BOSTON woman was sitting by an open window one day last summer, enjoying her comfortable chair, and thankful that she had finished with her work.

She had hurried through her tasks for the day so she could rest. Of late, it had seemed that she had been doing everything in a hurry so she could get off her feet.

And on this day she had settled down with a magazine, sighing contentedly, when suddenly she heard familiar voices.

Her little daughter, Jane, was just outside the window with a little friend. And they were playing grown-ups.

"I'll be mamma," came Jane's voice, "and you be your mamma come to call on me."

Presently: "Why, how do you do, Annabel. How are you today? You look so tired."

"I'm just terrible," it was Jane's voice again. "My feet are horrible today, simply killing me. They ache all the time. I can't walk at all any more. Why, I wouldn't think of trying to walk even over to your house, Lucile. I'm so thankful we have a car."

"But aren't you doing anything?"

Then the mother had the shock of her life. Jane's voice rang out irritably. "Oh, let's don't play that any more. It's no fun. My mamma is always talking about her old feet. She can't say a word about anything else. I'm sick of hearing about her feet."

The other day a letter came from this mother. It was a happy letter. She told of the incident we have described. Then she continued:

"I couldn't believe my child would talk that way about me. But it did me good. I suppose I woke up then."

"I had been foolish about my feet. I had simply surrendered to them, without really trying to make them right again."

"At once I began to look around for help of some sort. I tried several kinds of shoes, and was beginning to be discouraged again when I happened to find your Arch Preserver Shoe."

"Needless to say, I don't talk about my stupid old feet any more — that is, I promise not to, after I have finished writing this letter."

"But I do wish I could help other women realize that they don't have to go on suffering with their feet. My mes-

sage is to those women who think they have well feet and can't understand why they should have trouble.

"I do walk over to Lucile's. Was over there yesterday, and we both walked on down to the city. It is four miles, and I enjoyed every step of it."

"My husband came home last evening and caught me whistling at my work. 'First time I've heard you do that in ten years,' he laughed."

"Every woman in America ought to be wearing this shoe. Every woman would wear it, if she knew what I know!"

What the Arch Preserver Shoe does for the feet is to allow them to carry the weight of the body without being strained or pinched. They are allowed to keep vigorous and healthy, with unimpeded blood circulation and uncrowded nerves.

The concealed, built-in arch bridge prevents sagging and straining of the foot arch. This one thing explains why your feet are so vigorous. They have a correct walking base.

The flat inner sole does not pinch the nerves, bones, and blood-vessels of the forepart of the foot. This means foot health.

All of which results in solid comfort, regardless of how much you use your feet. Thousands of women who never would think of walking more than a block or so in ordinary shoes are now, in Arch Preserver Shoes, on the street for hours, walking for miles.

The Arch Preserver Shoe supports the foot where support is needed — under the arch. But it bends freely where the foot itself bends — in the forepart.

And further, it is smartly designed. If you wear the Arch Preserver Shoe you have charming models for all occasions, and are perfectly groomed.

In fact, here is the real superiority of the Arch Preserver Shoe. It combines foot health and comfort with correct appearance. No other shoe can do this so well, because the important features of the Arch Preserver Shoe are patented and can not be copied by other manufacturers.

Your feet deserve Arch Preserver Shoes. They ought to be comfortable and useful. You can also get them for your children — insuring a lifetime of foot happiness for them.

There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe for women, and it is manufactured only by The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

*Supports where support is needed —
bends where the foot bends*

No matter what the occasion, there are numerous appropriate styles in the Arch Preserver Shoe. Suitable models for day or evening, assuring not only health and comfort, but style also.

A few of the many popular styles in the Arch Preserver Shoe for women, misses and children



The Majfield



The Barrie



The Mafair



*The Chiska
(for misses and children)*



The Circe



The Laurette

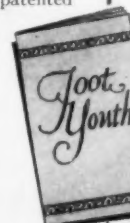
Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company Inc., Rockland, Mass.



Look for this trademark on sole and lining. Not genuine without it. It is your guarantee.

Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All sizes. All widths. AAAA to E.

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"



The Selby Shoe Co., 459 7th St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send postpaid your booklet No. M-59, "Foot Youth," and name of your dealer.

Name.....

Street and No.....

P. O..... State.....

I usually buy my shoes from (name of dealer).....

Your feet — and your children's feet — deserve Arch Preserver Shoes. Send the coupon today for our booklet, "Foot Youth" and the name of your dealer.

More than six million women now make jams and jellies this simple easy way



All the fruits jell perfectly now every time

A PERFECT JELL with only one or two minutes' boiling, saving all the flavor and color of the fresh fruit

THE difficulty in making jams and jellies has always been that fruits vary greatly in the amount of jelling substance which they contain.

Even those you depend on to jell most readily differ from year to year, and lose their jelling quality as they ripen.

But now—delicious jam or jelly can be made with perfect success every time from any variety of fruit, or combination of fruits. For after long study and investigation, the way has been found to extract the jelling substance from fruit in which it is abundant so as to produce a highly refined, liquid concentrate which, used with any

fruit juice, gives it the required amount of natural jelling quality.

This concentrate of the natural jelling element in fruit we have named Certo. It is so flavorless and colorless that it can be used with the most delicate fruits, such as pineapple or strawberry, without changing their color or flavor. More than six million women use this simple, natural method to insure success with their jams and jellies.

With Certo your fruit or fruit juices need only one or two minutes' boiling to give a firm, tender "set." The bright color of the fresh fruit is no longer darkened by long boiling and its delicate fresh flavor no longer drifts away in steam.

And because it is no longer necessary to "boil the juice down" you have an extra quantity. It gives you half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. Douglas Pectin Corp., Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. In Canada address Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

Send 10c for half-size bottle—enough to make 6-10 glasses of jelly, depending on the recipe used.



With Certo you no longer have to "boil down" your fruit juice to make it jell. You get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit.



DOUGLAS PECTIN CORP.,
185 Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with recipe book. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).

Name
Address
City

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

[Continued from page 42]

the news. She told it to him one day when he had taken her for a row on the river, bathed in sunset glory. For a few minutes he seemed almost stunned. Then: "Is this true, Jill?" he said. "You're not having me on?"

"Look here, Garry," she said, speaking very gently, "you mustn't take it like this. Don't forget you're my pal—you've always been that. And—and because I couldn't give you what you asked, I don't want to lose my friend. Must I?"

"No," said Garry. "You don't stand to lose anything, Jill. If my—friendship—means something to you, however little, it's yours, of course. So—here's luck."

He held out his hand, and Jill slipped hers into it. "I wish you wouldn't speak so bitterly," she said, sorrowfully.

"So bitterly!" He gave a short harsh laugh. The momentary responsiveness induced by her appeal to the comradeship between them vanished suddenly. "I tell you, Jill, you can thank Providence, or whoever it is that runs this rotten old world, on your knees if I stop at 'speaking bitterly.' Frankly, I don't think it very likely that I shall."

She felt a chill foreboding seize upon her happiness and Garry had a very silent and abstracted companion up the river that afternoon.

I STILL think you were rather hard on her."

Jill and Straton were sitting together in the studio. Iris's name had cropped up in the conversation—there had been a portrait of her in one of the magazines.

"Then you think nothing of a woman's promising to marry one man when she is engaged to another?" demanded Straton.

"Well, you see"—Jill temporised—"you might think you were tremendously in love with the one man, and then you might meet another whom you found you could be ever so much more in love with. I should think that's quite possible."

"Should you indeed?" Quayne made a long arm, and, pulling her down on to his knee, regarded her with quizzical eyes. "I trust you're not proposing to give me a practical demonstration?"

"Me?" replied Jill ungrammatically, the swift color running up her clear skin. "No, of course I'm not. You see"—rather sweetly and humorously—"you happen to be the one I'm ever so much more in love with."

"Then there was someone else—someone before me?" he said swiftly. "Was there, Jill?"

"Only—only Garry," she faltered. "I did—I do care for Garry. I shall always care for him as a pal, and it would be mean of me to forget him simply because"—with a little smile—"I'm particularly happy just now."

"And you're sure, quite sure, that you prefer me to Garry Lester? It's better—grimly—"to have these little matters clear before marriage rather than after."

"I'm quite sure," said Jill, and something in the frank blue eyes that met his keen glance so unflinchingly seemed to answer the question even more completely than the spoken words. He drew her back against his breast. Later:

"There's one great difference between you and Iris," said Straton.

"What's that?" asked Jill. Adding with a flicker of mirth: "Except that I'm penny plain and she's twopence colored."

"It's something that goes rather deeper than beauty. You—give; Iris only takes."

"No, no, she loved you," broke in Jill quickly. "I knew that when I heard her speak to you."

"Possibly," returned Quayne cynically. "But there is always room for doubts when a woman throws over a poor man for a rich one."

"Well, thank goodness, that's one of the things that will never worry us, even if we do quarrel. Because, if I go on as I am doing, I shall be quite a wealthy person soon! I have a lot of commissions to do now, at heavenly prices and, by the way, I'm beginning the first portrait next week, and after that I shan't have much time to play about with you."

"No," assented Quayne gloomily. "I shall be glad when you've finished all these confounded commissions you've undertaken, because I want to marry you

as quickly as possible, sweetheart. How soon do you think you could be ready?"

Jill reflected, then turned to him with a half-tremulous, half-indulgent smile.

"I could leave two or three of the portraits until after we were married, perhaps. I think my sitters would—understand, and not mind my postponing them until a little later."

"No," he said decidedly. "Finish them all off before we're married. I'd rather wait and start our lives together quite clear of anything else. I shall want you all to myself when you belong to me."

Jill turned a little in his arms and looked at him with puzzled eyes.

"But—but I'm not going to stop painting when I'm married," she said.

"Of course not. Only you won't need to paint professionally any longer. You'll just paint for your own amusement—"

"Amusement!" she repeated. "Straton, I don't understand. You—you're not imagining I'm going to give up painting after we're married? Painting isn't a sort of hobby or amusement with me. It's the big thing in my life—just as writing books is the big thing in yours. Why do you speak as though, after we're married, I can just put it on one side?"

"There'll be no need for you to work when you're my wife," replied Quayne.

"There's another side to the question which you haven't thought of, sweetheart. Haven't you realised that I want a wife—a comrade, not a busy person in an overall who lives all day at her studio and only comes home in the evening. I want you, belovedest—to feel you're there, in my house—not somewhere else, working hard when there's no need for it." He smiled slightly. "You needn't worry about money, you know."

The great fear came over Jill suddenly. She slid from her place on Quayne's knee and stood a little away from him, looking at him with wide, questioning eyes.

"Straton, are you asking me to give up—my work—when I marry you?"

"Is it too much to ask, Jill dear?" he said. He spoke very quietly, but she could feel an appeal so strong that it was almost terrible in its demand.

"I want—you," he said. "All of you sweet. I don't want to share you with your art. Its claims are too big—they're bound to be. Don't you see it, belovedest? You've got so much of genius that if you continue painting seriously, the man who loves you must go to the wall. You couldn't help it. And I want you to give yourself—to me"

"You're asking something—very big," she said slowly.

"Too big, I suppose?"

She could hear the old bitter note in his voice—distrust of woman's love which circumstances had ground into him. And in that moment she felt as though no sacrifice, no renunciation, was too great if she could make up to him for all that he had suffered in the past. A passion of tenderness and pity overwhelmed her, of love that longed to give, and give . . .

"No," she said, her eyes glowing softly. "No, it's not—too big."

"You'll do it?"

She nodded voicelessly.

The next moment he had swept her off her feet and into his arms.

"Darling!—darling!" His voice was all shaken and uneven. It seemed to beat against her very heart. "I shall never forget—never! Belovedest, now I know you're really mine!" He took her hands and pressed them against his face. "Jill, little darling Jill . . ."

And Jill felt that nothing in all the world counted against love like this—nothing could ever be too high a price to pay for the ecstasy that only love itself could give.

TOMORROW she was to be married. This was the last evening of her life as Jill Wedderburn, and she was keyed to an unwontedly high pitch. Jill had elected to spend her final evening at the flat with only old Madelon and Omar for company. The wedding itself was to take place in the tall, grey house in Audley Square—Lady Susan would hear of nothing else. But Jill had felt an instinctive longing to pass the last evening alone in the old, familiar surroundings where she had worked and [Turn to page 47]

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*Irritability
Under-weight
Faulty posture
Pallor
Frequent fatigue
Lack of
concentration*

These are the danger signals of malnutrition ... Every mother should know them

A CERTAIN famous American doctor, whose life is being devoted to the study of malnutrition in children, has this to say to mothers: "There is no more royal road to establishing health in your child than your own intelligent care and watchfulness. Every mother is responsible for her child, as no physician can be."

This doctor tells mothers that *one out of every three children in the United States is malnourished*. He warns them of the terrible handicap, physical and mental, which malnutrition imposes upon a child. He begs them to *watch for the danger signals of malnutrition*—and to fight this menace with the weapon of right food.

*Balanced, health-giving nourishment
in this delicious food*

A growing child's body requires *all* the vital food elements *every* day. These elements should be supplied in abundant quantities and in proper proportions. Yet certain modern foods are overmilled—over-refined. Vital elements are lost—precious elements! Without these elements vigorous health is *impossible*. This is a scientific fact.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

The food expert who originated Grape-Nuts deliberately planned a delicious, digestible food to supply certain deficiencies in modern diet. Grape-Nuts furnishes dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. *This is the kind of food which protects against malnutrition.*

And children love Grape-Nuts! Its nut-like flavor and crisp, brown crunchiness are irresistible. It is a food which children enjoy chewing. Your dentist will tell you that chewing crisp foods

is vitally important to the health of teeth and gums. Most of the food we eat today is too soft.

Give Grape-Nuts a place in your child's daily diet! It is so valuable—and so economical. A serving costs just a trifle over a cent and a half! Get a package today from your grocer—or accept the following offer.

*Two servings of Grape-Nuts, free
. . . and two interesting booklets*

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free, and two booklets—"The Effect of Food Upon Your Children's Lives" and "A Book of Better Breakfasts." Both are of vital interest to mothers.

© 1926, P. C. Co.



MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC., Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with your booklet on the correct feeding of children and also "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name _____

Street _____

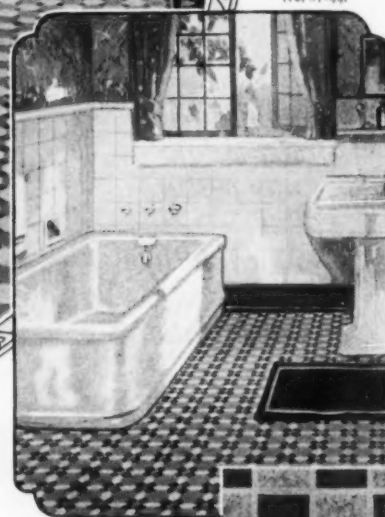
City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario



In this colorful kitchen the cheerful, decorative floor is GOLD SEAL INLAID, Universal Pattern No. 51-33.

Below is shown GOLD SEAL INLAID Universal Pattern No. 57-44.



Make your kitchen blossom like the rose ~

Your own "workshop" deserves to be attractive and colorful. You can make it so very easily and economically. For a distinctive floor like this of Nairn *Gold Seal Inlaid* Linoleum costs but little money.

You can choose a colorful, beautiful floor for any part of the house from Nairn *Gold Seal Inlaid*s. For your service rooms—clean-cut, solid-color *Universal* tile designs like those in the two illustrations above.

And for the more formal rooms—the new *Belflor* patterns in an exquisite mottled effect exclusively Nairn.

Both made in popular Dutch Tiles that run "straight with the edges."

All *Gold Seal Inlaid*s are remarkably low in price, with a tested quality that has made Nairn Linoleum famous for two generations.

The colors run through to the sturdy back. Light mopping and periodical waxing keep these floors new looking for years.

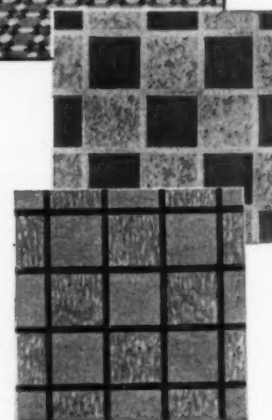
*Gold Seal Inlaid*s carry a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Write us today for our new booklet on home decorations by Laura Hale Shipman. It's free!

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia	New York	Boston	Chicago
Kansas City	San Francisco	Atlanta	Minneapolis
Cleveland	Dallas	Pittsburgh	New Orleans

Always look for the Gold Seal on the face of the goods, or the Nairn name stamped on the back.



Upper: GOLD SEAL INLAID Belflor Pattern No. 7150-2 Lower: GOLD SEAL INLAID Belflor Pattern No. 7150-3

NAIRN GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

TOMORROW'S TANGLE

[Continued from page 44]

played, and found both tears and laughter. Now, by the dim light of the fire Jill looked forlornly round the room at an unused canvas propped against the wall, at her palette and her easel that dominated the whole studio.

She moved aimlessly about the room, touching first one thing and then another with lingering unsteady hands. Last of all her fingers crept caressingly up the gaunt framework of her easel. She pressed the chill wood against her cheek. Her soft lips touched the hard fibre . . . pressed against it.

"Oh, my dear!" she whispered. "My dear! . . ."

On the following day the church was packed to its utmost limit with the wedding-guests and the general public which struggled its way inside to see one of its favourite authors married to the slip of a girl who had painted "The Uncounted Third."

Jill, moving slowly up the aisle on Sir Philip's arm, felt as though she were in a dream. The tall altar lights, the white robes of the clergy and choristers, the confused blur of faces, seemed to run together into an indefinite white haze.

Her hand trembled a little upon Sir Philip's arm at the thought of how big an adventure it was, and then she looked up and saw Straton standing waiting for her. The grey eyes she loved met hers with a smile—a whimsical, understanding smile, as though he read her thoughts. After all, they were adventuring together—and they loved each other. Her nervousness left her suddenly and she smiled.

Then the service began, and in so short a time that Jill was conscious of a faint clutch at her heart to think that anything so immensely important could be accomplished so quickly—it was over and the final solemn charge delivered: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

There was something comfortably reassuring about the ordinariness of things after that—jokes and laughter, the toasts and speeches, so thoroughly jolly and effervescent that Jill remarked gaily: "I'm quite enjoying my own wedding, and I certainly never expected to!"

Even Garry had met the day's test gallantly. His charming, nonsensical little speech showed no one that this marriage meant more to him than to any other of the guests. Only Jill knew, and even she began to believe she had over-estimated his hurt, and a little glow of relief crept round her heart.

But enlightenment came speedily. She had exchanged her wedding gown for a travelling dress, and was going downstairs to the hall below where everyone was awaiting her, when Garry appeared suddenly at her side. For an instant the old fear of him rushed over her. Then she caught sight of his face and all fear was lost in pity. He looked ashen, and his eyes bleakly stared at her.

"I'm going to say goodbye to you here," he said, desperately.

Jill put out her hand, but before she knew what he was going to do, he had taken her into his arms and was kissing her with passionate, despairing kisses, while she struggled against him with all her might.

"Let me go, let me go!" she breathed. She dared do no more than whisper, lest those below should hear. "Oh, Garry, how could you?"

"How could I?" He laughed hardly. "How could I not? You're being a fool, Jill. You and I were made for each other . . . I understand you—Quayne doesn't."

Then, he stood politely aside to let her pass, and with those words ringing in her ears, Jill went down to meet her husband.

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]
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WORK

[Continued from page 5]

"What interests you?"

"I play . . . I sing some." She added, carelessly: "I care for the stage most of all."

"Is that what you're after?"

She said, demurely, that it was. So he told her all he'd heard about that profession—the drudgery, the self-sacrifice necessary, the long and weary road to success. She agreed, demurely.

"How young are you?" she asked.

"I'm twenty-four, nearly."

Her blue eyes appraised his unclouded eyes of a boy. "Shall we dance?" she said.

They got up and danced. He could not recollect any partner among his own caste who danced so wonderfully. They waited and danced the encore; then came back and ordered ices. "I suppose you're about eighteen?" he ventured.

"Continue to suppose so," she laughed.

"Tell me what you do for a living, kind youth."

He got red again: "I'm in business."

"Oh," she said, watching the color in his face and partly divining the honesty and courage of the confession.

He said: "I had a year to show some talent. I didn't make good. That's why I'm in business."

"That's too bad," she said. "What was it you wanted to do?"

"Write or paint—I don't know. I liked both."

"Well, don't you just plug away at a thing if you like it, until something happens?"

He frowned; seemed perplexed. "I love everything of that sort," he said, "but I don't know how to go about such things. I'm always beginning things. They don't get anywhere."

"What have you begun?"

"Several things—pictures, stories—that sort. I can't seem to get anywhere."

"That's funny," she murmured. They both smiled, rose, and went away together to the dancing floor.

THEY met by appointment the next evening at half past five. A May sun

gilded the dingy village, transmuting some of its sham and squalor. She was interested in an orange ice when he entered the resort; gave him a cool, snowy hand, still eating.

"By the way," she said, "you didn't tell me your name."

"It's Bill."

"Would you like to know mine?" she said. "It's Jane, then."

"The rest of my name is Close," he said. "Bill Close," she repeated gravely. "You don't mind if I retain the remainder of my name? Do you, Bill?"

He stifled his masculine curiosity and said he didn't.

"Well, I'll reserve it, then," she said. "Where do you stop in town, Jane?"

"I've a dump around the corner."

"In Greenwich?"

"Yes; the classic garret. When we've danced enough we'll go around there and I'll make you a Welsh rarebit."

They did not dance very much after that; but the place and the people seemed to fascinate her. He had noticed that she liked to sit quietly at table and watch others. In such intervals her eyes, always beautiful, expressed a grave yet vivid intelligence as though in concentrated study of the people about them. Before they left the place she delivered her final conclusion to her companion.

"They are all actors. Everything they do and say is done for effect. Bill, I think they are mental bums."

He looked so surprised and incredulous when she pricked his bubble that she laughed and added impatiently: "They're lazy! Real talent doesn't behave this way. It hasn't time."

"Time?" he repeated, unconvinced.

"Time! Yes, time! Bill, that's the one thing talent dare not waste. And you can't waste anything else!"

He reddened: "I suppose you think I'm wasting it."

She did not reply that it made no difference whether or not he wasted time.

After a moment she turned and looked at him with a sort of humorous sweetness.

"You're such a dear," [Turn to page 50]

Monday

is a proud day
for Mrs. Oliver!



"As I was finishing hanging up the wash, my neighbor said to me: 'My dear, have you been up since dawn? And what did you use to make your clothes so dazzlingly white?'"

From a letter written by Mrs. Merrit W. Oliver, Washington, D. C.

In using La France, follow these directions!

Dissolve in a saucepan of boiling water two heaping tablespoonfuls of La France and one-third less soap than usual—flakes, powder or chipped bar soap. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or scald in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it only half the usual time.) You don't need a washboard! You don't need bluing! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done! La France has loosened the dirt and blued your clothes perfectly.



MRS. OLIVER wrote to tell us that the first time she used La France she couldn't believe her eyes! She says: "I had saved three hours, exactly, my clothes were snowy-white and I hadn't hardly turned my hand to make them so. Of course, I told my neighbor about La France and urged her to try it. The following Monday she and I were hanging up our wash at the same time, had both saved three hours and were not one bit tired."

You will have this same experience if you use La France. Over a million women use it each washday. It is a wonderful cleansing agent—not to take the place of soap but to use with soap. Use it in a washing machine, washtub or boiler. It saves rubbing—saves bluing—makes your clothes snowy-white, whether they're dried indoors or out.

La France is wonderful also for dainty lingerie, silks, linens and woollens. It will not harm color or fabric. And it will really benefit your hands! It tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only ten cents a package—enough for three washings. Your grocer should have La France. If not, send us his name and 5 cents to cover mailing charge and we will send you a full-size package of La France and a sample of Satina!

P. S.—Add Satina to hot starch—to make ironing easy! It prevents the iron from sticking, makes the clothes glossy and smooth, and gives them a sweet fragrance. Clothes stay clean much longer when Satina is used. Wonderful for children's clothes!

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Guards your Food**

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Foods keep fresh and wholesome in cold currents of air within the Leonard's walls. Meal-planning is easier. Certain foods can be prepared for several days' supply. Left-overs can be preserved to the last morsel. No food need be thrown away. The fine new Leonard earns its cost many times in its long life. The 1926 Leonard Cleanable is insulated with thick Compressed Corkboard, which will not "settle down", sealed with wool felt. No cold or heat can pass.

See the famous one-piece porcelain food chamber with its new improved features. Feel the rounded corners. Porcelain lining extends clear around door frame. Cleaning is easy. The copper wastepipe and trap are easily removable. Outside icing door and cup coil water cooler equipment if desired.

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NOTICE—The identifying mark—the word "Cleanable"—applies to our porcelain lined refrigerators only. We also make a white-enamel-lined refrigerator under the name of "Leonard Polar King."

The Leonard Cleanable is unexcelled for Ice or Electrical Refrigeration.

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Just say "Send Catalog"

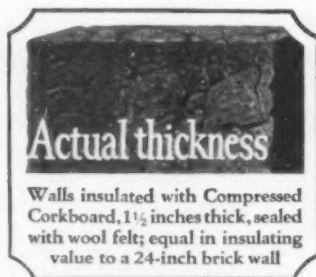
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pioneer of home refrigeration, who has been responsible for many modern refrigerator improvements



One out of every 6 refrigerators sold is made by Leonard

Over Two Million in Use

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DON'T THESE DISHES TEMPT YOU?

They are so good and so easy to make!



THIS perfect luncheon dish is a Tomato-Jelly Salad, made from a can of tomato soup, molded in a fancy mold, prettily garnished and served on chicory. It is just one out of fifty quickly-made delights in our new edition of *Time-Saving Cookery*.

"WITH a cake like this, I am ready for anything!" declares one amateur hostess we know. "It looks elaborate and it really is so simple!" Just make a Sponge Cake by the dependable recipe in *Master-Recipes*, then follow directions on the same page for *Sponge Cake de Luxe*.



LOBSTER Salad with Pink Mayonnaise! Doesn't that sound like engagement luncheons and showers and all kinds of "bride-y" parties? That is just what it is—one of the delightful suggestions for this party season, from our new booklet—*What to Serve at Parties*.

IT fairly melts in your mouth—this delectable Maple Parfait! Mix it, mold it and freeze it. Then serve it garnished with rosettes of whipped cream and orange blossoms made of blanched almonds and candied cherries. It is only one of many suggestions in—*Some Reasons Why in Cookery*.



WHETHER you are contemplating a party or whether you are not, you ought to have these four booklets: *Time-Saving Cookery*, *Master-Recipes*, *What to Serve at Parties* and *Some Reasons Why in Cookery*. They cost only ten cents each, and once you possess them you will wonder how you ever did without them! Address The Service Editor, *McCall's Magazine*, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Nature herself has provided the way—to keep teeth lovely and sound

LEARN HOW to restore the
natural cleansing function
of your salivary glands

IN your own mouth lies the only
real protection for your beautiful
teeth—six tiny salivary glands.

Their alkaline fluids should wash
your teeth day and night. Just
brushing away the acids two or three
times a day is not enough. To pre-
vent decay the continuous flow of
your salivary glands must counteract
these acids of decay as they form.



A full natural flow of the salivary glands
keeps your teeth healthy

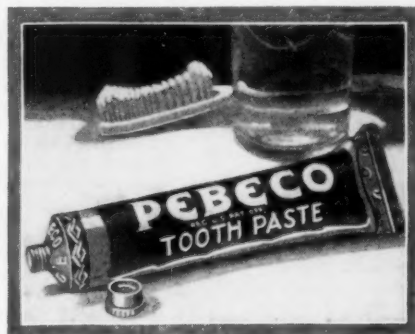
But our soft, sweet foods today do
not give the glands enough exercise
to insure a continuous flow. They
slow down and allow the acids to
collect—your teeth to decay.

The latest dental authority agrees
that your salivary glands must be
gently stimulated to do their normal,
necessary work.

Free Offer!



Lovely white teeth make the charm
of a dazzling smile



Pebeco neutralizes the acids of decay as
fast as they form

Pebeco keeps glands active

Pebeco is a marvelously effective sali-
vary stimulant. As soon as Pebeco
enters your mouth the salivary glands
secrete more freely.

With regular daily use Pebeco en-
tirely restores the normal, protective
action of your glands. Their alkaline
fluids again bathe your teeth day and
night and prevent the formation of bac-
terial plaques or film. The acids of decay
are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco polishes beautifully. It
keeps your gums clean and stimulated,
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Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Pebeco will give
you the beautiful, healthy teeth everyone admires.
Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco. Made only
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Ont. In the blue tube, at all druggists.

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Pebeco is a marvelously effective salivary
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Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco.
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SEND coupon today for free
generous tube of Pebeco



Can a man make a better Salad Dressing than a woman?

No! because anyone can make wonderful salad dressings—even a child

MOST of us can recall the "mystery" that used to envelope the salad dressing—how some one particular male guest had to have his dressing made "a certain way"—would disappear into the kitchen and appear at the table with his mysterious creation.

Of course we all know, particularly since the established nation-wide popularity of Mazola, that *all* salad dressings are easily and quickly made.

For instance, try the French Dressing recipe given below. One taste of this French Dressing will satisfy the most discriminating palate that there is no better salad oil than Mazola in the world, regardless of whether you compare Mazola with imported oils that may cost you twice or three times the price of Mazola.

There *can* be no better salad oil than Mazola—because it is an absolutely pure vegetable oil made from the hearts of full-ripened corn—just as delicious to eat as the corn from which it comes.

While you will never forget the *economy* of Mazola, its high quality and genuine wholesomeness is always first in your memory.

French Dressing

8 tablespoons Mazola	½ teaspoon Salt
3 tablespoons Lemon Juice	1 teaspoon Sugar
or Vinegar	½ teaspoon Paprika

Mix dry ingredients. Add Mazola and lemon juice or vinegar and beat until creamy. This dressing may be made in larger quantities and kept in a bottle and shaken as used.

This is the regulation recipe for French Dressing, but the proportions of oil and acid may be reversed to make it a little more tart for those desiring a sharper dressing.

A little Chili Sauce or Catsup also gives added piquancy.



FREE: Send for 64-page Beautifully Illustrated Cook Book. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 15, Argo, Illinois.

WORK

[Continued from page 47]

she said. Then she turned squarely toward him: "I'm not paying enough attention to you," she went on. "I want to study you Bill—"

"You cheeky little—"

"No, I'm not. Why don't you study me, too?"

"What do you make of me, Bill?" inquired the girl.

"I don't know," he said.

Her brightly mocking smile softened a little: "You're so sweet, Bill. Shall we go around to my place?"

Her "studio" was close at hand—three rickety flights, a battered door which she unlocked, and exactly the sort of attic studio that he had hoped to see, and that thrilled him—cheap, gaudy, dingy, soiled.

"This is delightful!" he said, looking about with the unfading glamor of romance in his boyish gaze.

Slowly she turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. It was as well, perhaps, that he did not notice her expression. "Bill," she said, "this is a very slovenly dump and you know it. Which will you do—slice cheese or toast bread?"

It was difficult for two to occupy the kitchenette at the same time. As he came up behind her he framed her waist with both hands and stood looking at the gas range over her shoulder. Again she looked back at him over her left shoulder. He kissed her, encircled her slender body with both arms, drew her back, and kissed her mouth again. She seemed much moved; and her voice was altered and uncertain. "I don't know about this, Bill," she said.

He rested his lips against her bright, soft hair. "Aren't you hungry?" she demanded. "Don't kiss me." She leaned forward and opened the tin bread-box. "I'm nervous enough," she explained, "without you making me more so."

The rarebit was very good. He'd have bolted it anyway. Seated beside him on the couch she seemed happy and excited to see him scrape his plate. "You know," she remarked, "it's a month today since I took up my abode in The Village."

"How wonderful," he rejoined, not really knowing what he meant.

"I'll tell you another thing, Bill; you're the first man who has crossed this threshold."

He gazed at her out of unspoiled eyes. "One month," she said, as though speaking to herself. "That's quick study."

"What?"

"Nothing. Bill, you're so nice." She gave him an odd, tender look: "Take out the tray and come here beside me."

When he returned to her: "You're such a dear," she said with that faintly humorous smile.

SHE had to drive him home. The hour was unearthly. "You've got to," she said. "I shan't sleep a wink as it is. Yes, I do care for you. You're so fine and clean and sweet. Bill, dear . . ."

She endured, limply for a moment, then rather fiercely returned his caress. "Let me go, Bill. It's better for you."

"When I'm in love with you!"

"Are you? Well, then, you must go—"

"I want you to love me all your life. I want you to marry me—"

"Bill! ! !"

"Will you?"

"Bill, darling, I want you to go!"

"Will you let me come tomorrow?"

She remained silent. Then, suddenly, she accepted the offered kiss and returned it passionately. And presently he found himself outside her door.

THE boy was in love. He was the sort of whom love makes a conflagration, burning him soul and body.

At the end of a hard day he went careering away to find his inamorata in her Greenwich garret. As a swallow breasts the breeze, so William Close sailed up three rickety flights of stairs and beat madly upon the battered door of Jane. It opened and a fat, bob-haired woman wearing a smock stepped forward.

"I'm sorry," said the bewildered boy.

"I—I must have the wrong floor—"

"Are you Mr. Close?"

"Yes—"

"Well, there's a note for you from the party you're looking for. You came to

see Jane Tallon, didn't you?"

"Jane—yes."

"She took my studio for a month to get local color. She's opening in that new play of Garry Bland's you know."

He stared at her.

"It's called *Dirt*. They say it's plain talk, too. Scene laid in The Village. Jane Tallon rented my place for a month to soak up the real thing."

The woman walked heavily into her den; returned presently and handed him a pale gray envelope directed to him in a long, angular hand. He thanked the woman in a voiceless, stupid way; went down to the street searching for some place to open and read his letter; found it, finally, under a lamp-post:

"Bill, dear,

"Once I told you I am not human. I can't love you because I'm too busy. I can't marry you because I'm too busy."

"I'm Jane Tallon. Probably you know who I am because my play, *Thunder*, ran three years at the Viceroy Theatre."

"Bill, dear, I'm not human because I won't let anything except death interfere with me until I become so old and ugly that nobody except old man Death would bother with me."

"I never came as near loving anybody as I did you last night. It's going to hurt me, and, I believe, hurt you, too, for a while. We are very, very near to love. And it won't do."

"Bill, darling, don't bother with art. Even if you hate me for saying so, I've got to tell you that the creative power is not in you."

"Are you angry and hurt, dearest? Don't be. I do love you enough to suffer with you. It will pass. When it does—and you are happily married—write me a note and slip away some evening, and we'll dine together in Greenwich Village. Meanwhile, we both are unhappy because, in my heart, I am yours, and you are mine."

To the boy, the letter settled nothing; ended nothing. He went home and wrote to her at the theatre. He waited a week for a reply, sanguine certainty fading to hope, hope sickening to anguish.

One morning, poring over the theatrical column—all he now read in the morning paper—he saw that *Dirt* was in rehearsal at The Bungalow Theatre. After office hours he caught a taxi and drove to the stage door.

The doorman barred him—more firmly because the boy's mind seemed disordered—"No, sir! I've no orders. I'll not lose me job f'r the likes of you—no, nor f'r anny wan. Yez can send a note whin Miss Tallon comes off."

He wrote in his blind, feverish haste: "Will you see me for a moment? It will all come right if we can see each other. One word, one look will solve all."

The pasty youth who took this away brought back a verbal message that Miss Tallon was very busy and couldn't see him. He sent another note: "I'll wait."

To this the pasty one returned with another message: "Miss Tallon says you ain't to wait, and she can't see you."

He went into the little bare room to the right of the doorman's lodge and sat down beside the table, burying his face in his arms.

TOWARD seven o'clock he heard voices; looked up and saw people passing out of the stage entrance. Then he saw her. He got up with an inarticulate cry, which was a sob, too; and she looked at him, flushed scarlet, and stepped back into the corridor.

He stood there dumbly for a while. A young man came out, whispered to the doorman. The latter took the boy by the elbow and led him out into the alley.

"Ah, g'wan home an' don't bother yer head with thim ladies," he said kindly. "G'wan home, now, an' shlaape it off, an' up with the lark like the fine young gentleman that ye are!"

The boy continued to walk toward the street as though dazed.

HALF an hour later Miss Tallon emerged. "Is he gone, Harry?" she inquired.

"He is, m'm."

Miss Tallon drew a breath of relief and came slowly down the iron steps.

The New, Easy, Electric Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

*Quickly, without Stooping, Kneeling
or even soiling your hands*

WHY go to the expense and trouble of refinishing your floors every year or two? It isn't necessary—if you use the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes only a few minutes—there is no hard work—no messy rags and pails. And afterwards your floors will require but half the care and practically no expense.

Waxed floors are so beautiful and distinctive. They sparkle and gleam. They reflect sunshine and light. They accentuate beauty in rugs and furnishings. But waxed floors are also practical. They are easy to care for and their upkeep is less than with any other finish. Then, waxed floors are convenient—your rooms aren't upset for days at a time. Because you don't have to wait for WAX to dry—it hardens ready to polish in five minutes.

Just try the Johnson Wax treatment! All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop and the Electric Floor Polisher will quickly do the rest.

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This wonderful new machine polishes floors instantly and without the slightest effort. It actually runs itself—you just guide it with the finger tips. It gives a higher, even and more beautiful polish than can be obtained by hand. It is simple—nothing to get out of order. Light—only 9 lbs. Runs from any lamp socket. It polishes under davenport, buffets, beds and other low pieces without moving them.

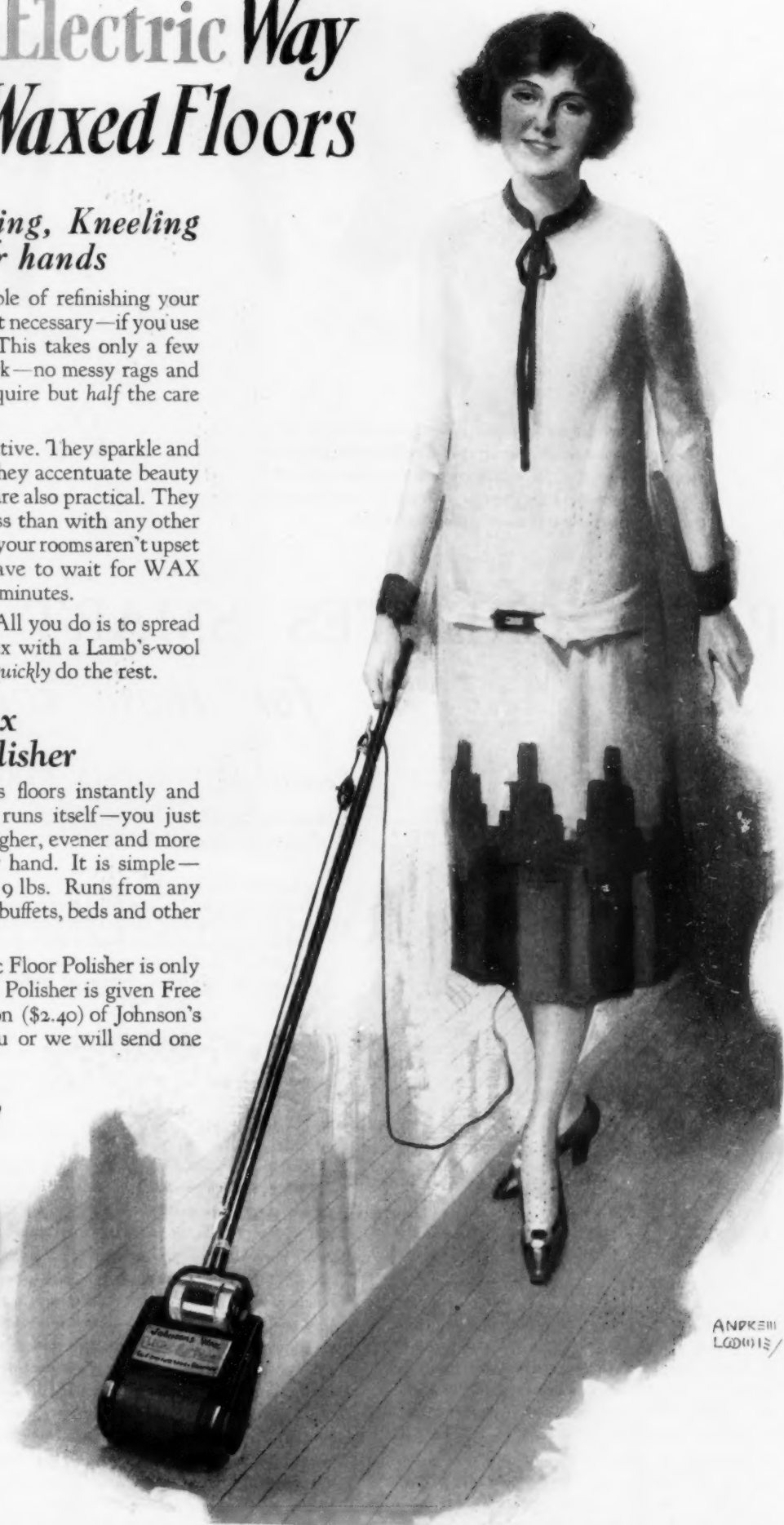
The price of the Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is only \$42.50 (in Canada \$48.50) and with each Polisher is given Free a \$1.50 Lamb's-wool Mop and a half gallon (\$2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.

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At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher and in just a few hours beautify all your floors and linoleum. Telephone your dealer and make an appointment to rent one for a day.

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ANDRE
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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX



THE accessories for long hair almost persuade one to let short hair grow. Such a bewildering array of jewelled combs, gay bandeaus, fascinating ornaments! At Deauville every well-dressed woman with long hair, fully justified her departure from the mode by her hair ornaments. When occasion permits—Paris is wearing jewels in her hair.



PART your hair where it suits you best or brush it back, but if you can afford to show your forehead don't pull your hair down over it. Show the tips of your ears—ears are quite in the mode this year. Then dress your hair low across the back, (see above) in a chignon or a soft, wide figure eight, curved up toward the ears.

PARIS CREATES SMART FASHIONS for those with LONG HAIR

Reported by VIRGINIA KIRKUS

Illustrated by Mary MacKinnon from original sketches made in Paris by Paul Teche



In her search of Paris beauty shops for the latest modes in hair-dressing, Miss Kirkus found that the leading hair-dressers have provided for the ultra-conservative woman who refuses to bob her hair. The charming coiffures shown here are the newest and smartest styles for long hair.



WHAT of waving," I asked that arbiter of fashion, the leading hair-dresser of Paris. "Few women can stand straight hair," was his answer. "Generations have endorsed that fact, and the vogue for straight hair does not 'go' in Paris. No longer the small, crinkly wave, but instead a wide, soft wave, the marcel, the permanent wave or the water-wave." And nowhere did I see women with a small wave, but always the long wave, close to the head. One rule few Parisiennes dare ignore! That the shape of the head must be shown. The vogue of bobbed hair is responsible for this dictum. Dresses are straight and short, demanding heads small in proportion. Hair must always form a becoming frame for the features, and must recognize the character of those features in its arrangement.

THERE is an interesting tendency back to the vogue of long ago of letting the ends of the hair fall at each side in ringlets. It is being sponsored primarily by the mannequins, but that is where one looks for Fashion's whim in Paris. If you are the type that cannot stand a low arrangement of the hair, it is quite au fait to divide the back hair in two parts and cross them, twisting them high, but still as close to the head as possible. There's a right mode for everyone. Don't be satisfied with the way you have always arranged your hair. Try various arrangements until you find one that suits you. And always, consider the mode, for to be individual and distinctive and yet in the mode is quite possible, while to be different and queer has little merit.

PARIS excels in hair-dressing! So to Paris one must turn for the latest niceties in hair-waving. At home we are accustomed to the use of combs for water-waving, but Paris has discarded such methods for subtler ones. Clever fingers and a few hairpins! First the hair is sprayed with an elusively scented lotion in an atomizer. When thoroughly wet it is combed close to the head and the waves gradually pressed into place with the fingers, opening and closing, scissors-like, until the waves are set over the whole front of the head. In most establishments, the waves are then held in place with rows of invisible hairpins and heated air applied to dry the hair. In one salon, where the master hair-dresser himself put in the wave, no hairpins were used, but throughout the drying process he used his fingers constantly, pressing and holding the waves in place. The same process was repeated for the back of the head—and the results proved how superior this method is to using combs. With a little practice we should be able to discard the combs in favor of hairpins when we put in our own water-waves.



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We'll make a little
wager with you that if
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Tooth Paste, you'll come back for
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*Bottle Bacilli, the cause
of Dandruff. Illustration
Reproduced from Hazen's
"Diseases of the Skin,"
C. V. Mosby, Publisher.*

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

When checked it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated.

You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

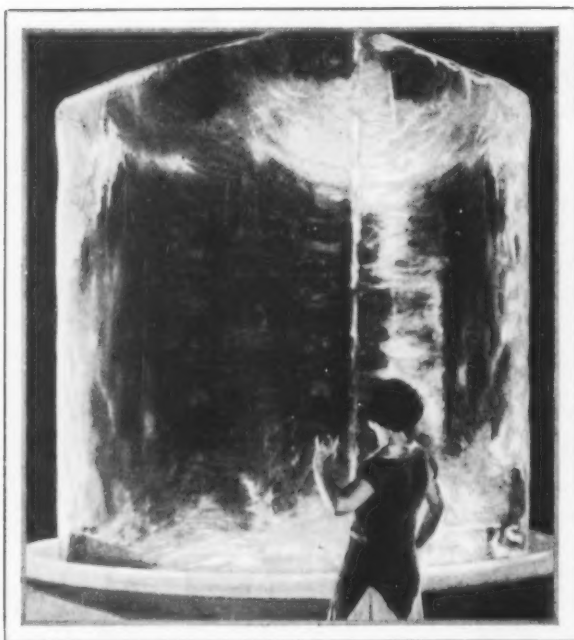
Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



Making ice save

If you could mass together all the 25 and 50 pound pieces of ice you put in your refrigerator during the year, they would make a block weighing nearly three tons! Yet what a service this ice renders you. It keeps nearly \$1000 worth of food, bought during the same period, fresh and palatable. These figures

are based upon extensive investigations of families of four.

Some refrigerators, however, prevent ice from giving the utmost in food-saving service. They let in warm air, which wastes ice and lowers its efficiency. It pays, therefore, to have a refrigerator that is built to keep out warm air.

Every Gibson has 12 walls of insulation

REFRIGERATOR

That is the protection your ice has in the Gibson while doing its duty. Those twelve walls of insulation keep warm air away from the wonderful circulation of crisp, cold air inside. No wonder food stays fresh and palatable longer in a Gibson!

Along with this lasting insulation, the Gibson is equipped with splendid features which insure permanent sanitation and years of service. Sturdy automatic locks on the doors make them air-tight. Non-rustable metal shelves. One-piece porcelain interior with rounded cor-

ners makes cleaning easy. One-piece cast aluminum trap that never rusts, clogs or corrodes.

The Gibson corkboard-insulated refrigerator is approved by leading manufacturers of electrical refrigeration units for their equipment. Such an indorsement means that the Gibson makes the best use of your ice. Think of this as you choose your next refrigerator.

You will find the Gibson refrigerator in many prices, styles and sizes. Exteriors of snow-white porcelain or wood, golden-oak finish. Before you buy a refrigerator, send the coupon below to us and we will mail you a booklet about the Gibson, also the name of the nearest dealer handling the Gibson line. Gibson Refrigerator Co., Greenville, Mich.



GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
Greenville, Michigan M-3

I would like to have your booklet, "Making Ice Save."

Name.....

Address.....

TRICKS OF TIDINESS IN TRAVELING

BY EMILY POST

Author of "Parade" and "Etiquette"



I suppose that every one knows that when dressing for a journey by train, one should NEVER put any cold cream that has a grease base on either face or hands. Grease is the perfect soot decoy.

The following suggestions may be helpful: Either at home or in the dressing-room as the train pulls out of the station, spread a thin coating of liquid powder (with a piece of cotton or a small powder felt) all over face and neck. On top of this is put ordinary powder. If its color matches the skin, it can be plastered on thick without being especially noticeable. For the nails, if the weather is very hot and gloves are uncomfortable, make a paste of vanishing cream and "rachel" or "pink" powder, and fill in under the nails and around their edges. I myself mix rachel with just a dash of rouge with enough vanishing cream to make a paste. I put this on at home. I also put my liquid powder on at home, but take a tiny bottle with me to put on plenty around nose and mouth if the train is very dirty.

Then when, just before you arrive, you wash your hands and throat and face any stubborn particles that insist upon digging into crevices or pores are pink and becoming instead of black and disfiguring!

In spite of the fact that in my book on etiquette, I wrote "One should not make up in public," I must confess to dabbling powder on in public when on an unusually dusty train. If it becomes a question which is to sift on the face and stick, soot or powder, I much prefer powder!

A heavy veil put on the way they are worn at the seashore, under the chin and fastened at the back of the hat, is about the best method there is to prevent soot from going down the neck, and to keep one's dress clean inside.

Your dress for train or motor should be chosen with an eye to wrinkle-defiance. In certain artistic circles, crêpe effects, achieved by wetting, twisting into a rope and allowing to dry, are said to be admired. But that is not my idea of how a traveling dress ought to look at the end of a half-day's journey.

Of course you can pull your skirt well down under you and also pull it smoothly sideways, so as not to make deep sitting creases. But it is better to choose non-wrinkable material. Test it by squeezing it and twisting it tight in your hand before having any garment that is meant to be traveled in made of it.

For a motor-trip, in an open car, the first beauty protection is from sun and wind in the eyes and the face. Motor goggles protect the eyes, of course. Yellow ones are not only soothing to the eyes, but keep the skin protected from sunburn (which blue glasses do not). Sunburn

is becoming to many; especially to young people. Even freckles look almost pretty on

a tip-tilted young nose. But freckles on an older woman—especially those immoderately enlarged "liver patches" that look like a group of islands painted in solid sepia on a map—are utterly hideous.

There is one infallible protection for the most sensitive skin even under the direct rays of a tropical sun in a topless open car and under a brimless hat: an orange veil of medium-weight georgette crêpe. It must be of that color precisely which is half-yellow, half-scarlet. The most comfortable way to wear it is to sew it at the bottom of orange-colored goggles. You will look like a soldier in a gas-mask and literally terrifying to any children you happen to pass, also any sort of face covering is stuffy and uncomfortable; but at least you can see through the glass of your goggles, and you can breathe (even if you think you can't before the car starts) and your skin will be perfectly white and cool at night. I have thoroughly tested this remedy and I know.

When I motored in a topless car from New York to San Francisco, I wore a single thickness of orange georgette under orange goggles over my face all through the desert in New Mexico, and later in Southern California and ended the journey with a perfectly unspotted skin. And I have a skin that the sun need only half glance at, to freckle. I wore the same contraption with the same result motoring in hottest Spain, while the faces of each of my companions not merely burned—but blistered!

If you are going with a top on your car you can protect your skin with a slightly orange-tinted theatrical grease-paint. Grease-paint is also a boon, by the way, to the

[Turn to page 115]



A cushion covered with tan velveteen is a boon to light-colored shoes

MELBA



Smoothest Powder in the World



An artificial cyclone whirls Melba face powder into fineness like mist. Such tiny particles seem really to merge into the most delicate skin. The genteel bloom of Melba comes as from within—the effect is irresistible—the source is quite invisible. Only the private Melba air-floating process creates face powders so infinitely smooth.

Other exclusive Melba methods give all the other Melba preparations distinctive excellence. Each Melba aid to loveliness assures the purity, fragrance, and benefits which have won the confidence of millions. Because they are so widely appreciated, the luxury of using Melba toiletries is not extravagant, you will find.

MELBA FACE POWDERS. FLEURS • LOV'ME • BOUQUET
MELBA PREPARATIONS EMBRACE EVERYTHING YOU NEED
TO MAKE YOUR BEAUTY MORE BEWITCHING
MELBA CO., CHICAGO • NEW YORK • PARIS



The trim is finished with White Valspar-Enamel. The floor is protected by Clear Valspar Varnish.

On the stove, Black Valspar-Enamel. On the chair and stool, White Valspar-Enamel with stripings of Light Blue.

"Lucky for 'Butter Fingers' that the floor is Valsparred!"

JUST suppose it hadn't been Valsparred!—An ugly stain, "Butter Fingers" in disgrace, the whole party ruined!

Wherever youngsters play, Valspar is accident insurance. Its beautiful, hard surface gives perfect protection for floors and woodwork of all kinds—indoors and out. It withstands the knocks of everyday wear, and is absolutely and permanently waterproof! Water (hot or cold), grease, even acids or alkalies, cannot harm a Valsparred surface.

It's easy to use. Any careful person can apply Valspar with pleasing results. If desired, the original brilliant lustre can be rubbed down to an attractive dull finish.

You can get Valspar in Colors:—

Valspar-Enamels (made of clear Valspar Varnish and finely ground pigments)—cover the surface with solid color. Red—*light or deep*, Vermilion, Blue—*light, medium or deep*, Green—*medium or deep*, Ivory, Bright Yellow, Gray, Brown and Orange. Also Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

Valspar Varnish-Stains (made of Valspar Varnish combined with beautiful, transparent stains)—produce the popular natural-wood effects, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. Valspar Varnish-Stains enable you to stain and varnish in one operation, saving time and labor.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832
New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam
W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents



VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR

The Varnish That Won't Turn White



VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York
I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

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Clear Valspar ☐
Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color.....
Valspar-Stain ☐
Choose 1 Color.....
Valspar Book ☐

McCall's 5-26

1920 could truthfully say that you had room enough to move about in, also room for growth.

Two centers of restlessness had developed—Miami and Tampa, and in a score of ways, spontaneous and uncalculated for the most part, they were communicating their restlessness to their neighbors in the State. "Look at what we have done in the last ten years," they said. (That is, the ten years between 1910 and 1920.) "At the progress our cities have made." "I have grown," said Tampa, "from some 38,000 to 51,000. Why should I stop?" "And I," said Miami, "have grown from less than 6,000 in 1910 to nearly 30,000 in 1920, and I am not going to stop here and look at the neighbors." "Look," said Tampa, "at St. Petersburg trebling herself and more in three years"; "Look," said Miami, "at West Palm Beach doing the same. And it is not only our population—it is what we are producing. See how it doubles and trebles in every two or three years—oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, celery. We are started—we must not stop!"

The truth was that in 1920 Florida had come to a time where she could no longer keep still about the natural, *unstimulated* progress that she had been making willy-nilly. She wanted people to take note of it and help her to grow faster. When you have a faith such as Florida had in 1920 you become a Crusader. She did. All over the State sentiment began to organize itself. Chambers of Commerce, Advertising Clubs, Kiwanis, Rotary, the Woman's Clubs. By 1920 they were all talking about how more people could be brought to Florida. Some money was put up to tell the rest of the country. Advertising began to creep out and very soon the North and Middle West particularly felt a current of warm and tempting invitations to come to Florida flowing across their desks. It was cleverly timed. The best time to tell people about Florida, so these boosters knew, was when they were in the throes of winter. Men and women who come in chilled from the street, who wade through slush and snow, who wrestled with coal shortages and burst steam pipes, and who for days and days go without seeing the sun are easily tempted—easily persuaded.

The insidious spread of Florida's charm seems to have affected two classes in particular. In 1920 we had on hand a new group of unplaced millionaires. They had made money in the war, in oil, in automobiles and iron and steel; made it in millions and multi-millions, and a good part of them were yet untrained to pleasure. They had been pioneers, hard workers. They had never known what elegant ease meant, and now here they were with wealth in their hands and they wanted to learn the technique of this new and alluring game. What better place than Florida? Why shouldn't they go? And the new millionaires and all their followers began to flock to Florida.

But the advertising went further—went out through the country, and it reached one of America's biggest and worthiest classes. Fairly well-to-do people, come to middle life or past, with a competence, a comfortable home, but not much to do—retired from business. The Northern winter is hard on such people. Father tends the furnace and shovels the walk, and Mother wrestles with uneven temperatures and frozen milk, and when the Florida circular is laid before them it offers escape. It did in 1920. It wasn't long before out of all the towns of the East and West, North of Dixie's line, there began to turn towards Florida a steady flow of well-to-do people. Many of them came in by the railroad, but thousands and thousands of them came in cars.

They were joined by that careless and irresponsible nomadic crowd which our seasonal labor helps to create in tens of thousands. Men out of a job or shirking a job, out-and-out hoboes, professional followers of the sun, like my friend of the road-side, (and in his sun-love he is a symbol of us all!) began all over the land to scrape together enough money to buy a second-hand car. Into it they packed the family and a few household goods and took to the road. They soon jammed the highways from North to South with their blown-out tires and their stalled engines. Also they often begged their way, for their money ran out and

FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 7]

wayside jobs were not to be had for the asking, as so many of them had fancied.

By 1922 those whose faith had been so great that they had felt that they must tell the world of what Florida had to offer—began to realize that they were getting what they wanted, people; a great many people with a great deal of money and a very large number of people with a little money, and also a train of more or less disconcerting camp followers.

The problem of these Floridians of great faith then became how to so present opportunity to rich and poor that they could hold them in the State, and if they couldn't hold them all, keep their money. It was to keep the migrating thousands, then, that the districts to which they had mainly come—Miami on the East and Tampa on the West—began that amazing process of town building which has been going on ever since, for it was on town-sites, not on orange groves or celery patches or sugar plantations that the boom concentrated.

There were plenty of town-sites ready in Florida, one would think. Many of the tried and faithful Floridians had been holding lots or tracts of land for years, though "years" in Florida means usually not more than four or five. As a matter of fact, some of them had been at it considerably longer than that—men who came in with Flagler and Plant, who had believed and stuck. It wasn't always a man. There is many a woman had a part in laying the foundation for the Florida Boom. As a matter of fact, Miami's very existence is believed by many to be due less to the daring and far-sightedness of Henry Flagler, to whom the town raises monuments, than to a woman who, before he ever had set foot on the shore, had prophesied that here would be a city. This woman's name was Julia Tuttle, a hearty, vigorous, upstanding, hard working woman. She kept a little inn in the early Miami, then hardly more than a trading post.

Henry Flagler came down fishing—exploring. He put up with Julia Tuttle, and she began to talk; talk, according to tradition, in the same way that they talk to you today, and with the same effect, for almost before he knew it Henry Flagler was building a hotel and running down his railroad to test Julia Tuttle's faith! Those who had been preparing land to sell were now ready for the crowds; that is, they thought they were ready, but they discovered very soon that they had hardly a first mouthful for them, the numbers were so great; they were in such a receptive mood! On all hands the Floridians went to work. Men with money and men without laid hands on big and little tracts of property and began the process of subdivision, as they call it—that is, laying out town sites and dividing the land into lots, big and little. They seized shore lines. They seized sand bars. They even seized scattered tracts up and down the shore, where by twenty or thirty years of patient redemption, planting, cultivation, fruit bearing groves had been produced. There was one on Miami Beach; a lovely Avocado grove; a profitable grove, loved by its owner, but they routed him out with sheer force of their enthusiasm and also of their money. There was a strawberry king South of Miami, and they offered him so much that he had to sell, though, I am told that he wept when he did it!

Having divided and subdivided their districts they undertook one of the greatest jobs of salesmanship that America has yet seen. The business of each town builder was to make the crowd believe that he had something to offer which, either as a home or as an investment, it would be folly to refuse.

This crowd flocked up and down the streets of Tampa and Miami. They caught them as they flocked. There are blocks of the leading streets where every other door opens into a town development office. Barkers stand outside the doors and smile and invite one in. Every window has a display which is almost irresistible.

Often relief maps made by experts and cunningly contrived to show not at all what the actual condition of things is but what it all will be or may be are shown.

If it is a villa you want, some "real-estate" can offer you sea-front and d

Royal Palms and exclusive neighbors—offer them in points where, as a matter of fact, no sea-front is yet to be seen, no Royal Palm is yet planted, and where there is not a neighbor in sight, and yet somehow they make you believe it!

If it is to grow things that you want—and thousands of those who have joined the migration would be glad of a little plantation of their own where, by hard labor in the open, they could grow enough to piece out a little income or to give them a little income—why, if that is what you want, there are certain windows filled with soil as black as night. Pure humus, the advertisement says, and in it growing celery, lettuce, potatoes that beat those of Idaho. There is one window where they told me that they plant the seeds at night and the next morning the crop is out of the ground!

The more people who came the harder all of this was worked. There was nothing available for boosting Florida that was not seized upon, and how gladly everybody lent himself to the great chorus. Even Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan came down here ten or twelve years ago, built himself a home in a beautiful spot on the Bay Biscayne, south of Miami; and when migration began, with the problem of keeping the people, he appeared daily, telling the crowds of the glories of the State.

What he said was telegraphed over the country and through the Middle West, particularly where Mr. Bryan has always been a prophet, people began to tell how property, for which a few years ago, he had paid \$9,000, he had sold for \$200,000, and to say to one another, "If Bryan believes so in Florida—Bryan the foe of Wall Street and speculation—why there must be something in it," and many a nest egg came out of its bank and went into the Florida lot because of Mr. Bryan.

The East Coast owes something to Bryan, which the sober-minded value more than the boosters, particularly now that they have seen something of the danger of irresponsible living to themselves and their boom. Bryan for many years was the one voice in this pleasure-loving neighborhood calling loudly to self-control and righteousness. Sunday after Sunday he used to come in to Miami, and in the garden of the Royal Palm hold a Bible Class of five or six thousand people. It was a voice in the wilderness, so many thought, a voice vigorous, convinced and mighty. And they appreciate it. Out at Coconut Grove they are building a good-sized temple to his memory.

Bryan's is one of the names which will remain among the traditions of the East Coast. They are not very many yet, here, or in Florida in general. Up to the present period, beginning in 1920, only two names are fixed in a large way in the development of Florida: Henry Flagler in the East, Henry Plant in the West. Flagler and Plant are to the period from 1880 to 1920 what Ponce de Leon and De Soto are to the Fifteenth Century!

But with this new period on which Florida is today entering, there is a large group of possible candidates, for fame—extraordinary personalities, "city builders," they are called. They naturally fall into two classes—men who have made money and who, having followed the sun to Florida for rest and health, have felt stirring within them the desire to create; to create as Plant and Flagler did, and who have gone at it. There is Ruppert on the West Coast, turning the profits of beer into a splendid beach. There is Carl Fisher, who made a fortune in Indianapolis developments and manufacturing, and is now creating fame for himself at Miami Beach. These men bring not only money and the ability to command money to Florida, but also trained executive ability, yet they are not the ones that capture your imagination. Creators? Yes, but it is the men born down here, or at least who have grown up with the soil, and who are now dreaming cities, that you love best. They seem somehow more part of the thing.

At the moment there is no man that, once in Miami, so captures the imagination as George Merrick, the builder of Coral Gables. The hold he takes on you is the stronger, because [Turn to page 80]

Is good food



ruining good gums?

DAY after day we go on eating our soups and our souffles, our creamy casserole dishes—all these soft, fibreless foods, which are so easy to chew, so harmful to our teeth and gums.

No wonder tooth decay and gum infections are increasing. Gums, especially, need to be stimulated—need to be cared for—need to be roused to life, and the dentist will tell you that daily massage with the tooth brush is by all odds the best way to counteract gingivitis, soft gums and other more serious troubles of the gum tissue.

Care of the Gums is vitally important

By massaging the gums you supply the need of healthy stimulation to the tissues of your gums—the stimulation that nature intended your food to give, but which it fails to supply.

By using Ipana Tooth Paste in cleaning and massage, you increase the good effect. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, which dentists have used in their work at the chair to restore softened tissues to their normal tonicity.

Ask your Dentist and then Switch to Ipana

Thousands of dentists are recommending gum massage and Ipana. Perhaps your own dentist is one of them. Ask him about Ipana, and when he says yes, get your first tube at the nearest drug store. You'll find it both effective and delicious. For thousands of people with perfect gums use it always for its taste alone.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. E56, 42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partially the cost of packing and mailing.
Name
Address
City State

© Bristol Myers Co., 1926



Little woolens
may cause your
baby needless
suffering

THE finest, softest wools in the world are woven into your baby's wee shirts and tiny bands. His little skin is so tender, so sensitive he would suffer cruelly otherwise.

But after repeated washings do those delicate woolens stay soft, caressing?

Rubbing with cake soap soon mats the tiny fibres, making little garments scratchy and uncomfortable. Soon shrinks wee shirts and bands until they bind baby's little body cruelly.

Wash all of baby's clothes in Lux. There's no harmful ingredient in it, nothing to shrink woolens or mat the delicate fibres. Lux is pure and bland—safe for anything that water alone won't harm!

Diapers, too

DIAPER rash, which causes such intense suffering, may often be traced to washing diapers in harsh soap.

Harsh soap leaves a deposit of alkali on the fabric—difficult to rinse out. It is this alkaline substance which irritates and inflames baby's sensitive skin, often causing a very painful rash. Lux contains no free alkali—nothing to harm baby.

Get a package of Lux today and use it for all the clothes that touch your baby's tender skin. Directions on each package tell you the easiest, most-successful way to wash woolens and diapers. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Sparkling clean
bottles for baby —
Lux-washed—safe!



Square-topped roofs silhouetted against the hilltops of Narni



Small house in Piedmont, with the typical outlines of broken horizontal lines

OUR NEW "ITALIAN VILLAS" Descend from ANCIENT ROMAN TOWERS

Eighth in a series of houses that have character

By MARCIA MEAD AND DANIEL P. HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO R. EGGERS

THERE is an unrecognized necessity for vision in building, whether it be the building of character, the building of a business, or the building of a home. By "vision" we mean a sense of the height and depth and substance of a thing. Architecturally speaking, it is called the third dimension. We mostly see only in the flat.

The rush of life, business and complicated relationships has been robbing us of our third dimensions—the fullness and completeness of well-rounded existence and accomplishment. Without this vision our building will be always flat. It is the business as well as the pleasure of the architect to study and analyze building and its reasonable expression, as to the whys and wherefores and hows, until he absorbs the principles and can think in the same terms, and think beyond that and produce in his constructions a natural outgrowth of those principles.

If, on the other hand, the owner has vision and a speaking acquaintance with the principles of building, he will be able to grasp the meaning of the architect's drawings. If he understands their language and the source of the architect's inspiration, he will be able to criticize and even to suggest, in the spirit of good composition and design, any changes which he may desire, and there will be no unhappy comebacks of "Oh, I didn't know it would look that way!"

One of the greatest difficulties that an architect has is to get his client to visualize the features so carefully laid out on his drawings, and to see why certain things asked for will not be architecturally good. If a client can meet the architect halfway in his visualization of the drawings set before him, it will go farther than anything else toward producing desirable and satisfactory results.



The Davanzati Palace dining-room, showing characteristic mantel and furniture

In turning to Italy for inspiration for a house we find the greatest variety of architectural art and beauty unsurpassed. The least curious and the superficially impressed will copy verbatim what he thinks he sees, and erect what he calls a Roman building, usually missing the spirit altogether, but to the interested its basic principles may be read with tolerable clearness.

The first Roman house was a rectangular or square tower. As in all early building protection was one of the first considerations. The first story of the house had few openings, presenting almost solid masonry walls, with tiny openings for light, too small for a person to enter, and an entrance with massive doors. The space in this story was used for supplies and storage purposes. The main living-room of the house was just above this, and so on—one room on each floor—as high as needed for the necessary number of rooms. Few rooms were required at that time.

Later, when people came together in towns and the master developed a trade for the support of his family, instead of depending upon his prowess, the first story of the house was used for business, the living-rooms being built above as be-

fore. As the houses were built more closely together, the groups or blocks appeared to be built of numberless towers of various heights. The roofs, of universally low pitch, vary this outline but little, making a blocky mass of buildings of different levels—reposeful outlines against the blue of Italian skies. If we retain this picture in our consciousness, we shall have acquired much of the spirit of Italian architecture.

The usual explanation of the charm of Italian work is its obvious antiqueness, but this has been disproved in many modern constructions. From the simplicity of the tower house we may follow into the highly decorative work of the Italian artists and find that it is a question, not of materials, but of how they are used.

I shall never forget a criticism of one of my instructors in design who said, "If you are designing a [Turn to page 60]



Doorway of the Pandolfini Palace, a gem of the Renaissance, designed by the immortal Raphael



Loggia of the Corsi Palace

Prompt delivery and Serviceable Merchandise

"I wish to express my appreciation for the prompt service I always receive in delivery. This makes the fourth tire I have ordered from the Ward Co. and am greatly satisfied. I know by my own experience that the Riverside Tire can easily double its mileage guarantee and is serviceable on every kind of road. "I always will say a good word for Montgomery Ward & Co."

David De Smith,
Newark, N. Y.

Saved Money at Ward's for 35 years

"I must write and tell you how pleased we are with your prompt shipments, good quality and low prices. We have been buying from Ward's for 35 years, and every time everything is just as represented. My married daughters are also customers of Ward's. Once a customer always a customer. With the quick service and savings from 10 to 40%, Ward's is the place to buy."

Mrs. Florence Wright,
Jetmore, Kansas

Satisfied Customer for 53 years

"I am seventy-eight years old and have sent our orders to Montgomery Ward & Co. since you started your Grange Store in Chicago, 1873. For years you have saved me money and filled my orders perfectly. "Thank you so much; I am sending you another order."

Mrs. Susie E. Hamersby,
Box 4,
New Pine Creek, Oregon

Ward's Quality and Low Prices

"Just a few words in regard to the quality of your goods and your low prices. I order almost all of the things we use including household furnishings, groceries, hardware, clothing and notions, and send for all of it to you practically; am very much pleased with the goods and service."

J. D. Klaassen,
Route 3,
Colon, Okla.

*The
Word of
Satisfied
Customers is
the Final Seal
of Approval*



You, too, Can Save on Everything You Buy

Each year Montgomery Ward & Co. saves Millions of Dollars for the American people!

This big saving is possible because you and our eight million other customers together give us a *buying* power so vast, so tremendous!—that we are always able to secure for you lower-than-market prices.

Consider stoves, for example. Our customers always bought a great many stoves from us. But in the last four years our low prices have *actually doubled the number of our customers!* So that today we are able to contract for *all* the stoves a factory can make. Your average saving on a Ward stove is now at least \$15.

Automobile tires, furniture, shoes, everything for the Home, for the Farm, for the Family, is bought in the same large quantities at equally low prices, bringing you savings equally large.

**\$60,000,000 in Cash
Secures Low Prices for You**
Have you ever stopped to consider that your Ward Catalogue brings you all the saving, all the price advantage that \$60,000,000 in cash can secure for you?

That buying by the car load, by the train load, buying in every important market in the world—and paying cash, must secure for you absolutely the lowest possible prices! That there is no possible way you can secure a bigger opportunity for saving than by using regularly your copy of Ward's Catalogue!

And low prices at Ward's are made without sacrificing quality. We never cut the quality of a tire, a shoe, or a rug, to make the price seem lower. Ward Quality always is maintained. Ward's 54 year old guarantee is back of every article we sell: "Your money back if you want it."

Use Your Catalogue Regularly

So use your Catalogue—regularly. Take advantage of this opportunity for true cooperative buying. Share the saving made possible by \$60,000,000 in cash used to secure low prices for you. There is for you, too, a saving of \$50 if you *use your Catalogue*—and send all your orders to Ward's.

ESTABLISHED 1872
Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Baltimore Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

OUR NEW "ITALIAN VILLAS" *Descend* from ANCIENT ROMAN TOWERS

[Continued from page 58]



**cool
summer way**

Santa Fe

**to the
scenic regions
of the
Far West**

**Go this summer
see something new**

**Santa Fe Summer
Xcursions**

**to California, Colorado
New Mexico-Arizona Rockies
and the National Parks**

mail this

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys.
1115 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Would like information regarding summer trip to

There will be _____ persons in party.
☐ Indicate by X if Grade or High School student.
Also mail descriptive travel folders.

Name _____
City and State _____

motif to be framed by a rectangle, design it so that the result will be a better rectangle." This is the secret of the best Italian art. The character of the mass or background has not been changed nor altered by the decorative work, but its character, good at the start, has been enhanced or emphasized by it. Any so-called architectural features or decorations which do not have this result are better omitted altogether.

As the blocky tower houses continued to be built, they eventually came together in a wall enclosing a square and forming an interior court, which became the basis of the design of the larger residences and palaces of the nobles.

Throughout Italian building there was struck a fine balance between horizontal and vertical lines, which gives to all classic architecture its repose, dignity and conscious power. It is a different quality entirely from the restless, awe-inspiring wonder of the exaggerated verticality of the Gothic. To such questioning the Italian could never be incited.

For inspiration in the designing of our small Italian house we shall look to the hills of Tuscany and to Florence, which became the artistic capital of the world in the fourteenth century, under the rule of the Medici family. Here may be found practically all types of Italian architecture, and we are safe also in saying the best examples. If you can visit but one place in Italy for the study of architecture and art, make your stay in Florence. Its reputation in this regard still holds.

There are many reasons why Florence became a dominant center. In the early days the River Arno was navigable, and the forests of the surrounding hills brought about the formation of guilds of woodworkers who shipped their products to Rome and other Mediterranean ports by way of the sea. Then there was the traffic of the great Roman road through the mountain passes, with its armies and objects of conquest, as well as the merchandise of the south and east, all of which passed through and were subject to the tolls and regulations of Florentine trade. Thus strategically situated did Florence, from the time when she was but a ferry-port of the hill-town of Fiesole, build for herself a commerce and trade second to none at that time.

This status was maintained with no degree of ease. Many covetous eyes were cast upon her prosperity, and only through almost continuous warfare was she able to maintain her integrity as an independent commercial center. Through this trial by fire came a virility and strength of character, which made for leadership and growth in the rise of the Renaissance. This movement in Italy, contrasted with that of other countries, was a natural evolution of building from old Roman times, classic in form from the start. It was separated from the old order only by war, in which military constructions were constantly called for.



Palmieri Palace, in the hills of Fiesole, with its mounting gardens and balustrades is a picture of luxurious repose.
From "Italian Furniture and Interiors," Courtesy of William Helburn, Inc.

The first distinguishing feature of the Renaissance was the use of brackets, braces and corbels, suggested by the Roman road construction on account of which it has been called "bracket architecture." For purposes of protection primarily, a balcony at the second-story level over the main entrance to the house was built out and supported in this fashion. Later this balcony or gallery proved to be practical for living purposes and ornamental, as well as quite essential to the happiness of the *Romeos* and *Juliets* of that time.

Even as early as the fourteenth century it was quite the fashion for the well-to-do to have both a town-house and a country-house, and throughout Northern Italy there are still remaining many of these ancient castles and large country residences.

The Florentines were clever enough to require the nobles, who were so fortunate as to own country homes, to occupy their town-houses for a certain definite portion of each year, and thus was their citizenship and social influence retained.

Like the builders of the Tower of Babel, some of the wealthier classes became too ambitious in the heights of their houses for what seemed good to the body politic, and a regulation was put into force limiting the height to which buildings might go. As some had already passed the limit, they had to shave off their towering battlements, and thus came into being the projecting tile roofs, seemingly supported by the ornamental corbels of the older work. These conditions led to the broad overhanging roofs which were supported on elaborately carved brackets and corbels, so characteristic of Italian palace architecture.

This law also led to another feature not so good. As the houses could no longer extend upward they began to expand outward, overhanging the street in the form of bays or bracket galleries, called "sporti," several stories high, sometimes extending even up to the roofs. This serious cutting off of light and air brought about other regulations to prevent or remove these encroachments.

Then the buildings expanded into the interior courts with deep projections and braces extending to the base of the wall. There were no street limitations here, and it is not too great a stretch of the imagination for the shadows of the brackets and overhanging balconies to suggest the colonnades and arcades, which later became a usual feature in the court architecture of all Renaissance buildings.

The same natural demand for more space led the shop-keeper to build a deeply projecting roof over his shop door, supported first on braces, later on posts or columns, and the street-loggia was invented, where much of the business of the city was transacted, and even social functions were held.

There are many beautiful examples of the Italian street-loggia, but they should not be taken as an excuse for the inevitable front porch of our main street variety of house. The street-loggia was primarily for the conduct of business without intruding upon the privacy of the home. Better for us to follow are the family-loggias of the upper stories of the country-houses, with a porch toward the garden, if we will, suggested by the Italian interior court colonnade.

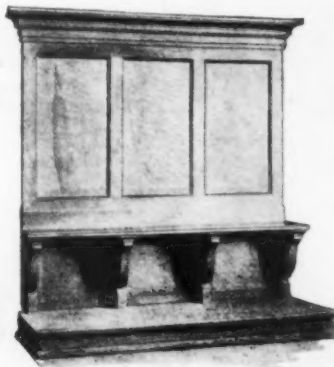
The masonry walls of the first-story were usually of rusticated stonework, carefully jointed, the entrance being arched with dressed wedge-shaped stones, or vousoirs. Sometimes there were also arched panels in the walls, in which were set the small square-head windows. The stories above this were usually of dressed stone, with pilasters and architraves of increasing delicacy and richness, forming panels in which the windows were set. Or again, the upper stories were of brick covered with stucco. In some of the later work, as is indicated in the photograph of the Palace of Palmieri, the stucco was decorated in polychrome, a kind of colored plaster work in which the Italians excelled.

The stonework was a rich brown in color, with stucco of a lighter shade. In Rome deep orange tones are found, and in the south still gayer colors. The sunnier the clime, the gayer the colors may be. The palaces and larger buildings were usually symmetrical in form, their very size demanding it. Perfect balance was not attempted in the smaller houses, as it would have given them a cramped appearance.

In the modern American home the basement-story is usually underground instead of above ground, so that our living-rooms are on the ground level. This helps to keep the house, which is much smaller than the Italian palace, in proper scale. Otherwise it [Turn to page 62]



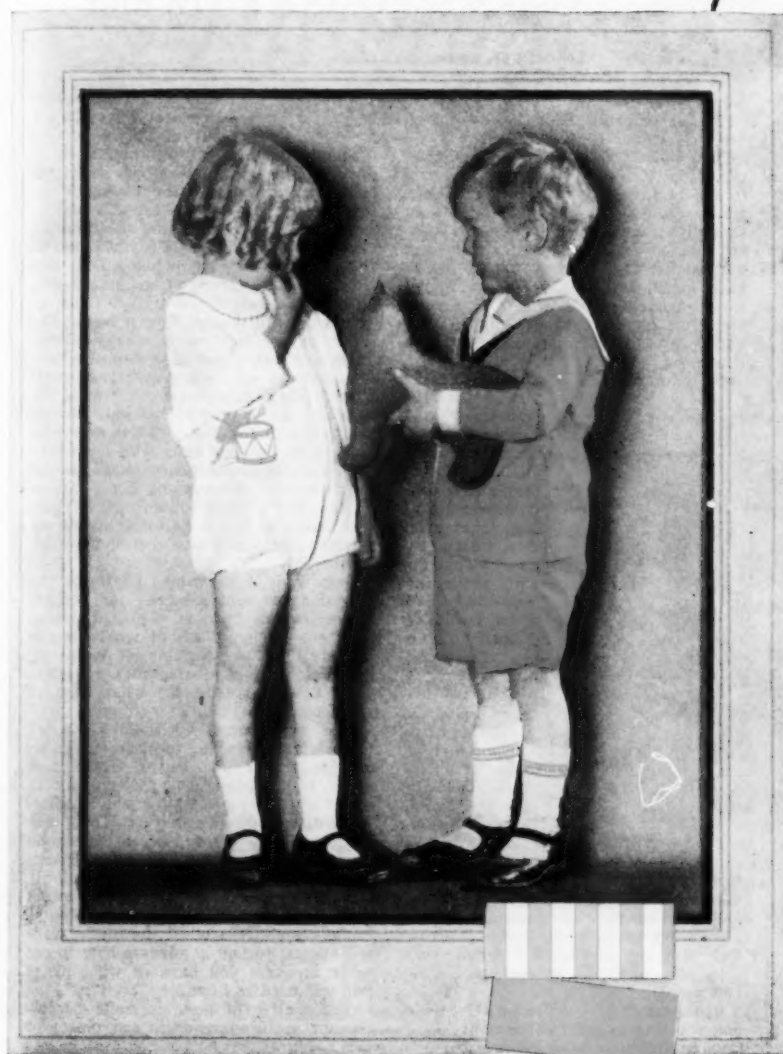
*A credenza or side-table
for dining-room or hall*



*This simple Tuscan seat, of
excellent lines, is as good style
today as in 1500*



*Fifteenth century chest-seat,
beautifully inlaid and carved*



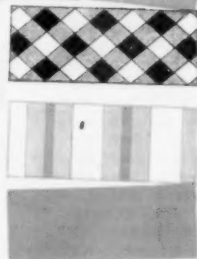
Their little clothes
must stand
a totally different
kind of wear

~ ~ and naturally
require a different
kind of fabric ~ ~ ~



DEVONSHIRE CLOTH is specifically made to endure the trials of childhood wear. Its charming colors never run nor fade despite rough usage, the action of blazing sun, perspiration, uric acid or constant tubbing with any soap. Its close, sturdy weave resists the grinding in of dirt, reduces wrinkling, makes laundering easier and gives Devonshire the amazing, guaranteed durability that has made it famous for over fourteen years.

Do not confuse Devonshire Cloth with gingham. It is not a gingham, but a distinctly different kind of wash fabric. Being dyed in the yarn,* with vat dyes, every thread in



A few of the many Devonshire designs and colors

Devonshire Cloth is completely saturated with color before the cloth is woven, so no matter how thin the fabric may wear, colors remain unchanged.

To get genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth for your children's clothes ask for it by name, and see that the full name is stamped on the selvage. Devonshire is sold by most good stores, but should you not find it near you, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Devonshire TRIPLE guarantee: New goods **FREE** if colors run or fade, or if fabric does not **WEAR** to the entire satisfaction of the purchaser.

**You should know these facts about yarn-dyed fabrics*

Makesureinbuyingwashgoods that you are getting a yarn-dyed fabric. There is an important difference.

A yarn-dyed fabric—such as Devonshire Cloth—is dyed in the yarn, and after each thread has thoroughly and evenly absorbed the color, the yarn is woven into cloth. A piece-dyed or printed fabric is first woven. Then it is printed, or the

whole piece is immersed in dye and colored. You'll note these facts about yarn-dyed Devonshire Cloth:

1. Colors are clear, even and totally devoid of harsh crudeness.
2. Every part of yarn is completely saturated with color and no matter how thin the thread may wear, the color will always be the same. A dress made of yarn-dyed

Devonshire Cloth will not wear "light" at the elbows or knees.

3. Devonshire Cloth is always absolutely uniform in quality.

You can be sure of all the important advantages of yarn-dyed fabric by buying genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth. See that the full name is stamped on the selvage



Steady, hard scrubbing for 3 minutes in a soap solution heated to 120 degrees Fahrenheit produces no change whatever in Devonshire colors.



Devonshire undergoing Peroxide Bleach test. A more severe trial than you would ever give it—yet colors are unaffected by even this.

Take advantage of this liberal special offer

On receipt of 25 cents in stamps or coin, we will send you, postpaid, complete paper pattern for a pretty doll's dress, together with a quantity of liberally sized pieces of genuine Renfrew DEVONSHIRE Cloth—of various designs and colors—with which you or your child can make up the dress. Write us NOW, while you have the opportunity.

RENFREW MFG. CO.
DEPT. E
ADAMS MASS.

Renfrew **DEVONSHIRE** Cloth



When San Francisco and New Orleans met in the Kitchen

SAN FRANCISCO, noted for its delicious food! New Orleans, famed for its rich Creole dishes! Read what experts from these cities say of a novel cooking test in which they participated.



MRS. BELLE DEGRAF

MISS ROSA MICHAELIS

MRS. BELLE DEGRAF, San Francisco, home economics counsellor, and Miss Rosa Michaelis, New Orleans Housewives' League, with four other famous cooks, took part in a nation-wide cooking experiment—to test the Perfection Stove.

"I made the lightest onion soufflé," said Mrs. DeGraf, "and I give the steady, even heat of the Perfection all credit. You know the slightest fluctuation in temperature can wreck a soufflé. This even heat gave me a delightful feeling of confidence. I attended to other duties while my Fiesta string beans, spiced prunes, and other dishes were cooking."

Richly Browned Veal

"I never fried a veal steak more beautifully," contributed Miss Michaelis. "It retained all the juices, and was a lovely rich brown after frying only 10 minutes."

"The quickness and intensity of the heat in the long Perfection chimneys is remarkable. It's clean, too. After frying pancakes and boiling rice, the bottoms of the utensils showed no sign of soot."

All Agree

The other cooks agreed enthusiastically on the merits of the latest model Perfection. They had cooked scores of dishes from cucumber soup to pineapple pudding, and all were satisfied.

And when year in, year out, 4,500,000 women "swear by" their Perfections, isn't the evidence overwhelming?

The latest model Perfections can now be seen at any dealer's. All sizes from a one-burner model to a five-burner range. Prices from \$7.25 to \$130.00. One of these 1926 Perfections is sure to fit your need.

PERFECTION STOVE CO.
7528 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



WARNING: Use only genuine Perfection stoves, marked with red triangle. Others will cause trouble.

SEND the coupon today for our new booklet, "Favorite Menus and Recipes of 6 Famous Cooks." Includes choice dishes prepared by Mrs. DeGraf and Miss Michaelis. It's free.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY [516]
7528 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen:
Please send me your new booklet, "Favorite Menus and Recipes of 6 Famous Cooks."

Name _____
Address _____
I have a _____ Stove _____

OUR NEW "ITALIAN VILLAS" Descend from ANCIENT ROMAN TOWERS

[Continued from page 60]

would seem too tall.

The magnificent Palace of Palmieri, even though added to and changed at different periods of its history, has remained true to the best spirit of Italian Renaissance work. From its mounting terraces to its carefully proportioned masses and cleverly varied horizontal outlines there is nothing left to be desired, except—as we have hinted before in regard to foreign work—modern plumbing. In the small house we can have beauty of mass and outline at least, if we cannot afford the trimmings.

It is difficult to distinguish between the humbler houses of the Latin races, which have much in common, and by the time these influences have been taken up in this country, every building with a tile roof and stuccoed walls is usually dubbed "Spanish," because of the recent exploitation of things Spanish.

The French and Italian houses of the Riviera and the Spanish farm-buildings have a common atmosphere which, for lack of a better name, we might call "Latin," because common to all.

But among the more pretentious dwellings, which are a nearer approach to our scale of living, we shall find definite characteristics of style peculiar to locality and people.

In the small modern Italian villa, which you will find in other columns of this issue, our architects have incorporated some features which are peculiarly Italian in character. The low-pitched tower-topped roof, or hipped roof, as we call it, with wide-timbered projections over the higher part, which is flanked by other portions of the house at a lower level; the dignified entrance arched in stone; the attractive window-balcony and casement-sash, with simple stone or plaster trim around the living-room windows; the second-story loggia, with its small but carefully proportioned columns; the garden-porch at the rear—which does not show in the picture—all are typically Italian. True, some of the Spanish houses have similar features, but they are different. Some of these differences we shall try to make clear in the final article on the Spanish house. It is the correct use of simple architectural elements that counts.

The interiors of the palaces of the Renaissance period are deceiving because of their large proportions and large scale furniture, but they all have what ought to be sought in every interior, spaciousness. They are furnished with reserve and due regard for the fact that room should be allowed for the occupants as well as for the furniture. Many modern interiors are ruined at the start by over-furnishing. Italian interiors were simple. Someone has said that the exterior layouts were so big and so grand that no funds were left for interior architecture. There were plastered walls, beamed ceilings and tiled floors, similar to the French interiors, and characteristic floors of black and white marble in checkerboard patterns. The walls, however, were often hung with beautiful tapestries or deco-

rated with ornamental plaster work and beautiful paintings.

The box-and-board furniture, as it is sometimes called because of its structural form, was universally straight-line furniture. It was, to a great extent, particularly the larger pieces, architectural in character, being built up with pilasters, panels, entablatures, crown moldings and colonnettes. If carved or sculptured decoration was used it was of low relief, as compared with that of French work. The chests or "cossoni" were always present in various forms, and they were the basis of the design of a great variety of other pieces. They were made for trunks for travel or to be used as benches, couches and tables in the home. They were also built in the form of seats with low backs and arms. Sideboards were made similar to them, with drawers and doors instead of lids—really chests grown taller. There was also what might be called two story furniture, originally one chest built upon another.

Beds were set upon high platforms, the extensions of which served for benches and chests for bedding. This, of course, with our modern ideas of what we call sanitary furniture, would not be at all practical. But the same idea is sometimes used in placing the cedar chest at the foot of the bed.

The accentuated horizontal lines of these larger pieces of furniture make an interior appear low and restful. Large pieces of furniture, however, are apt to dwarf a small room and should be selected with the greatest of care. Only such pieces as are necessary for comfort should be used, and for small rooms large pieces should be avoided. Or perhaps one fairly large piece will take the place of several smaller pieces. If you are building a house, carefully studied furniture plans will suggest to you in advance how to use what furniture you have or what pieces you will need to buy.

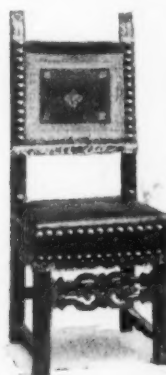
The matter of scale is quite as important in furniture as in the design of the house, although it is more often not observed, because home-buyers seldom understand the quality of scale and how much it has to do with the attractiveness of a room.

A piece of furniture which may look small in a large show-room may be overpowering in the room for which it was purchased. A helpful guide in selecting furniture is comparison with a side chair, which is one of the smallest pieces used.

Typically Italian is the folding X chair, called the "Dante," and stools of the same design. The

long narrow table with its plank top and pedestal supports, stiffened by a stretcher, is appropriate for modern use. It seats a goodly number for a dining-table, and its narrow width makes it possible to converse comfortably across it. There are also good-looking smaller tables of similar design with truss supports and a stretcher at middle height.

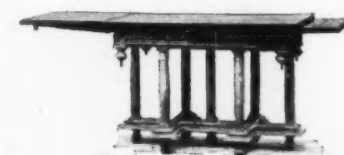
The credenza is a practical piece of wall-furniture about three feet in height. It may be used in the dining-room for a side-board, or in the hall. The console cabinets, which are a little smaller, may be used for the same purposes.



Sixteenth century side-chair



The famous Dante chair

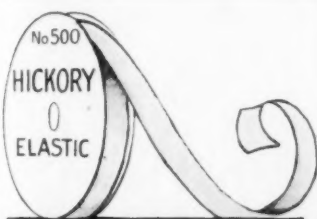


Sixteenth century extension-table

Maytime is display time for

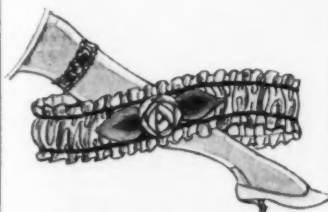
HICKORY QUALITY PRODUCTS

at good stores everywhere



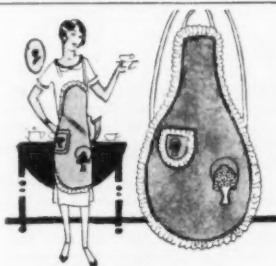
Hickory Elastic by the Yard

"Is strongest, lasts longest". The same firm, snappy elastic used in Children's Hickory Garters. Keeps its "stretch", often outlasting the garment into which it is sewn. Buy a 12 yard reel and have it always handy in your sewing basket. Black and white, in all widths, by the yard.



Hickory Ribbon Garters

Garters are no secret, these days of short, trim skirts. That's a very good reason for buying the prettiest, daintiest kind, and having half a dozen pair to go with your various outfits. Lovely color combinations in Hickory Ribbon Garters, 25c to \$2.50 a pair.



Hickory Tea Aprons

You'd never think that rubber could be used in so many, flowery, frilly, yet practical, ways! Hickory rubber Tea Aprons, in the happiest colors, are ornamented with deftly made flowers—every kind from roses to lilacs. This rubber washes and wears well, too. 75c up. Hickory Rubber Household Aprons, 50c up.



Hickory Corset So-On Garters

A Corset is no better than its supporters, and these Hickory So-Ons are the best you can buy. Made of high quality, durable elastic with tab tops, in white or flesh, for replacement on corset or girdle. 25c and up.



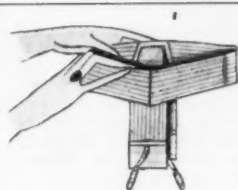
Keep the Freshness in Your Frocks

Hickory Shadow Skirt (left), of lingerie fabric with lower back panel of fine rubber, wrinkle and shadow-proofs your skirts. Flesh only, \$2 up.

Hickory Apron (right), with deep, cool top of mesh; flesh, orchid or white, as low as 50c.

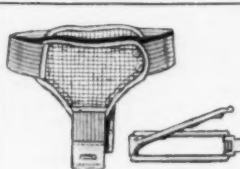
If you don't find Hickory Quality Products at your favorite store or they haven't the particular quality you want, write, giving name of store. Address Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1147 W. Congress St., Chicago.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - LOS ANGELES
TORONTO



Hickory All-Elastic Belt

Made of soft, conforming elastic and mesh, with firm pinning tab. Strong safety pins taped on. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra large. As low as 25c.



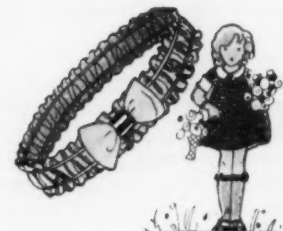
Hickory Belt with Secura Clasp

All models may now be had with Secura Clasp, replacing the time-honored safety pin... especially for use with gauze sanitary pads. Secura Clasp can't bend, slip or pull out. 50c and up.



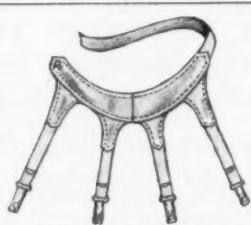
Hickory Step-In

A neat, tailored-line protector with a minimum of mesh—no bulk whatever. Extra wide opening at sides... cool... convenient. In flesh or white, medium or large. This model, 85c. Others as low as 75c.



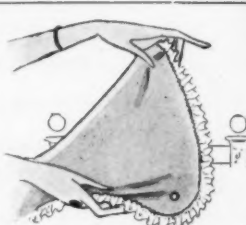
Hickory Sock Garters

They're increasingly popular. In many color combinations that delight the youngsters. Frilly styles for girls, tailored styles for Brother. Priced at 10c a pair and up.



Hickory Princess Chic Supporter

You can wear this Supporter with or without a corset or girdle. It is especially fine for bathing, negligee or athletics. Comes in white or flesh. The Hose Supporters are made with adjusting buckles and rubber button and loop fasteners. 75c and up.



Hickory Crib Sheets

Babies spend so much of their time sleeping that a comfortable bed is most important. Hickory Rubber Crib Sheets are thoroughly moisture proof, wear much longer and wash perfectly. Size 27 x 36, \$1 up.



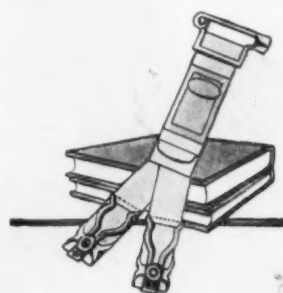
Hickory Baby Pants

They're comfortable—hygienic—with cool ventilating eyelets at the sides. Never crack or gum. Acid and moisture proof. Made of extra grade gum rubber in wanted sizes and colors, 50c.



Hickory Baby Garters

The wee-est tot has his own little ribbon-trimmed garters! These make a cunning gift to any baby. In white, pink or blue, in a special gift box, 25c and up. Others as low as 10c.



Hickory Children's Garters

The firm friends of every Mother are these strong, stretchy, live rubber Hickory Garters, made of genuine Hickory Elastic. They hold the stockings trim and secure. The patented cushion clasp prevents tearing. As low as 25c a pair.



Hickory Under Waists

Wear well and wash wonderfully; made in all popular styles. The unbreakable bone buttons are taped on. Quick to get into—helping children to dress themselves with ease. And they're comfortable! At 50c and up.

Prevent this!



A Dreadful Result of Bad Teeth

The most dreaded disease of humanity—cancer of the mouth—can be the result of bad teeth. The American Society for the Control of Cancer charges abnormal tooth conditions with being the chief cause of this fearful affliction.



"How I Found Out the Beauty Value of My Teeth"

"We were just talking—Tom and I—while waiting for the tea and things. I smiled my prettiest for him.

"Speaking of teeth," he said, which of course we weren't, 'yours are simply glorious.'

"Hush, silly!" I said, but he knew I didn't mean it . . . and he didn't hush. I could have told him I'd used Colgate's all my life. But I don't see why we should tell men our beauty secrets, do you?"

Beautiful teeth are just as important as pretty eyes and a lovely complexion as far as beauty is concerned. From the standpoint of health they are a thousand times more important. When teeth are kept scrupulously clean, the germs and poisons of decay can't lurk and breed around them. Colgate's will wash your teeth clean. It reaches all the hard-to-get-at places between the teeth and

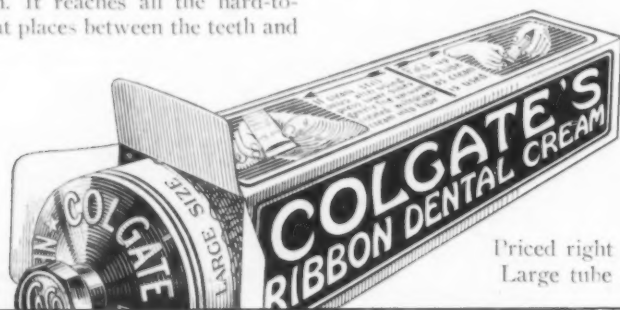
around the edges of the gums because of the penetrating action of the mild, tasteless soap that it contains. Thus it removes causes of tooth decay.

Washes—Polishes—Protects

The principal ingredients of Colgate's are mild, tasteless soap and fine chalk, the two things that dental authorities say a safe dental cream should contain. The combined action of these ingredients washes, polishes and protects the delicate enamel of your teeth.

Just remember that beautiful, healthy teeth are more a matter of good care than of good luck. Use Colgate's after meals and at bedtime. It will keep your teeth clean and gloriously attractive.

And you'll like its taste . . . even children love to use it regularly.



Priced right too!
Large tube 25c.

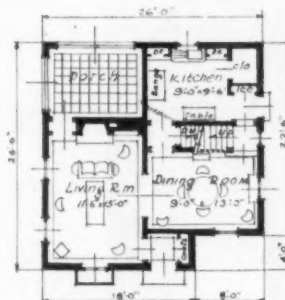
removes causes of tooth decay

SMALL ITALIAN VILLA of BEAUTY and also COMFORT

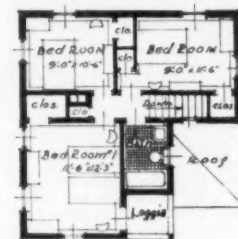
Especially designed for McCall's by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Collaborating with MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect



The great charm of the Italian villa lies in its dignity and reserve. Building-cost \$6000 to \$6500, estimated at about 45 cents a cubic foot



First Floor Plan - 6'15"



6'15"

Second Floor Plan

THIS small villa, constructed on the basis of research in the mediaeval architecture of Italy, closely resembles the houses that were built during the fifteenth century in the northern Italian hill country in the neighborhood of Florence. Its great charm lies in its dignity and reserve without formality or stiffness, while its features are few and simple.

It has the characteristic broken masses—achieved by making the main portion two stories high and the rest of the house low—and rather flat sloping roofs covered with red tile. Dormers or windows in the roof are practically unknown in Italy. The broad wall-surfaces with few openings are of warm yellow stucco.

Its stone quoined entrance-doorway with its sturdy wooden door is typically Italian and the second-story loggia, made so much of in many of the large Italian palaces, is attractive and practical in this small house of today.

Another feature is the full-length case-

ment living-room window with its low iron railing. The windows throughout the house are casements, which open out and allow plenty of air and sunlight to enter the rooms.

Quite as charming as the exterior architecture is the arrangement of the interior, which the experts of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau have designed to meet modern requirements of comfort and convenience.

An open staircase—which can be reached either from the dining-room or the kitchen—leads to the second floor. The bedrooms are all corner-rooms, affording cross-ventilation. The largest bedroom with its small porch gives the owner quiet and privacy. Ample closet space is provided. The bath-room can be easily reached from any of the bedrooms. With plastered walls of artistic finish, proper floors and a few pieces of furniture of characteristic lines, a truly Italian feeling may be secured throughout the entire house.

Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this small Italian villa will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$3; on cloth, \$5; extra specifications, \$2.

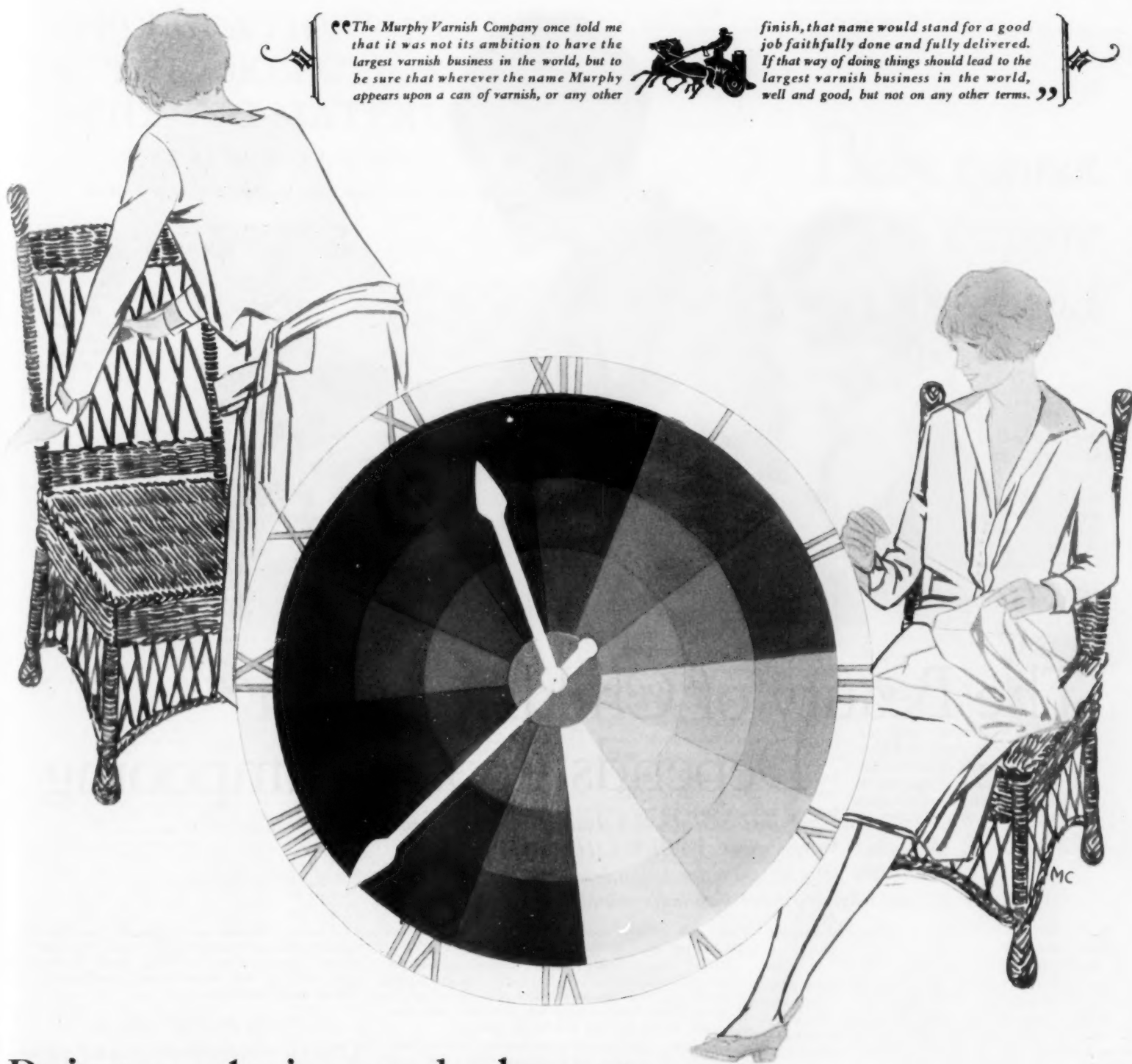
Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four- to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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finish, that name would stand for a good job faithfully done and fully delivered. If that way of doing things should lead to the largest varnish business in the world, well and good, but not on any other terms."



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The Beauty of Children's Hair Depends upon Shampooing

Try this quick and simple method which thousands of mothers now use. See the difference it will make in the appearance of YOUR CHILD'S hair.

Note how it gives life and lustre, how it brings out all the natural wave and color. See how soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking the hair will look.

ANY child can have hair that is beautiful, healthy and luxuriant.

It is NO LONGER a matter of luck.

The beauty of a child's hair depends ALMOST ENTIRELY upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When a child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it

feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a

good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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SPECIFICATIONS HELP IN THE SELECTION OF BUILDING-MATERIALS

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

Atlantic Division, The Architects' Small House Service Bureau



READERS who have followed in this column the advice that has been given to prospective home-owners will easily realize that it is possible from the same set of plans to build two houses which differ greatly in value, appearance and durability. Both materials and workmanship play a very important part in construction. Drawings alone do not suffice to explain the kind of workmanship and the quality of the materials that are to be used.

Many owners who would like to have the best construction have not sufficient money to allow using the materials which they realize are the best. It is the purpose of specifications to allow the owner

to select materials that are within his means.

One owner may require edge grain pine floors; another will insist upon quartered oak. In some localities it may be safe to use wood shingles on the roof; in others, where houses are close together, it may be prohibited by law. Plans may be drawn showing what are called double-hung windows; certain owners may have a partiality for casements. These differences may be taken care of in the specifications.

The forms of specifications prepared by the Bureau contain blank spaces where the owner may write in his preference. Information-sheet No. 8 which follows is designed to guide the owner in doing this.

ADVICE ON FILLING OUT SPECIFICATIONS

An accurate figure cannot be obtained unless the specifications are completely filled in before the builders are asked to make their estimates. No changes should be made in the specifications unless all of the contractors who are estimating are notified.

The specifications are divided into 17 Articles each of which represents a specific division of the work. Each of these articles contains a blank space where the owner may signify his choice. If you fail to fill in any of these it means that you don't care what the contractor does. In that case you should not start to build a house but should buy one that is already built or at least nearing completion. Don't incur the responsibility of building unless you know what you want! It is unreasonable to expect you to answer all of the questions without help. You are advised to consult a Bureau architect (see Information-sheet No. 5), or if there is no member of the Bureau in your vicinity consult a local architect.

The relation between contractor and owner is a business relationship. Even if the contractor is a close friend it is only fair to him to set down in writing the things that you expect him to do.

1. The General Conditions of the Contract are the legal clauses and are most important. They are a safeguard against troubles. Sections 11 and 12 in regard to insurance must be acted upon. Some states impose large fines if workmen are not protected as required under the Workmen's Compensation Laws, and no mortgage can be obtained without fire insurance. Give here the numbers of the sections which you do not understand.

2. Excavation: Back Filling: In some parts of the country rock excavation is a serious problem. State under section 3 any parts that are to remain unexcavated. You will generally save money if you agree to pay the contractor a definite sum extra for each cubic yard of rock that must be broken to be taken out.

3. Masonry. This section calls for work on foundations, chimneys and fireplaces. This much is usual in any house. It also provides for waterproofing of cellar and foundations if desired, for the construction of brick, stone or hollow-tile walls, and for the building-in by the mason of any iron and steel work.

4. Carpentry. In the case of most small houses the carpenter is the man who lays out the work and sees that the work of other trades fits in properly. The framing of the house is provided for in this article. Care should be taken in specifying the kind and quality of woods to be used.

5. Millwork. Certain parts of the house such as sash, frames, trim, doors, mantels and so on, are made at the mill and are installed by the carpenter. There are great differences in quality in mill-products. It is most important to explain the quality of work required and to state exactly those deviations from the drawings which are to be allowed.

6. Exterior Lathing and Plastering or Stucco. The application of exterior stucco is an art requiring the best of materials and workmanship. Two factors affecting the dur-

ability of stucco finish are climate and the base to which the stucco is applied.

7. Interior Lathing and Plastering. No substitutes have yet been found for lath and plaster which possess all of their advantages. The principal objections to a plaster job are: First are cost, and second the fact that plaster brings dampness into the house at just the wrong time and actually slows up construction until after the work has properly dried out. Wallboard saves time but if the joints are to be effectively concealed the cost of painting and decoration is increased.

8. Interior and Exterior Painting. Good painting may "save a poor job." Poor painting may spoil a good job. The only kind of painting that pays is good painting. The specifications should be carefully filled out but even the best specifications cannot produce a good job unless the painter is an experienced man.

9. Sheet Metal Work. Unless proper metal flashings are used even a well-built house is going to leak. Metals which rust have to be kept painted and ultimately have to be replaced.

10. Special Roofing Materials. Space is provided under this article to call for roofs of material which are not usually applied by the carpenter.

11. Glazing specifies the quality of glass and mirrors to be used.

12. Tile and Marble Work. Actual finish is specified—preparation for tiles is called for under Articles IV, VII, and XIII.

13. Finish of Rooms. This article has been prepared so that the owner may stipulate for each room individually exactly the kind and grade of finish required. For example wood-trim may be flat or cut to a stock of a special detail. If the detail shown on the drawings is to be discarded in the interest of economy, the owner should so state. Similarly the different wood-fittings and the character of the flooring must be stipulated. It is most important to state just what is to be painted. Experience shows that best results are obtained if plaster is allowed to thoroughly dry out before painting. Owners are recommended to carefully read the special information-sheet devoted to painting.

14. Specifies the hardware to be used and is self-explanatory.

15, 16 and 17. Deal respectively with heating, plumbing, and electric-wiring. These mechanical trades are handled in all cases by subcontractors. Requirements differ greatly due to climate, local regulations, and individual taste. For this reason the standard general specification does not attempt to include a detailed specification for each of these trades. Information-sheet No. 6, dealing with mechanical equipment will be of assistance. Eventually the Bureau expects to publish a series of specifications for the different types of heating, plumbing and electrical equipment from which the owner assisted by the proper professional advice may make his selection.

The following service material will be sent on request. Mark with a cross opposite the item desired.

ORDER-BLANK

- ☐ McCall Plan Booklet, "The Small House".....to cents
- ☐ Sample Copy of Bureau Magazine, "The Small Home".....No charge
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- Town.....State.....
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Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Baby cannot stop the use of impure talc—he must depend on Mother

Baby is helpless. He cannot speak. Only his suffering, his cries, his tears can tell you if impure talcum is burning or cutting his sensitive skin.

Baby must depend on Mother's care and wisdom.

Talcums not made especially for babies, by specialists; talcums of coarse scents or coarse in texture, irritate the tender skins.

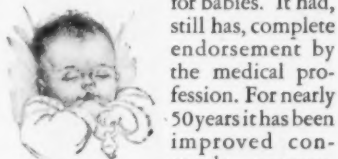
Low grade talcums have their place. But their use for baby dusting powder is cruel.

Such talcums may be gritty, irritating or caustic. They often contain mica or lime, which burns, or tiny, shiny, flint-like particles that cut and make infant skins raw and red. Of course, they lack medication.

There are many highly scented talcs, intended for adults. For grown-ups, they are adequate. But their use for baby skins is not advisable.

Medical Endorsement

Mennen's was the first borated talcum of all. The first medicated talcum for babies. It had, still has, complete endorsement by the medical profession. For nearly 50 years it has been improved constantly, progressing, advancing with science. Nothing ever has taken its place. Ask your own physician.



Constant chemical analysis in the Laboratories assures the purity and unvarying high standard of Mennen's Borated Talcum. Makes certain that the soft, fine talcum base contains nothing irritating, nothing injurious.

Medicated to soothe Baby's skin, Mennen's has helpful therapeutic value. It protects the delicate skin from infection—is anti-septic. It shields the skin from friction—from the rubbing of clothes, of blankets, of Baby's

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On the other hand, some talcums may be too drying. These increase friction and irritation, rather than lessen them. But you can be sure of Mennen's correct medication.

Remember this, Mother: Baby talcum is good for adult skins. But adult powder can't be depended on for Baby's.



One for Every Mother

Let Belle Roberts send you a copy of the wonderful Mennen Baby Book. Every page is helpful. From planning his layette and furnishing the nursery, until the little youngster, romper-clad, is romping—it guides and counsels each phase of Baby's development.

—And for Your Own Use, Madame

Mennen's is as wonderful for your skin as for Baby's. Use after the bath. Always rub the hands with it after every washing. Stops chapping. Shower body and feet to prevent friction and give ease of movement.

NEW! Baby Ointment

When skin gets dry, rough or inflamed, apply Mennen Baby Ointment. Wonderfully cooling and alleviating. Heals, soothes, lubricates. Softens scales so that scalp may be gently, safely cleansed. Invaluable for dozens of nursery uses.

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I am enclosing 25c (Canada 35c.) Please send me postpaid, in plain wrapper, copy of The Mennen Baby Book.

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She doesn't fear the dentist

Wise men and women go to the dentist at least twice a year for a thorough mouth inspection. They don't put off the dental appointment until forced to seek relief from pain and the dentist has to hurt. If you see your dentist in time he can keep your teeth and gums healthy and may prevent serious illness.



Neglect punishes FOUR out of FIVE

Failure to take a few simple precautions lets pyorrhea, dread disease of the gums, become entrenched in the mouths of four out of five at forty, and many younger, according to dental statistics.

Start today to brush teeth and gums night and morning with Forhan's if you would be with the lucky who escape pyorrhea's ravages. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It doesn't give this insidious infection chance to steal upon you.

If you have tender bleeding gums go to your dentist immediately for treatment and use Forhan's regularly. The chances are your own dentist will recommend it. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid dentists use to combat pyorrhea.

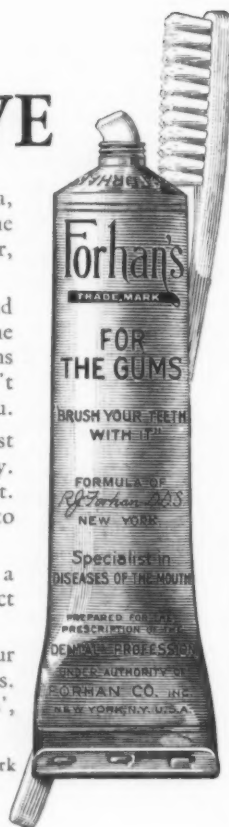
Besides safeguarding your health, Forhan's is a pleasant tasting dentifrice that gives the teeth perfect cleansing; and forestalls decay.

Include Forhan's in your daily hygiene for your health's sake. Pyorrhea is no respecter of persons. Four out of five is its grim count. At all druggists', 35c and 60c in tubes.

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Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE . . IT CHECKS PYORRHEA



EXPERIMENT

[Continued from page 13]

would! He stood stocky and controlled, with his legs apart and his wild red hair run up on end by his fingers Stood as Cliff had stood on that night of her eighteenth birthday party when she had played him and had dared him. Cliff—ah, Cliff! Grandmother's sawdust-stuffed memories had leaped to real life. She could feel Cliff standing there over her, his very back tight with his leashed emotions. So recklessly wild, and so extravagantly honorable, and so impossibly hot-tempered—those were Cliff's irrecusable qualities.

But now Teedy and the red-headed boy were really quarreling.

"I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you! I'm going away. I've got a chance to go on that White Indian expedition to Panama, and I'm taking it."

"Is that what you wanted to tell me?"

"One of the things. I'm going to-morrow, on the Empire."

"To-to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"How—?"

"Haines was being sent by the paper, but he came down with typhoid yesterday and—they decided on me to-day. It's my chance. I've done everything—listed the Blue Baby for sale—"

"You—you're selling the Blue Baby?"

"Hm. Hated to, because—because of that joy ride with you when we— But if you're going to take up with that thirty little Wheaton kid!"

"I'll take up with him if I want, and he's bigger than you are, Spike Fitz Simons! I thought you were going . . . Well, what are you waiting for?"

Suddenly the red-headed boy jerked, and caught her against him. He was going to kiss her, he'd be hanged if he wouldn't kiss her! Grandmother did not close her eyes; she was eighteen, with every drop of blood in her at once stilled and singing for Cliff's kiss.

But Teedy, perverse and inconsistent as ever her grandmother had been, wrenched herself clear of the kiss. It was done Grandmother rested, tired to her old finger tips. She had felt, sometimes, that if Cliff had once kissed her, her mother, Henry, none of them could have stopped it; his kiss would have been the charm to break their spell. She'd speculated how it would have been with them if Cliff had taken her away with him. She had it all in her diary, that summer of her stolen meetings with Cliff; she'd flirted with him outrageously first, then desperately. But her mother had been right, of course.

"Did you ring for me, ma'am?" hinted Laura at the door.

"No, I'm not going to bed yet," she rebelled.

"Good-bye," growled the boy in the garden.

"Bye. Please send Nat to me," commanded Teedy. "Oh, never mind—he'll come, anyhow."

But Teedy was walking on the primroses; grandmother leaned from the window to warn her—

"Nat!" She met him with a sound between a sob and a giggle, and it was clear to Nat, and even to grandmother, that Teedy was ready to be loved—loved hard and fast. Nat lost no time. While Teedy—even the occasion of her engagement seemed scarcely to warrant such a . . . complete surrender. Grandmother was suddenly sagging with weariness.

Fagan's jazz subsided from *Barnyard Blues* to *Home Sweet Home*.

"There," said Teedy, "I've got to go."

"But say you will—"

"Don't be a—Nat, no!" And laughing at him she stripped a bough of its blossoms, flung them at him, and escaped.

Grandmother was drowning in the clean sweetness of apple blossoms. *Home Sweet Home*, ragged, was the teasing thread of a Strauss waltz. Teedy woke her with a mound of orange ice in a glass goblet: "Spoils of the party, Gram—Quick, devour it before mother catches us. She'll give you your call when she finds you up at this hour!"

Grandmother put out her hand and drew Teedy down to the footstool: "I'm so—glad, dear."

"Glad?"

"Of your engagement to Nathaniel."

"Engaged? But I'm not engaged to Nat; I'm not engaged to anyone!"

"You're not—?"

"Oh Gram, you precious old innocent, will I never educate you? You try, but you'll never quite make the grade."

"But if you weren't engaged to him, how could you let him—?"

"That was nothing, Gram; just a—laboratory experiment."

"Laboratory experiment?" she gaped. "But you—you are free with all of the young men?"

"No, not many. But if I want to, I—try 'em out; how can I tell, unless I try?"

"But the red-headed young man—?"

"Spike? O Spike! He he might be another story. Is that a car, Gram—do you hear a car? If he'd give me a chance to— Sounds like the Deke whistle."

"It's Spike—Spike himself! Whoo, whoo," she called softly, leaning out into the night, "you're at the wrong balcony, Romeo! What?—Now? The Blue Baby Cobb's Hill watch the sun rise I get you."

"It's Spike, Gram; I'm going out with him—"

"But Teedy, it's two o'clock in the morning!"

"Yes. Isn't it thrilling? Don't peep it to mother," she dropped behind her. "Back for breakfast."

Grandmother knew that she should sneak into her bed, but she had never been less tired. She felt a new sudden zest for disobedience. She unlocked her diary, and brazenly she settled herself to that summer with Cliff Parsons.

ON the crest of Cobb's Hill a blue roadster slid to a halt and two young people looked up at the moon and down at the misted lights of the city and drew closer together. "Cold?" he murmured.

But Teedy, suddenly perverse, denied it, and shrugged herself to a seat on the folded top of the car.

Spike swung himself up beside her . . . But, "Oh look," she whispered, "is he a policeman?"

"Who a policeman?"

"That—it's only a shadow, isn't it?"

"Teedy, won't you—?"

"Won't I what? Park rules, you know; nobody's allowed up here after eleven P. M., and one night Nat Wheaton and I got picked up. We were so—hm—so absorbed," snickered Teedy, "that we didn't see—"

Teedy, humming, resumed her proper seat. Spike retired behind his pipe, and after a time slumped back into his own corner of the car.

Eventually Teedy yawned rudely: "How much longer?"

No response.

"Spike, how many ages is it till the sun rises? I'm sleepy,"—she stole a glance at his profile.

But Spike only turned on her a suddenly purposeful gaze from below a savage brow. Then he ripped the car to a start, and stepped on the power.

"Where—?" gasped Teedy. "You're not taking me home, Spike?"

"Not—taking you home."

"Then where—?"

They cut, like a gash, through the peacefully slumbering city; twenty miles out, on the Newark road, they ground to a stop. "Teedy, I'm taking you first to New York! Then, somehow, I'm taking you to Panama on the expedition with me. I'll wire the chief—a license at the first possible town—we'll sell the Blue Baby—I'm telling you now because, when the minister says 'Do you take this man?' I can't have you saying, 'I don't'. Well? What do you say?"

"Whylet's go!" she giggled.

"Teedy, you docare about me?"

"Hm."

"Better than Wheaton?"

"Uh-huh."

"Better than all the others?"

"Silly."

"Your mother—?" he remembered.

"Oh, I'll send mother a post card," Teedy dismissed her parent blithely.

"And the old lady, your grandmother—"

"We'll write Gram a letter. She'll bear up under the blow all right; she'll come darn near understanding, Gram will," Teedy credited her grandparent.

THE GOOD TURN

[Continued from page 10]

ought not to be allowed out alone," she said.

"Oh rot!" said Shandy. "Rot!"

"No, it isn't rot." She spoke with conviction. "It's sober fact. And it's a lucky thing for you that I'm not an adventuress."

Shandy laughed at that. "Why, that's just what I liked about you," he said. "You actually forgot to powder your nose before you came out. It's so rare nowadays to see a feminine nose in all its natural beauty, and yet, you know, it's heaps more appealing to the masculine sense than when it's all fogged over with paste and stuff."

She sat up straight and regarded him with severity. "Then I shall certainly powder it seven times over before I come on board," she said.

Shandy sent up a whoop of delight. "Then you're coming! You've said it!" She laughed rather hopelessly. "I don't know. I suppose—I suppose I am."

LIKE a schoolboy off for the holidays did Shandy take his departure a week or so later, having secured an elderly skipper and what he described to Aunt Olivia as "a crew of shell-backs."

He would have nothing more modern than steam about his yacht, being, as he said, an old-fashioned soul and having a great desire to forget the modern world with its jazz and its wireless during his fortnight at sea.

The hot weather was still unbroken when he steamed away, and the sea was like a lake.

"She won't be ill, that's one mercy, even on this cockle-shell," he reflected.

It was late in the evening when they reached Plymouth, but he found her waiting for him according to arrangement—a trim figure in blue serge, pale, evidently nervous, but rigidly self-contained. They had not met again since their ride in the taxi, a post-card from Shandy with the necessary information regarding the sailing of the yacht and another from her even more briefly acknowledging it being all that had passed between them.

"I say, this is great!" was his greeting. "Come straight aboard!"

"You are quite sure you mean me to come?" she said rather breathlessly, as his eager hand grasped hers.

"I'm quite sure I'm not going without you," said Shandy.

She laughed a little at that and said no more. When the flush of excitement died down he noticed that she looked very thin and worn, her face colorless, and in repose very sad. His heart warmed to her in pity.

The yacht was not leaving before dawn, and they went up on deck later and sat watching the lights of town and harbor in amicable silence—at least it was amicable from Shandy's point of view, but it presently dawned upon him that it might be different with the girl.

He tackled the matter at once with characteristic directness. "I say," he said, "you won't be homesick, will you?"

She looked at him in surprise. "I haven't a home for one thing," she said. "How could I be?"

"And you're not dreading the voyage?" he said.

She shook her head. "No, I'm not afraid of that sort of thing."

"And you've got your bearings so far as I am concerned?" he pursued. "You know you can trust me to take care of you decently and properly?"

She smiled faintly. "Oh yes, I know that, thank you," she said, and added a moment later: "Please don't let me be a trouble to you!"

"Oh, there's no danger of that," laughed Shandy.

He felt that the ice had thawed somewhat, and was about to reassure her still further when a message was brought by the cabin-steward that the captain would like a word with him. He departed, leaving her sitting by the deck-rail with thoughtful eyes upon the darkening water.

She had not moved when he returned a few minutes later, but she looked up at his coming with a gleam of welcome in her eyes.

A little later when she rose to go to her cabin he made an abrupt request. "I

say, may I use your Christian name?"

She hesitated. "Why?"

"Because," said Shandy. "I want to be friends with you if you'll let me, and I don't want you ever to say that you've no one in the world again."

"Very well," she said in her quiet, reserved way. "You may if you like."

"And what is it?" said Shandy.

"My name is Avis," she said.

"By Jove! I might have known it!" he ejaculated. "You're rather like a bird," explained Shandy. "Avis means bird, you know."

"Does it? I didn't know." She spoke as one not greatly interested.

"Yes, and look here! You'll call me Shandy, won't you?" he said persuasively.

She stood looking at him. "What is your real name?"

"My real name is a hopeless misfit—Eric Shandon. Isn't it ghastly?"

"Not at all," she said. "But I'll call you Shandy if you like."

"Thank you," he said with relief. "I can't stand on ceremony somehow. I say, I hope you'll be awfully happy and all that. You'll tell me if you want anything, won't you?"

"You don't seem to realize what you are doing for me," she said.

"Rats!" said Shandy. "It's the other way round. It's jolly decent of you to come."

"Oh, isn't it? I wonder how many in my position would have refused."

"Heaps and heaps," declared Shandy.

"Oh, don't be silly!" she said as she went away.

LIFE on board The Chaperone soon dropped into a very ordinary groove. The weather remained serene, and neither Shandy nor his guest experienced any qualms. He was delighted to see that her intense pallor began very soon to give place to a faint tinge of color. Perhaps it was scarcely possible that anyone should be in close touch with Shandy for any length of time and not yield to his geniality. She did not expand very greatly at any time, but he came to realize that he might venture upon casual terms of friendship.

At odd moments she told him something of her circumstances. Her mother had gone out to Canada as a girl at the breaking up of her home, to join a married brother out there. It had not turned out to be a happy move. There had been trouble with her brother's wife, and she had married as a means of escape. It had been against her brother's wish, and influenced by the wife, there had been a quarrel which had ended in a complete break between them. Later, left widowed with her child, she had returned to England with what little money she possessed, too proud to seek her brother's help. Insufficiently provided for, she had had a desperate struggle, but had managed to earn a living with her needle until her daughter was of an age to support herself. Then her health had completely broken down, and for eight years Avis Munro had slaved to keep them both afloat. It had been a terrible fight right up to her mother's death barely a year before. And finally, left alone, her own health had failed. She had gone to a doctor in despair and been bluntly told that if she did not take a long rest she would die. It had been her mother's last wish that she should return if possible to the brother in Canada, long lost sight of, and after protracted irresolution she had at last decided to go.

"I hope I may find work out there," she said, "even if I don't find him."

"By Jove, you are plucky!" was Shandy's comment.

She looked at him with her straight gaze. "Is it plucky to do what one must?"

They used to sit on deck for hours at a stretch, she with work of some sort and he amusing himself with a vast collection of magazines with which he had stocked the yacht before sailing. He had expected to be bored, but the extraordinary thing was that this never came to pass.

One day they were standing together at the deck-rail watching the great waves come hurling by, the wind and the rain in their faces. He turned and looked at her, and for the first [Turn to page 71]

To the women who long for soft washing-water

You can have it readily enough— with BORAX—wherever you are



BORAX
Softens water

OUR grandmothers knew this, and yet one still hears complaints about hard water. "It's so difficult to work with." "Takes so long to get the clothes clean." As if there wasn't a ready way to make hard water soft! Just a few tablespoonfuls of Borax to a gallon of water—and you have it.

Here is the whole story.

When you put soap in hard water, it doesn't combine readily, doesn't suds freely, and fails to cleanse as it should. Gray slime forms on top of the water or clings to bowl or tub. This is difficult to rinse from clothes and troublesome when ironing day comes.

Now Borax, by neutralizing the mineral elements in the water (in other words, softening the water) tends to overcome this condition. And soap and water unite to form the perfect suds which makes washing of any kind easy and thorough. Besides, Borax makes possible a really thorough rinsing which preserves the fabric from harmful substances which may otherwise cling to it.

Borax will not damage, discolor or fade the finest fabric. Nor will it harm your hands in the slightest. It actually is an antiseptic and helps to counteract the effect of too much soap and water on the hands.

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Remember Mother

THE best friend in the world, the one who is most anxious to see you happy, who prays for your success, who would believe in you though the whole world were against you—your mother.

Of course you will remind her of your love on the day that has been set apart for mothers. How she will cherish your Greeting Card on Mother's Day! And if you know some other mother who, perhaps, is lonely, send her a card too—for your own mother's sake. Mothers count the little things, and this is one you must not neglect!

MOTHER'S DAY is
Sunday, May 9

* * *

All through the year are occasions in the lives of those we love when the sending of a message of remembrance, congratulation, praise or encouragement is the thoughtful thing to do.

There is a Greeting Card for every occasion. Good shops everywhere carry generous assortments to choose from.

* * *

Anne Rittenhouse has written a charming little book on the use of Greeting Cards. This book contains also fifteen pages for arranging lists of those you wish to remember. A veritable "Social Secretary"—sent postpaid for 25c. Greeting Card Association, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Scatter Sunshine
with Greeting Cards



Keep a child among vicious surroundings and an ideal heredity counts for little



A child's father should be his best friend—not someone to be feared

A TALK to AMERICAN FATHERS

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

PART I

A MAN holds up a cigar store or a bank. Could you do it? No. Most of you have sons. Could you imagine your sons doing it? No. Our news columns, however, every day give detailed accounts of such occurrences.

Deeds of this kind would be impossible for a single man in this audience, yet there are perhaps thirty of you here, who, potentially, might rob a house or act the highwayman. Why would you not do it? Because such an act is foreign to your mental equipment. Again, why? Because you did not grow and develop that way. Mankind, animals, trees, flowers, all inorganic life that comes to complete development, is the result of fixed laws of nature. Our mental processes, our viewpoint, our relations to our fellow-men depend, among us who are normal people, on our associations and environment supplied during the formative period of our lives.

There are but few murders by accident or impulse and there are no accidental housebreakers. A man does not hold up a bank on impulse or under the urge of emotion; in order to do it he had to grow that way. Why does one man grow one way and another a different way as relates to his reactions to his neighbor and to society in general?

All human beings are brought into the world in a most immature state; there are sixteen and more years for the reception of impressions and the child begins to register impressions as soon as he is born. That a child may grow up honest, truthful, and possess the ability to think straight, his mental processes must be supplied with a soil in which such qualities will thrive.

You are not bandits or thugs because you did not have the contacts that develop a character of this type. Character is not inherited. The influences of heredity in character formation are greatly exaggerated; heredity plays a large part in physical characteristics and in personal appearance and has much to do with incentive and capacity for effort; but that is about as far as it goes. Place your boy

gerated; heredity plays a large part in physical characteristics and in personal appearance and has much to do with incentive and capacity for effort; but that is about as far as it goes. Place your boy

or girl, two years of age, with the good heredity that you have passed to him, under the daily associations of vicious and even careless surroundings; keep him there—and his ideal heredity will count for little more than naught.

On the other hand—and I have seen it in hundreds of adopted children—some with the most indifferent, most undesirable heredity develop into the finest type of American citizens when placed and reared in better class homes. When we hear of a human derelict whom we have known we are apt to say, "Nothing to wonder at! His father was a drunkard or a thief or otherwise bad. Heredity—pure and simple. What could be expected?" The fact is we forget that the child grew up and was nurtured in a vicious environmental soil.

It is in the home, through the right home-influences that high types of character are fashioned. How can we expect truth and honor to be implanted in the budding mind if the child-mind is never subjected to their influences? The mind of a child is always open, curious to know, inquisitive. His brain is a veritable sponge to absorb impressions. The life of a child is narrow; his contacts are with his family, his friends, his school fellows and, let us hope, his church associates. His amusements are his toys, games, play with his fellows; and by such influences is his character built. Make these features right and prisons will be empty and crime only a part of the mentally abnormal. In my long experience—covering thirty-seven years—of dealing with children of various social planes I have learned that the natural tendency of the child is toward the right and the true. Of course, some children are mental defectives or may be abnormal in other ways. I have had many patients of this nature; but among our millions of children they are exceptional and belong to the mentally ill. They are [Turn to page 117]



ANGELO PATRI

says:

Let The Children Share In The Daily Household Tasks

SEVEN-year-old Betty sat on the stairs, well off the field of action, watching her mother put the final touches on the birthday table. As the last card was laid in place she sighed and whispered to her equally wistful sister, "Wouldn't it be grand if mother fell down stairs and broke something so when the doctor was fixing her up you and I could do things?" Sister's shocked "O-oo!" carried no conviction of guilt. She too, craved her chance.

A child must become acquainted with the world about him through his senses. He must touch and taste and fetch and carry in order to understand life that swirls around him. He must experience life that he may live intelligently. Helping about the house is a fine way to stimulate this precious growth.

Children have great dignity and long to have it appreciated. They much prefer doing what they see the adults do to occupying themselves with the trivial and meaningless pastimes that fall to their lot. An honest bit of work done in sincerity increases their physical and mental stature, gives them confidence and power, lends incentive to their doing.

Wherever we serve we leave a bit of our better selves in token of our passing. The child who puts himself into the home of his childhood and youth will go forth from it with a far richer soul and a far brighter promise of happiness for having used his talent. What he shares is forever his own while what he hugs to him will surely go from him. Let him help.

THE GOOD TURN

[Continued from page 69]

time was struck by the fact that she was comely. "I'm sure she wasn't when I first saw her," he assured himself, almost as if in self-defence.

She certainly was now. The wind had brought a soft color to her face, and her cheeks were noticeably more rounded than of yore. Her eyes—"Well, I always knew she had decent eyes," said Shandy. "But eyes aren't everything. Besides—a girl out of a shoe-shop—"

Yes, a girl out of a shoe-shop, going to Canada in search of a relation, probably undesirable, possibly defunct—a steady, unromantic sort of girl with those practical qualities necessary to make an excellent colonist's wife.

"And she'll get snapped up directly she gets there," said Shandy disgustedly.

Somehow he felt aggrieved at the prospect. Yet without a doubt that was what was in store for her. And she would do it too. Girls would do anything to get married nowadays. He began to feel rather sick.

She turned towards him suddenly. She was laughing, gaily, girlishly, as he had never heard her laugh before. "Isn't it glorious?" she called through the rising gale. And then she saw his face and her own changed. "Oh, are you feeling seedy? I am so sorry."

A great wave struck the yacht so that she trembled from stem to stern.

"It's wonderful," the girl said. "I don't feel as if I have ever lived until to-day."

Had he been in an ordinary frame of mind he would scarcely have told her. As it was, he had blurted the truth almost before he realized it.

"You'll go and get married directly you get to Canada. I know you will. And that's such a rotten thing to do."

She froze at his words. He saw the old reserve fall like a veil between them.

"Why should I get married?" she said coldly. "Do you think I am the sort to throw myself at any man's head for a living?"

"Oh, good heavens, no!" said Shandy. "Don't—I say, don't—misunderstand me like that! It's more than I can bear."

She began to smile at his obvious distress. "I assure you I am not in the least likely to marry anybody," she said. "The idea does not attract me."

"It simply revolts me," said Shandy frankly. "And—you know—if you can't get work—mind, I'm not suggesting anything offensive—but if you can't get work, you might be tempted to try it as a last resource. But you wouldn't—of course you wouldn't! You'd come back to the dear old Chaperone, wouldn't you, and let me take you home?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't suppose so. In fact—no, of course not!"

"You would! Oh, you would!" said Shandy. "Look here, you've got to promise me that before we part. I won't put you ashore till you do."

She shook her head. "No, thank you very much. You have done more than enough for me as it is. And you have your own business to see to."

"Oh, hang that!" said Shandy easily. "That was only a pretext. I don't care really a tinker's curse about the Duffield Trust. Nor would you if—"

"The what?" she interrupted rather quickly.

"The Duffield Trust. Duffield was the man who owned it—founded it—the unknown, very distant cousin who died. John Fordham Duffield was his name. He started in Canada, I believe. It was just a lucky hit, you know. Pity there wasn't someone better than me to leave it to. Not that he left it to anyone. He died intestate. I was the next of kin—in fact, the only of kin so far as we know. They advertised, you know, and Aunt Olivia saw it. She had nothing to do with the Duffield side, but she knew all about them. There was no difficulty about establishing the relationship; but I've always thought I ought to go over and have a look at things personally some time. Not that I'm any good at business. Of course I'm no earthly." He suddenly smote the table. "I say, I've an idea—a ripping idea! You come too! You're used to figures and things; you come too and be my secretary! Give up this Canadian stunt! You'll never find your uncle now."

"I don't suppose I shall," she said. "And ten to one you'd hate him when found," pursued Shandy.

She shook her head in silence. Again a great wave struck the vessel. Simultaneously they turned and ran down the companionway to the cabin.

"By Jove!" said Shandy. "I say, you're not frightened, are you?"

She turned her face towards him. It was colorless as of yore. "Oh, no, not frightened," she said.

Then, holding to the table, she said: "I think I will go to my cabin."

But at the door of the saloon a tremendous lurch threw her against him. He caught and held her, bracing himself against the woodwork, for the yacht was rolling badly.

"Hang on to me!" said Shandy. And in a moment anxiously, "Avis! Avis! My dear! What is it?"

Her head had fallen back upon his shoulder, and he found, to his horror, that she was fainting.

He lifted her on to the velvet seat that ran along the side of the saloon, and knelt beside her, holding her lest the pitching of the vessel should fling her off.

"My dear!" he kept murmuring. "My dear! My dear!" And when she opened her eyes again, "Don't be frightened! I'm here. I'll take care of you."

She lifted a shaking hand. "Shandy! I'm so sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about," declared Shandy. "Or frightened either. It's as safe as houses."

"Is it?" she said weakly. "Is it?"

He took her hand and held it. "There! You're better now. Don't move! You're quite safe."

Her fingers twitched nervously in his hold. "So bad for you," she murmured.

He saw a big tear run down her cheek. In that moment something which had been smouldering like an undetected fire within him for longer than he realized suddenly leapt into hot, consuming flame.

She stirred in his arms. "Please!" she said. "I am all right now."

He stared at her as though he had never seen her before, and then as she stirred again he let her go and blundered to his feet.

"Ye gods!" he whispered again to his secret soul, and a second or two later with an odd, incongruous gasp of merriment, "What on earth will Aunt Olivia say?" What would she say indeed? That he should ever in the first place have befriended a girl out of a shoe-shop! If he chose—if he chose—to befriend this girl, what harm was there? In his own language he had done her a good turn. Who should gainsay it? And if it had led to something further, if he now found that she was adorable in her distress, and he adored her—he adored her—what of it? Whose business was it but his own? He wouldn't tell her. Oh no, he wouldn't tell her here on his own yacht. He was too much of a man for that. Yet he would win her somehow. For she was worth winning. She was altogether the best and finest thing in girls he had ever come across. He turned and looked down upon her, smiled upon her with frank friendliness. "That's right," he said. "Keep a stiff upper lip! We'll come through this, never fear."

THEY did not go to their cabins that night. The storm increased in violence, and they sat side by side in the saloon holding hands very tightly throughout the awful hours of darkness.

They spoke scarcely at all during that time. Neither of them expected to live through the night though they did not tell each other so. It was the most terrific storm they had ever been through.

When morning broke, gray and wan through the port-holes, they were still pitching hopelessly at the mercy of the waves while the wind shrieked overhead.

Shandy turned and looked at his companion in the pale light.

"You're a brick!" he said.

She shook her head. "Oh no! It's easy to be brave in company. I should have been terrified alone."

"So should I," said Shandy honestly. "But you won't mind if I leave you a moment now. I want [Turn to page 73]

All pain stopped and healing begun

... a few minutes after using this remarkable surgical dressing prescribed by thousands of physicians

TERRIFIED SOBS! Tiny fingers or rosebud cheeks blistering—swelling.

To ease their heartbreaking pain instantly . . . To dress the burn so healing starts at once preventing infection and ugly scars . . .

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The dressing that affords threefold protection. Instant blessed relief from pain! Thorough antiseptic action without smarting or irritation. Immediate starting of the healing process, preventing scars whenever possible.

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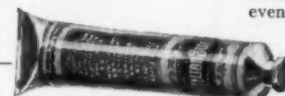
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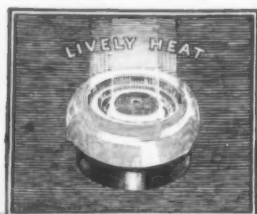
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The Red Star "Lively Heat" Burner has no wicks. It turns kerosene into a vapor or gas. It is this gas that burns. And gas heat is a perfect "Lively Heat." That is why the Red Star gives perfect cooking and baking results. Cooking starts the instant burner is lighted.

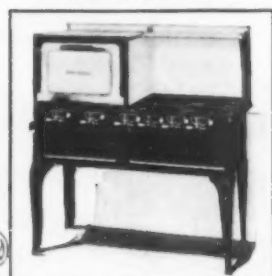
A cool kitchen

Like the gas stove burner and electric stove burner the Red Star "Lively Heat" Burner gives a concentrated, direct heat. This means a cool kitchen in summer.

There is a size of Red Star for every need—two to six "Lively Heat" Burners. No burners to replace. No pipes or pressure tanks. Sanitary. Easy to clean. Built for a lifetime. The cheapest oil stove to use. And the only oil stove with this patented "Lively Heat" Burner. See your dealer or write us at once for information and a free copy of the Red Star Book. Address Dept. E.

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Dahlias offer a wider choice than any one other flower except the rose. They are classified under four types—pompon, decorative, peony-flowered and cactus

ANYONE CAN GROW DAHLIAS

BY DOROTHY GILES



THERE is little doubt that the most popular flower in America today is the dahlia. From coast to coast its dominion is unchallenged, and among its enthusiasts are numbered millionaire landed-proprietors who "go in for" cups and medals and blue ribbons at the Horticultural Shows, fanciers who are experimenting with the propagation of new varieties, and thousands of busy commuters who, having only an hour or two in the cool of each day for gardening pursuits, dedicate them gladly to the service of the dahlia.

And it is service too—for these proud beauties of late summer are insistent in their demands. Their supply of water must not fail no matter how dire a drought pervades the land; there must be frequent and thorough cultivation, generous feedings of liquid manure or bone meal while the buds are forming, and a chastening hand on the buds themselves, lest quantity production lower the quality of the blooms.

But when these wants have been filled, when the brittle, juicy stems have been carefully staked—and it is always best to set the stakes at the time of planting, since driving them in later may injure the tubers—when west wind and drought and hail storm have withheld their rigors, then how gloriously is one's service repaid! Surely, no other flower, except it be the peony, wears so regal an air; and no peony petal can equal in texture the deep-piled velvet of the dahlia bloom.

The flower's present vogue is of recent development in this country. A generation ago and the name conjured up only the vision of a prim, tightly quilled rosette, too often of a dingy magenta hue, scentless and without charm. Though the plant is a native of Mexico we owe its development—as well as its popular name—to the Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl, who began to experiment with it in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Doubtless, Dahl's experiments were inspired by the "tulip mania" which was even then exciting all Europe and in course of which fortunes were made and unmade overnight. Perhaps he foresaw a corresponding monetary value in the roots which he brought home with him from Mexico. If he did, though he himself was doomed to disappointment, his faith in the flower has been justified for today it is not at all unusual for new or especially fine varieties to sell for several hundred dollars apiece; and not a few men and women are finding that dahlias yield a higher return per acre than any other crop.

It remained however, for the French Empress Josephine to give the flower the cachet of royal favor. That great lady,

after Napoleon divorced her, retired to the seclusion of Malmaison where she lightened the burden of her exile by becoming an ardent gardener. Her especial flower favorite was the dahlia, which she planted with her own hands, and which bloomed with such splendor that it became her custom each year when the flowers were at their height, to receive those members of the fashionable world of Paris who still remembered her and the days of her glory, and to conduct them in person about the gardens. One

might look and linger and admire to one's heart's content, but the rule of Eden held here, too—one might not touch. Nor would the jealous mistress of the garden allow a single bloom, much less a seed or a root of her precious dahlias to go out of her possession.

Only one person dared to disobey, and that a Polish prince who coveted some of the great velvety blossoms for his own. He bribed an under-gardener with the promise of one louis d'or apiece, to steal one hundred tubers of the finest sorts and send them to the Prince's estate near Warsaw. When the theft was discovered the wrath of the ex-imperial garden-owner knew no bounds. She vented her chagrin by ordering her servants to dig up all the dahlias that remained and to cast them out into the ditch beside the high road. And thenceforward no more dahlias were grown at Malmaison.

The ex-empress's petulance seems to me surprising in view of the fact that all the dahlia enthusiasts I have known are marked by their generous willingness to exchange, it may be a root of Norma Dee Childs, for a tuber of Autumn King; or a basket full of the prolific pompons for a clump of one of the decorative sorts. All they ask—and rightly—is that the gift be reckoned at its true worth, and treated with the respectful care that is due to all growing things.

Dahlias, as we know them today are classified in four distinct types—Decorative; Peony-flowered; Cactus and Pompon. There are sub-divisions and many "crosses" for the plant lends itself to experiment at the hands of the amateur as well as the professional grower. Indeed, I know no better adventure than comes in a packet of dahlia seeds.

If these are planted in flats under glass very early in the spring, the young seedlings "pricked out" later into thumb-pots and planted in the garden late in May about the time the tubers are being set out, they will blossom in September of the same year. There is no knowing what they will prove to be—the only sure thing about the experiment being the surprise. Who knows, one may "discover" thereby a new variety—lovelier far than any already known, and find a fortune in its beauty.

As the seedlings bloom, discard and destroy all plants that have ugly flowers and those that are misshapen or weak stemmed. Remember, that one of the "points" of a fine dahlia is a stem strong enough to hold up the heavy blossom.

I say "destroy" advisedly, for the fine varieties which are now everywhere rapidly superseding the old, common sorts should not be subjected to the dangers of contamination from unworthy neighbors. [Turn to page 90]



Vision

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

*You who have eyes, and yet who cannot see
Beauty and loveliness in common things:
The veil of silver that the rain-cloud flings
Against the darkness of a hemlock tree;
The gleam of dawn-stars in the limpid sky
Of lavender and pearl and deep'ning blue;
The sapphire song of mountain lakes that through
Pale mists of morning, shimmering gently, lie;
A little child's glad smile—a soft caress;
In mother-eyes a holy tenderness . . .*

*You who have eyes, and yet who cannot see
Beauty and loveliness in common things:
Across the hills the morning light that brings
A lilt to every wind-sung melody;
The flash of whiteness on a sea-wave's crest;
The peace and stillness of the twilight hours;
And all the wonderment of tiny flowers;
The pulsing gold against a lark's warm breast;
You who are blind—awake! and lift your eyes
To see the loveliness of dawn-starred skies!*

THE GOOD TURN

[Continued from page 71]

to see what's happening up above." She put out a detaining hand as he moved to go. "You won't—you won't get washed overboard, will you?" He laughed, patted her hand, and promised.

It was more than a quarter of an hour before he returned, dripping from head to foot. "Don't be so bothered," he said. "We're still afloat, and the wind is going down."

"I was only bothered about you," she said. "And—and, Shandy, why have the engines stopped?"

He balanced himself with difficulty on the edge of the table facing her.

"The screw is broken," he said. "We've got to drift till someone picks us up."

She opened her lips in horror, and then closed them again tightly.

The next moment Shandy was somewhat abruptly pitched from his perch and thrown forward at her feet.

She bent forward quickly, and suddenly, before either of them knew it, her hands were caught in his.

"I can't help it," he said, and the words rushed out anyhow, helter-skelter, like the storm. "You're so ripping. You never cry out. Avis—darling—if we come out of this, and we shall—please God, we shall—say you'll marry me!"

"Hush!" she said. "Hush! You—you don't know what you're saying."

"I do!" he vowed hotly. "I do! I love you! Don't you realize that? It's sheer torture to think of parting with you after this. Avis, don't you love me at all? Don't you think you ever could?"

"Oh, it isn't that!" she said. "You don't know anything about me. You don't know who I am."

"I know you're the one woman in the world that matters!" he vowed passionately. "I don't care about anything else."

She still held back. "You mean you care enough to want me—whatever—whatever I may be?"

"Yes!" he said quietly. "I mean just that!"

She drew a deep breath, was about to speak, when suddenly from up above through the still howling blast there came a voice: "Steamer ahoy! Steamer ahoy!"

She freed herself from his hold. "We won't talk any more now," she said. "Perhaps—some other time—"

LATER, Shandy went up on deck. Half-a-mile away was a large steamer.

"Are they going to tow us?" said Shandy.

The skipper nodded.

"Well, look here!" said Shandy. "Miss Munro has had enough of this boat for the present. And so have I. We're going aboard that liner as soon as it's safe to get there." He went down to the saloon.

Avis was kneeling on the velvet cushions looking out through the porthole.

She turned her head and looked at him over her shoulder. "What is going to happen?"

"This," said Shandy. "You and I are going to board that liner as soon as we can safely get there."

She turned fully round. "Why?"

"For several reasons," said Shandy. "One is that they are going to tow the yacht, and I don't want to be towed, do you? I'll tell you the others later."

"No; now, please!" Her tone was gentle but emphatic.

Shandy braced himself as though for a struggle. "Well," he said almost defiantly, "I can't make love to you here for one thing. It isn't cricket. And another thing is, I can't marry you either. On board that liner I can. And—if you've no serious objection—I'm going to."

"Oh!" she said. A soft color appeared and spread over her white cheeks. "Oh!"

"Have you any objection?" he demanded.

She made a slight gesture with her hands, a gesture that held appeal. "Shandy," she said, "wouldn't it be much better—better for you, I mean—if you let me go at the end of this voyage—right away—right out of your life—so that you never hear of me again? Please, I want you to think very seriously about this. You know nothing whatever about me, and if you agree to this you never will know anything more. I owe you that for all you have done for me—out of

sheer goodness and chivalry. It's a big debt, and I want you to know that I am willing—quite willing—to pay it. Shandy."

"I don't understand you," said Shandy.

She smiled rather wanly. Her hands were tightly clasped now. "I mean—I mean just this," she said. "If you knew all about me, you wouldn't—I know you wouldn't—want to marry me."

"Haven't I told you that I love you? Avis—Avis, look at me! Don't you know what love means?"

She made a small movement of resistance. "It isn't that!" she said, a faint catch in her voice. "It isn't that!"

"You love me then?" he insisted, drawing her to him. "Why not say it, darling?"

She broke down suddenly, hid her face upon his breast. "Oh, Shandy—Shandy—if I say I'll marry you, will you promise—that you won't back out afterwards?"

"Don't you know me better than that?"

"Yes, I do know you—I do know you!"

She was openly sobbing now. "And if I go away—and I am quite willing to go away—you need never know. I don't want you to know, Shandy."

"My dear!" he said. "I don't care whether I know or not. It's you I want."

"Oh, but will you always?" she whispered, clinging to him convulsively.

He held her closer. "Always," he said. "Always, darling, till I die!"

She trembled in his arms. "I've nowhere to go," she said.

"That's a mercy!" commented Shandy. "You've given up this uncle idea then."

"Yes. You see—you see—he's dead."

"Dead?" echoed Shandy. "How on earth do you know? You didn't know the last time you talked about him."

"Yes, I did," she said. "It was you who told me."

"I!" said Shandy, confounded.

"Yes!" she said. "I've only got to tell you his name. His name—Shandy, his name was—John Fordham Duffield."

"What?" said Shandy.

His arms slackened in sheer amazement, but in a moment hers were round his neck, her fingers tightly locked. "You can't get away!" she said. "You can't get away! Shandy, I'll kiss you now."

There was no resisting her. She was as one in whom the long-deferred flower of youth had suddenly bloomed. He caught her passionately to him.

Then, on a deep breath, "But why—why on earth didn't you tell me as soon as you knew?" he questioned.

She uttered a quivering laugh. "My dearest, do you think I would ever have told you if—if you hadn't loved me enough to want to marry me?"

He did not echo her laugh. His face was almost stern, but the holding of his arms belied it. "I must put this thing right at once," he said. "You ought to have told me before."

"Everything is right," she made answer.

"Nothing need be altered. If it hadn't been so, I would have died sooner than tell you."

"But, Avis, do you realize that everything—the money—the yacht—belongs to you? You are the next of kin."

"Yes, I know," she said. "That is why you never would have known."

"But that's wrong!" he protested.

"That's wrong. I ought to have known."

"You never would have known," she repeated.

"But why not? Why not?" he said.

"Avis, there's something here that I don't understand. You couldn't—have meant to keep this thing to yourself!"

She laughed again tremulously, triumphantly, and in her eyes there shone a revealing glory that stilled his agitated questioning once and for all. "Shandy—Shandy!" she said. "If you can't understand this, then you don't know the very beginnings of love."

His look changed; the sternness turned to reverence.

"Do you love me as much as that, Avis?" he said. "How long—how long have you loved me?"

She lifted her lips to his again. The glory did not fade, but it passed into sheer mirth. "I have loved you," she said, "I have loved you ever since you sold that most unsuitable pair of shoes to your Aunt Olivia—the day you wanted to do me a good turn."

FRESH-CLEAN and ROSY

—yet her finger-tips touching germs of disease



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DEL MONTE SPINACH



be away on a walk with friends who are visiting me. You look tired. If you arrived today, I don't wonder. That's a long trip. Perhaps you'll have some tea with me."

"Thank you," said the girl. She followed Mary into the house.

"You'll be comfortable there," said Mary, designating Wilbur's armchair. The girl gave Mary a scarcely perceptible smile as she took the proffered place.

"You have been to school," Mary went on to the girl, "I know because you speak so well. Have you come back to the desert to stay?"

"I was sent back. Now I am leaving for good. I go to Flaggerston on the mail-stage tonight. That is why I came to see Joy; I may never see her again."

"You are going far?" inquired Mary. "Yes. Exactly where I do not know. California some place maybe, after—a while."

"But you can always write to Joy. If your parents consent I will adopt her legally. That is—I want to." Mary thought suddenly of Wilbur to whom children were a nuisance, and involuntarily her eyes strayed to his picture. When she looked at Magdaline again she saw that the girl had followed the direction of her glance and was contemplating the picture, too. Suddenly it seemed that the girl was staring like some wild creature of the woods startled in flight by the sound of a shot. The girl rose and swiftly sped to the mantel. Her action amazed Mary.

She snatched the picture and extended it in a shaking hand. "Who is this?" she demanded hoarsely.

"Mr. Newton," Mary replied, more alarmed than before.

Magdaline accepted the reply with a defiant toss of her head and a sound, half laugh and half cry. "What is he to you?"

Mary felt as if she had been thrown into a whirling eddy where on each turn Wilbur's face flashed by her. "My husband," she said through trembling lips.

"Your husband?" the girl cried hysterically. "Not your brother? ... Mr. Newton, Mrs. Newton... Your husband you say! Then he lied to me. He said he was not married. No one ever told me anywhere that he was married. Names can be the same when people are not related. I did not think of such a thing when they told me about Joy and you. You were so good, they said. How can he be your husband when you are so good?" Shaken by the force of her emotion she sank against the mantel for support.

Mary felt her inward self retreating from the presence of this girl and from the Wilbur whom she knew. Even her voice seemed far away as she said, "What are you talking about? What do you mean?"

The girl closed her eyes as if to shut the sight of Mary from her. "Nothing. You must forgive me."

"That is no answer!" cried Mary. "Tell me the truth. I demand it."

"I—knew him—at Sage Springs—where he has a trading post," the girl went on. "I thought maybe some day he would marry me. I was all alone. My people did not want me. White people did not understand me. I was unhappy. I could not live like an Indian. He came to me with soft, comforting words. He whispered love to me. He seemed so big and strong. He said Indians were better than white people. He wanted to be friends with the Indians. Then I found why. He sold them whiskey. I hated him then, and his friend Hanley of whom he talked. White devils both of them! Just the same, I asked Wilbur Newton to marry me. I found I had to get married. He refused, sent me away, gave me fifty dollars. Said no decent white man married an Indian girl. I wanted to kill him then. Maybe it is better to tell you than to kill him. I do not care if he loves you. I am through with him. He is a rattlesnake—poisonous—poisoning my people. Maybe your hate will kill him."

A terrible moan escaped Mary. It had been rising to stifle her, gathering in force. Then she felt hands upon her. The Indian girl was kneeling by her side. Involuntarily she shrank from her touch.

"Mrs. Newton, forgive me," the girl pleaded. "I did not know he was married. I did not know you were waiting for him here. There is, then, something

DESERT BOUND

(Continued from page 21)

worse than being an Indian who is an outcast among her people. It is any woman an outcast from the love of her husband. Hear me when I say that my heart breaks for you. I thought it could break no more."

Mary bent an intent gaze on the tragic upturned face, her mind for the moment clear of agony, recording without effort. "Me for money, you for his desires! From the tricky Northerner to the hungry-hearted Indian girl!" she cried aloud. An ugly passion was born in her that moment. Like the girl who knelt by her side she wanted to kill Wilbur Newton. Degraded himself, he had dragged her with him. Her passion mounted like a flame until her very body seemed to burn and sway under its feverish thrall.

An anguished cry from the Indian girl came to her dully, "Mrs. Newton, take your revenge on me if you will, only do not look like that—like someone who has seen death! I could kill myself for sorrow!"

Then Mary's faculty of reasoning returned. She knew she was not alone in her despair, that she shared her experience and pain with this girl of an alien race. Her arm slipped protectingly around Magdaline's shoulders. The taut body relaxed into the voluminous protecting folds of native dress and, like a child, Magdaline's head sought Mary's lap. They sat in silence until a car driven under high power tore noisily down the avenue. It startled Mary to terrifying recollection. That might be Wilbur. Any car coming into town might bring Wilbur. She had sent for him. He was coming. It was horrifying to contemplate.

She grasped Magdaline, compelling the girl's attention. "You must go on to Flaggerston. Stay until I come, no matter how long that is. You can't go through your trouble alone. I will help you. We must face things together."

So she persuaded the girl to rise, and herself stood and waited for strength to return to her unsteady limbs. Then gently she urged Magdaline to the door. Neither of them said a word. Black eyes with haunted look was all that Mary distinguished in the dark oval face that for a moment was turned full toward her.

Mary went to the kitchen. Why, she did not know. She went to the cupboard, took out a pan, looked at it, thrust it back, shut the cupboard door. She talked to herself in an excited whisper. "What am I doing? What can I do? How can I change it? ... There's nothing to do. I'm his wife. I sent for him. I wrote that I wanted him! Oh dear God, what made me write that I wanted him?" The sound of the words amplified. "Five days—six days—it's too late! He has the letter. And I sent John away. I sent John away. And he's never coming back again!"

AN hour later Katharine was packing a valise. While she worked she spent part of the time in strange meditation, and the rest meeting Alice's inquiries. She was basking in the vindication of self for her long established dislike of Wilbur when Alice interrupted by asking how long she would be gone. "I can't tell," Katharine replied. "My idea is to get Mary away so if Wilbur does come she'll be gone. It would kill her to see him now. She's a sick girl. She's been under a fearful strain for months. Her idea to send Billy Horton to find John is absurd to me, but I'm pretending to believe in it so I can get her away."

"And if that awful man descends on me?" asked Alice with a shudder.

"You know nothing. Take Joy and go at once to Mrs. MacDonald."

Katharine felt Alice's hand on her shoulder arrestingly and looked up. "You're a very dear, Katharine, always doing for others, and never for yourself," Alice said sadly.

"And what do you think we're put in the world for?"

"Some of us to fight T. B. and disappointments," Alice returned.

"Disappointments?" echoed Katharine. "Oh, not in things concerning myself, but concerning others, things for others that would really be best for them."

"The narrow, provincial little self again, objecting to poor Mary!" thought

Katharine. "Joy will take all your attention while we're gone," she said gently. "Perhaps you'll forget whatever it is that disturbs you so."

Presently Billy arrived driving an automobile borrowed from Mr. MacDonald. Mary had a deathly pallor. Her eyes were frightened, betraying the condition of her mind. Having said goodbye to Joy and Alice, she shrank back in the shadow of the automobile, as if to hide her shame from prying eyes.

JOHN stepped out of the Flaggerston postoffice a disappointed man. No one knew of an Indian girl calling recently for mail; no one had seen or heard of a person of her description. He was sick and dizzy. Two days ride at killing pace for both horse and rider left him worse for wear. He needed food, a doctor, sleep.

Food was his first consideration, now he was through at the postoffice, so he went to a restaurant on Main Street and, choosing a seat by the window, sat down to enjoy a substantial meal. Opposite him was a man with a newspaper, from which, as a page was being turned, John's eye caught a caption—COWBOY MARRIES INDIAN GIRL. "Everybody's doing it," thought John grimly.

Ravenously he ate. Meanwhile his gaze swept the street for a glimpse of a Navajo girl. He saw only white people; cowboys, young girls, women with market bags. His meal over, John left the restaurant for the Main Street hotel where, from a comfortable chair, he could continue his surveillance through the plate glass front of the lobby. It would be a while before a doctor had the pleasure of ordering him to bed. He was less dizzy now that he had eaten, but desire to sleep was more urgent. He registered in his mind everyone who passed. Pretty girl. Skinny woman. Leary looking Mexican. Boys scheming mischief. . . . More boys—almost ran that woman down. . . . A cowboy. . . . Blamed familiar cowboy!

"Blamed familiar cowboy," John repeated aloud. He leaped to his feet and strode out, conscious of following eyes. "High-Lo, the beggar!" he muttered.

He caught up with him quickly and hailed him with a whack on his shoulder. High-Lo swung around abruptly. His surprise vanished in a smile. "What are you doing here?" John asked angrily.

"Lookin' for you. An' you know it."

"Had to follow me!"

"Had to stop you from marryin' Magdaline."

"You can't."

"Yes I can. Fact is, I have. Evidently you haven't seen the morning papers."

"What are you driving at?"

"I married Magdaline myself, yesterday," John stared at High-Lo confounded.

"Congratulate me, you duffer."

"You married Magdaline yesterday?" said John when at last he spoke. "How could you—yesterday?"

"With the help of a parson. . . . You see, you didn't leave me at Black Mesa. I left you there. Pulled out at two in the morning. Framed it with Weston, who loaned me his car. I talked straight from the shoulder to Weston. He knows everything now. But I didn't tell Weston I'd marry Magdaline. Said I'd send her away. I meant it then. Then I knew you'd follow quick an' maybe find her. You'd be all the more determined. Nothin' to do but for me to marry her. It was a pretty keen idea. It come to me on the desert."

"But, you loosed fool, you don't—"

John stopped.

"Love her, I suppose you were goin' to say. No more did you. At that, I guess I did care more. Didn't she help save my life? Even if she was follerin' you when she did it, that don't change things none. An' didn't I go make her a quilt that you never gave her? Never made nothin' for a girl before that. Now I'm goin' to make her a bum husband. She's got the worst of the bargain."

Something like a sob rose in John's throat. "Laying down your life for me, eh, High-Lo. My madness drove you to this extremity? Man! Why did you do it?"

"Could I let you do it? Could I take the slightest chance?" There was a beautiful light in High-Lo's eyes. His nostrils quivered as he spoke. "Couldn't you see folks would say the kid was yours? What if we went to Mexico? It would leak out some way, and your goin' would look the worse. With me, they'd laugh, sort of pokin' fun. They'd [Turn to page 77]

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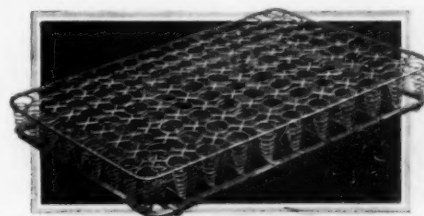
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DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 74]

expect it of me. They'd put it down to devilry. But you? You're different? An' you were forgettin' the other girl. I'd die fore I'd have her makin' you out a skunk. She never would smile again then."

"It's for life," John said dully. "You're not the kind to quit her because she's Indian and it's easy."

"No more than you would. You weren't thinkin' these things for yourself. Why are you thinkin' them for me? Look here! I'm a pretty lucky fellow far as the wife goes. Get on to me with an educated wife! No educated white woman with brains like Magdaline would look at me twice. 'Course—there's Newton... I don't like that much."

John comprehended slowly. "Newton!" he gasped.

"That's right. You didn't know," said High-Lo. "Yes. Magdaline gave me the straight of it. An' say—she run across Mrs. Newton in Taho an' spilled to her. She didn't know there was a Mrs. Newton, pore kid! Like to drove her crazy."

High-Lo's words, like blows, splintered John's thoughts into pricking weapons. "Merciful heaven!" he cried. "Where's Newton now? Where's she?"

"We're goin' to find out, Buddy," said High-Lo. "We'll ride back hot-foot, after you get some rest."

John, trying to laugh, made a strange choking sound. "Rest?" he struggled to say. "How can I rest now? For heaven's sake take me to her!"

He felt suddenly deathly sick. The street whirled around beneath him. He reeled against High-Lo. Then everything went black. He was plunging downward into this darkness, and High-Lo, far away, was saying, "Get me a car. This man's sick. Yes. To the hospital."

OPENING his eyes upon white walls of an all white room and upon High-Lo talking to a woman in white, John remembered those last words. He was in bed. His clothes were off and replaced by a night-shirt. On his shoulder which throbbed was a neat new bandage. He strained to hear the lowered conversation through which he caught his name.

"I'll ask the doctor." That was the nurse.

"I'm sure you can't keep him more than a couple of days." That was High-Lo. He went on, "Be worse for him to stay. He's got to settle some affairs that are worryin' him, an' he'd go loco waitin'."

High-Lo then saw that John had come to. He saluted him with a comic gesture. "Now we've got you put," he said. "Taken your clothes away. Don't worry, cowboy. I'll get you out soon."

High-Lo won the doctor's confidence, and John was dismissed from the hospital in two days. Accompanied by Magdaline, they journeyed to Taho, where they found Mary had fled. MacDonald informed them that Billy Horton had borrowed his car to take Mrs. Newton and her friend to Black Mesa. So far as he knew, Newton had not been seen in Taho. John was satisfied that they must go to Black Mesa at once. Late evening of that day they reached Castle Mesa, where they spent the night, and next morning arrived at the post.

Weston rushed out to them. On High-Lo's presentation of his wife, he was aghast, but soon collecting himself muttered, "Thank God!" and pumped John's hand vigorously. "Mrs. Newton here?" asked John.

"Yes, and Miss Winfield," said Weston. Mr. and Mrs. Weston were sorrowful. Beany, who had returned, seemed unhappily out of place. An Indian girl slipped through the living room carrying a tray, and a minute later John recognized Katharine's voice down the hall, "Yes, thank you, Mrs. Newton is better."

John looked around helplessly, praying for someone to speak. Weston relieved the strain. "She collapsed after I told her you'd seen Newton and chances were he had her message. And when she found that you had gone—you understand I couldn't tell her why—she just went under. Miss Katharine's been nursin' her."

Katharine joined them at lunch. She took John's presence for granted. Mag-

daline she received as if she had been a friend and High-Lo also happily. After lunch High-Lo and Magdaline went to the hogan on the hill, for Magdaline needed rest, and High-Lo wanted to make sure she would be comfortable. John had an opportunity to talk to Katharine and it was not long before High-Lo joined them. They planned then that Katharine should tell Mary John had come.

Suddenly the sound of a shot split the air. Then followed an ear-piercing shriek. John and High-Lo stared at each other. "What was that?" they asked simultaneously.

Instantly Weston, his wife, and Beany were on their feet. Then John tore out of the room with High-Lo close behind. At the kitchen door stood the Indian maid waving arms frantically toward the hogan. "Up there!" she cried.

"Magdaline!" groaned High-Lo.

A riderless horse wheeled away as they approached. John remembered in a flash that very horse wheeling from him once before. Wilbur Newton had ridden him then. He heard the thud of other hoofs bearing down his way, but his eyes were on the hogan door. As he made it he felt High-Lo at his heels.

John stared in horror. High-Lo's cry shook him as completely as the thing he saw. On the floor, arms spread wide, face ghastly and drawn, lay Wilbur Newton dead. And nearby, her hand still grasping the revolver, was Magdaline, swaying in dry-eyed agony. She seemed slow to comprehend that they had come, yet, when aware, she sprang to her defense with the fierceness of an animal at bay. "I killed him!" she screamed. "He would not let me go! I killed him."

Voices sounded outside. A figure glided into the room and knelt swiftly at Newton's side, only to back away dismayed. Pete, the Navajo guide, came strangely from a tragic past into a tragic present.

Magdaline shrank from High-Lo who leaped over the body to reach her. "He would not let me go!" she reiterated wildly. "He held me tight!"

Then High-Lo was beside her drawing her head down to his shoulder. "High-Lo, I did not mean to kill him," she sobbed. "Sure, you didn't," said High-Lo. "Everybody knows you didn't. Nobody's goin' to hurt you. Tell us what happened."

The others had come. They stood stricken to silence. Magdaline's sobs seemed terrible through that silence. "Tell what happened," High-Lo repeated gently.

The girl looked up, at the same time pushing her disheveled hair from her eyes, and with her hand clutching High-Lo's arm, her eyes intent on his, she spoke with fearful haste. "I heard somebody. Then Wilbur came crouching into the room. He was looking back, always back. I sat up. Your belt and gun you left there on the floor. I picked it up quick to put beside me so he could not see it. He heard me. He turned frightened. Then he cried my name, glad-like. He came very close. Talked very fast. Said an Indian followed him everywhere for days. He said he was starving—said he was afraid—said I must hide him from the Indian. I did not know what to think. He has lied to me before. I hate him. I looked in his eyes. Somehow he made me look in his eyes. I saw there something terrible—like he wanted to take possession of me again. I wanted you then, High-Lo. I was so afraid. I got up to go. He came so close. He took my hands. He said he loved me—he came to marry me. I was so frightened. I tried to scream and I could not scream. I tried to pull away. His arms came around me tight and his face so close, and he pushed me back. Your gun was there. It came into my hand, High-Lo. I did not know it. It was there so quick without thinking. When I felt it, I knew I was safe. 'I can get to High-Lo', I said to myself. I kept saying, 'I can get to High-Lo', and it made me strong so I could push him away. But he stood in front of me again, with his eyes making me look at him and his arms clutching. And I kept saying, 'I can get to High-Lo', and I cried it out to him, and the gun was there between us, tight against me, tight against him, and my finger pressed when I said, 'I [Turn to page 78]



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NOTHING ROBS A MOTHER of the freshness and bloom of her youth quite so cruelly as the strain of children's sickness, or the constant fear that they may become sick.

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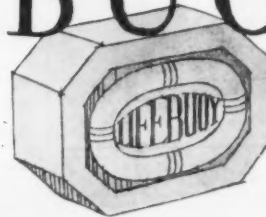
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(Only one package to a person)

Send for 3-day trial

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DESERT BOUND

(Continued from page 77)

can get to High-Lo'. There was the sound then, and he fell and I saw the smoke and the blood and smelled cloth burning. That's what happened, High-Lo." Her hands went fluttering to her neck as if to recount this had choked her.

Pete spoke up. "I follow Hosteen Newton. One day go Sage Springs. Hosteen Newton in post. Door locked. Hosteen Newton go when Pete sleep. Pete follow Hosteen Newton to Black Mesa. Hosteen Newton dead." He brought a stained crumpled letter from his blouse and handed it to John. John shuddered. He was receiving a bloody weapon; for verily, the letter had been both Hanley's and Newton's undoing.

Magdaline was wearing out her terror in sobs which she smothered on High-Lo's shoulder. Mr. Weston and Beany covered Newton's body with Indian rugs. Then John caught a suggestion from Weston to send out Magdaline and High-Lo. He heard Katharine and Mrs. Weston leave. He was so stunned by the shocking event and the extenuating circumstances there seemed no time beyond that stupefying present. Silently he communicated Weston's hint to High-Lo. High-Lo swept Magdaline in his arms and strode from the hogan. Then Weston advised John to go. "Leave this to us," he said. "We'll box him. Coroner will have to have a look in, and the law go its course. But don't be worryin' none."

John wanted to go. There was terrible revulsion in the thought of laying even a finger on the carcass of the coward whose fear had driven him to his doom.

Mary's voice, plying frantic questions, came to him before he reached the house. Slim in a flowing dark wrap, her black hair enveloping her like a cloud, she was begging that some one break her frenzy of suspense. When she saw John she stood like one transfixed. He looked at her helplessly and murmured, "Mary!"

That seemed to release her. She was a breathing, demanding creature again. She swept toward him authoritatively. "You tell me, John. They won't."

Conscious that she intuitively knew, that uncertainty and evasions would be worse than the truth, he said, "Your husband is dead, Mary. Don't ask for particulars now. There's time enough to know them."

"Someone shot him. You didn't do it," she said with a strange calm.

"No. Not I," John returned firmly. She smiled the most distressing smile he had ever seen. "I want to faint," she said, "and I can't." Then she turned from him still smiling, and walked past the others, ostensibly serene, so dignified was the complete gesture.

Not a word passed between the group in the room until a door closed down the hall. Then Katharine said, "I'd better go to her."

"Magdaline needs attention," said Mrs. Weston, nodding toward the couch where she lay clinging to High-Lo's hand. "Take her to my room and stay with her. I'll be in soon."

High-Lo obeyed. John dropped heavily to the nearest chair.

Mrs. Weston, absent for a long time, at length appeared to John in the living room where he restlessly paced the floor. "Magdaline won't be a mother now," she said in her quiet, direct way. "That's over. She's in no condition to appear in court for days. You and High-Lo must go without her tomorrow. Miss Katharine will bring her to Flagston later."

"Nature, cruelly kind," muttered John. Unable to restrain his anxiety about Mary longer he asked, "And Mrs. Newton? How is she?"

Mrs. Weston gave a backward glance down the hall. "Here's Miss Katharine. She's just looked in on her. She'll tell you."

Another minute and John had, without a word, asked Katharine his poignant question. "I'd give everything I own if she would cry," said Katharine. "It's you she needs. Go to her. Third door to the right."

John went. He was in the room, without memory of having knocked. He was at the side of her bed kneeling, begging forgiveness.

"I wondered if you were coming!" Her

call pierced his heart. It released the terrible pain. His head sank to the pillow into the cloud of her hair.

She was whispering to him, words falling in hysterical haste. "I love you. I need you. I can't go on without you!" Her cheek was against his, restfully. He heard a soft sob. He felt something wet slip down the satin smoothness of her skin. She was crying.

MR. Weston was right. The trials were called early and dispatched speedily. Mary did not have to appear in court. Newton was declared a scoundrel of whom the community was well rid, and Hanley's name was blackened for all time.

Meanwhile, at Black Mesa, where Joy and Alice came to join her, Mary lived in sad-glad expectation from mail to mail. At first John avoided any mention of the trials. Following her protest, his letters gave full details of the court proceedings. Thus she suffered with him, prayed with him, shared his hope, and, at last, the consummate victories. A day of rejoicing was at hand. The valiant ones were soon to return.

"Let's celebrate!" suggested Beany at breakfast the next morning. "Let's have some Indians come over for races, and a sing and dance at night."

The only word of protest came from Mary. "Suppose they don't come until evening?" She was thinking how tired they would be.

"All the better," spoke up Beany. "They'd hit right into high doin's. That's the idea. We want things altogether different from when they went away."

DURING the following day, from noon

on, Mary's ear was tuned to catch the sound of an automobile. It took considerable restraint not to precede the others to the ridge. When Stub came in to say the folks were about to leave, she could have kissed his plump, beardless cheek. Indeed, she wanted to embrace the world.

More than three hundred Indians, men, women and children, had answered to the summons; a race meant exchange of jewelry and money, and a dance gave like advantages. Tryouts were in progress, as cheers made manifest before the moving forms of the riders were visible.

It was thrilling to witness the races. But the growing fervency that inflamed Mary had its being in that day's great expectation—John's return. The desert floor reached away to bring him to her. Long, endless was the day. Westward mountains eclipsed the sun, the colors of after glow faded, evening's gray shut distance in dim obscurity, and still John had not come.

The Indians made a great brush-wood fire and individual camp-fires. Mrs. Weston, Alice, and Mary prepared food for the hungry cowboys and joined them at the feast. Mary could not eat. At last she heard the long anticipated sound. She imagined she had cried out to the others, the wild voice within her was so strong. It did not matter if she had. Presently Beany shouted, "Hoo-ray! The folks are comin'! Put an eye to them lights!"

Calm as she appeared, Mary's swelling heart threatened to burst with its song—"I saw them long ago! I saw them long ago!"

They were camped near the road. The car came to a stop in the circle of their fire-light. There was a general exodus from the car; people were crowding around. Mary distinguished only John, whose roving eyes did not rest until they found her. He was coming to her, his dear, glad smile a bit uncertain. Her fingers, fluttering like her heart, sought his protecting grasp. Neither spoke. Almost at once they were separated by the boys and High-Lo and Magdaline, who could scarcely wait their turn to speak. There was no hint of sadness in this home-coming. They had relegated the past to oblivion.

Voices of Indian men rose from the direction of the large fire. The sing was in progress, and the women and girls with the younger men were circling the fire-light ready for the dance. John sought Mary, and they went [Turn to page 79]

DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 78]

hand and hand to join the Indians. "It's not the best dancer, it's the wealthiest dancer an Indian girl wants," John explained. "The idea is that a girl nails a man who isn't quick enough to escape her and makes him dance until he buys himself free. Watch the fun."

Here, there, girls voluntarily, or urged with a whack or push from their mothers, made a bee-line each for a particular man, who, the minute he realized his danger, fled. In the instance of capture, the man was dragged to the center of light where his dusty captor, keeping to the rear, clung to the waist of her partner's garment, turning him dizzily round and round, herself supplying a tapping step as she circled with him. Thus they slowly spun to the staccato song of the men. The song had no ending. Couples quit whenever a bargain was consummated. Girls refused to be bought off cheaply. They argued as they danced. Now and then a cowboy came sprawling into the ring. There was always some one dancing. Magdaline dragged in High-Lo, and a general shout went up.

Mary felt a pressure on her hand, to which John still clung. He leaned close and whispered, "A deep affection has sprung up between them. I think High-Lo will be happy."

Again Mary looked their way. What she saw was a tall handsome cowboy and a slim, stylishly dressed Indian girl pirouetting in and out among the other dancers. They stopped and the girl delivered an imperious command, only to be seized in a great bear hug, the toll she evidently had exacted.

John drew Mary from the moving light to the shadow and obscurity beyond. Hand in hand they walked away, continuing to the corral and down over the ridge to a place where even the post was shut from view. The desert lay in glistening serenity. Through moon-blanching lustre solitary solemn peaks and sacred prayer rocks of the mountains loomed. A time of transfiguration had come. The pitiless hours were gone. The desert silence, vast yet intimate, enveloped them.

"Desert bound!" murmured Mary, touched by the profound tranquillity of the scene.

"Together!" added John.

Mary felt his arm about her, a gentle

hand tilted her face. Their lips met, and as his kisses fell with increasing ardour, a flame of ecstasy enveloped her. There was tenderness in his embrace and eloquent desire. She lay back presently in the crook of his arm, and they smiled into each other's eyes with the supreme consciousness of love. "My little sweetheart. That's what you are," he said. "And soon you'll be my wife, as soon as the missionary can get here from Taho."

His words were like a perfect gift. "Whenever you say," Mary whispered. And she smiled again from the sweet security of his embrace.

IT was the same day of another week. Katharine and Alice from a lofty perch watched two riders and a pack mule moving westward far down Black Mesa valley into the heart of the desert. So close they rode that at times one rider shut the other from view.

"They'll be gone three weeks," said Alice.

"And in the fall we'll have the fun of hunting twin ranches," returned Katharine. "John says High-Lo's just the man to take care of our place."

"A little gray home in the west, eh Sis?"

"Yes, dear," said Katharine smiling. Then Alice said dreamily, "It was a pretty wedding, wasn't it, with Cathedral Rock for their church?"

Memory of it swept Katharine. "And the desert an organ on which the breeze played age-long love songs."

The solitary riders were disappearing smaller and smaller into the distance. "I'm glad they are happy," Alice declared, with a fierce little cry more lament than joy. "But it is you John Curry was made for. I—I thought I'd never tell you—but—but it's out. I wish he had married you."

Almost Katharine lost her composure. She turned away, affecting to fasten her boots, lest Alice see the confusion her words caused. She said, calmly enough, "We've been the best of friends. Nothing more, dear. I'm very glad to be admitted to his friendship. When he is around I feel blessed with the company of all the good men I have ever known . . . Come on, darling. We must go."

[THE END]

BELLARION

[Continued from page 18]

days when she would ride forth with him in the open meadows about the Ticino to give him lessons in falconry.

At dinnertime one day they returned together from a morning spent at this sport. The table was spread, and the lackeys waited. "When you have dined, madonna," Facino quietly informed her, "we return to Milan."

There was trouble in Milan, he explained. Estorre Visconti together with young Giovanni Carlo were harassing the city in the Ghibbine interest. In a recent raid Estorre had fired the quarter about the Ticinese Gate. And now, to crown all, was news that Ottone Buonterzo was raising an army to invade the duchy.

They dined in haste, a brooding silence presiding over the meal, and within an hour of dining they were ready to set out.

Once in Milan an expedition to attack Buonterzo was organized, and Bellarion accompanied Facino when the force set out from Milan.

At the end of a week, Buonterzo had fallen back on Firenzuola, hoping to draw Facino into open country, whilst Facino, refusing to be drawn, lay patiently at San Nicolo. Three days Facino waited there, to be suddenly startled by the news that Buonterzo was at Aggazzano, eight miles away.

In the best house of San Nicolo, which he had temporarily adopted for his quarters, Facino assembled on the morning of the 10th of May his chief officers, Francesco Busone of Carmagnola, Koenigshofen, the Swiss Werner von Stoffel and the French commander de Cadillac.

In a small room they were gathered, Bellarion with them, about the plain deal table at which Facino sat. On the table's

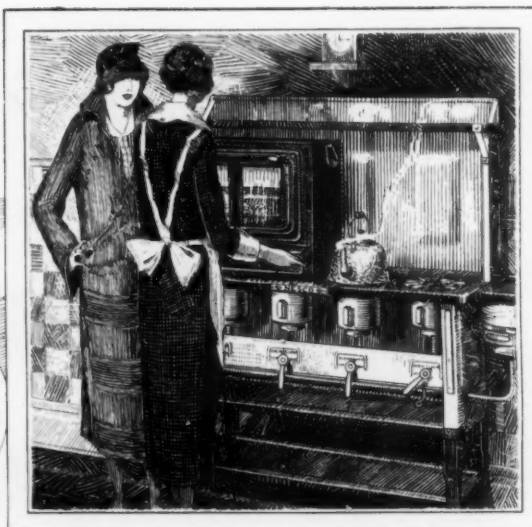
white surface the condottiero with a stick of charcoal had drawn a map which, if rough, was fairly accurate of scale.

Charcoal stick in hand, Facino expounded. "Buonterzo lies here, and the speed at which he has moved from Firenzuola will constrain him to rest there, whatever his ultimate intention. Here is my plan: I divide the army into two battalions. One of these, composed of the French horse, the civic militia and Koenigshofen's pikes, you shall lead, Francesco, marching directly upon Aggazzano, as if intending to attack. Thus you engage Buonterzo's attention, and pin him there. Meanwhile, with the remainder of the forces I, myself, march up the valley of the Trebbia as far as Travo, and then, striking over the hills, descend thence upon Buonterzo's camp. That will be the moment of your simulated attack from the plain below to become real, so that whichever way Buonterzo turns, we are upon his rear."

And now Bellarion the chess-player and student of the art of war, greatly daring, yet entirely unconscious of it, presumed to advance a criticism. "The weakness lies in the assumption that this situation will be maintained until action is joined. If I were in Buonterzo's place, I should have scouts along the heights from Rivergaro to Travo. Upon discovering your intentions from your movements, I should first descend upon Carmagnola's force, and, having routed it, I would come round and on, to engage your own."

There was amazement at this babe in warlike matters who thrust his opinions upon the notice of tried soldiers.

"Let us thank Heaven," said Carmagnola with stinging sarcasm, "that you do not command [Turn to page 80]



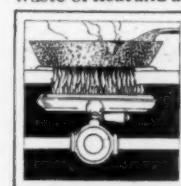
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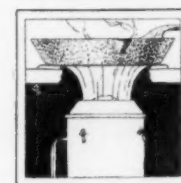
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BELLARION

[Continued from page 79]

Buonterzo's troops, or our overthrow would be assured."

The two battles into which the army was divided moved at dusk. Before midnight Carmagnola had reached his station within a mile of Aggazzano, and Facino was at Travo.

Meanwhile the forces rested, Bellarion, however, too excited by the prospects of action to think of sleeping and, rendered uneasy by his apprehensions, paced by the river. Here in his paces he was joined by Stoffel. "I did not laugh at you today," the Swiss reminded him. "You voiced a possibility which should not have been left outside their calculations. I do not give advice unasked, which is why even now I dare not suggest to Facino that he repair his omission to place scouts on the heights. He takes Buonterzo's vulnerability for granted."

Bellarion smiled. "Which is why you seek me; hoping that I will suggest it to him. But we can go up ourselves, and make observations."

They came an hour or so later to the crest of the hill, and there remained on watch for some two hours until dawn. And what they saw in that cold grey light was the realisation, if not of the exact possibility Bellarion had voiced, at least of something very near akin. The difference lay in that instead of moving first against Carmagnola and later against Facino, Buonterzo was beginning with the latter. In the upland valley to the North, a couple of miles away, already breasting the gentle slopes towards the summit from which Bellarion and Stoffel observed them, swarmed the whole army of Ottone Buonterzo.

The watchers waited for no more. Down the hill again to Travo they raced and came breathless into the tent where Facino slept. Their news effectively awakened him. He issued orders instantly to marshal the men and march down the valley to effect a reunion with Carmagnola's battle.

"It will never be effected that way," said Bellarion quietly. "Already by his present position, Buonterzo has driven the wedge too deeply between yourself and Carmagnola. A reunion of forces is no longer possible by marching down the valley. If you had heeded me yesterday—"

"Peace!" Facino growled. "What is done is done. Let a messenger ride at once to Carmagnola, ordering him to fall back, and cross below Rivergaro. Thus it is possible he might be able to rejoin me."

"It should certainly be possible," the Swiss agreed, "if Buonterzo pursues us across the ford."

"But if he doesn't follow?" quoth Bellarion. "If you were in Buonterzo's place, would you follow, when by remaining on this bank, and marching down the valley you might keep the two enemy battles apart so as to engage each at your convenience? May I suggest a different plan?"

"What plan?"

"Buonterzo should be drawn to pursue you across the river. It should render Buonterzo obstinate when he finds his passage disputed. And for this a hundred arbalisters will suffice. In the end he must either force a passage, or decide to abandon the attempt and go instead against Carmagnola first. But before either happens, if you act promptly, you may have rejoined Carmagnola. You can then come round the hills upon Buonterzo's rear, thus turning the tables upon him. And I will undertake to hold him until sunset with a hundred crossbowmen."

Facino's bewildered glance sought the dark, comely face of Stoffel. He smiled grimly. "Am I a fool that a boy should instruct me? And would you trust a hundred of your Swiss to this same boy?"

"With confidence."

But still Facino hesitated. "You realize that if the passage is forced before I arrive, it will go very hard with you?"

Bellarion smiled. "They will have to cross first, and meanwhile I shall count upon impatience and vindictiveness to hold them here when they should be elsewhere."

THE morning sunlight, falling across the valley, flashed on the arms of Buonterzo's vanguard, on the heights, even as Facino's rear guard went splash-

ing through the ford. A squadron of horse came zig-zagging down the hillside at speed, whilst a considerable body of infantry dropped more directly. The last stragglers of the fugitive army had vanished from view when that cavalry gained the ford and entered the water. But before the head of the column had reached midstream there was a loud hum of arbalest cords, and fifty bolts came to empty nearly as many saddles. The column checked and, while it hesitated, another fifty bolts from the enemy invisible in the woods that crowned the bluff dealt fresh destruction.

There was a deal of confusion after that, a deal of raging and splashing, some seeking to turn and retreat, others, behind, who had not been exposed to that murderous hail, clamouring to go on. And now Bellarion let them have a full hundred in a single volley, and thereby threw them into such panic that there was an end to all hesitation. They turned about, those that were still able to do so, and, assisting wounded comrades, they floundered back.

Buonterzo, raging at the delay in the pursuit, rode down the hill with the remainder of his forces. His first move was to order a hundred men into the village of Travo to bring thence every door and shutter the place contained.

Close upon three hours were spent in that measure of preparation and then Buonterzo launched the attack, sending a body of three hundred foot to lead it, each man bearing above his head one of the cumbersome improvised shields.

From the summit of the bluff Bellarion looked down upon what appeared to be a solid roof of timber thrusting forward across the stream. He drew two thirds of his men further off along the river. Thus, though lengthening the range, it enabled the arbalisters to shoot at the vulnerable flank of the advancing host.

The attack was fully two thirds of the way across the ford, which may have been some two hundred yards in width, before Bellarion's men were in their new positions. He ordered a volley of twenty bolts so as to judge the range; and although only half of these took effect, yet the demoralization created in men who had conceived themselves invulnerably sheltered, was enough to arrest them. A second volley followed and flung the column into complete disorder.

Dead men lay awash where they had fallen; wounded men were plunging in the water, shouting to their comrades for help. A mounted officer spurred through the water, shouting a command repeatedly as he came and menacing the disordered ranks with his sword. At last his order was understood, and the timber shields were swung from overhead to cover the flank that was being assailed. That, thought Buonterzo, should checkmate the defenders of the ford, who with such foresight had shifted their position. But scarcely was the manoeuvre executed when into them came a volley from the thirty men Bellarion had left at the head of the bluff in anticipation of just such a counter movement. Because the range here was short, not a bolt of that volley failed to take effect, and it completed the discomfiture of the assailants. They turned, scrambling out of range as fast as they could breast the water. To speed them came another volley at the flanks.

Livid with rage and chagrin, Buonterzo watched this second repulse. The sun was mounting now towards noon, and already over four hours had been spent at that wretched ford. Yet realizing, despite his impatience, that speed is seldom gained by hastiness, Buonterzo now deliberately considered the measures to be taken, and he sent men for a mile or more up and down stream to seek another passage. Another hour was lost in this exploration, which proved fruitless. But meanwhile Buonterzo held in readiness a force of five hundred men-at-arms in full armour.

"You will cross in spite of any losses," Buonterzo instructed them. "Their bolts will not take effect save at short range, and by then you will be upon them. You are to give no quarter and make no prisoners. Put every man in that wood to the sword."

[Continued in JUNE McCall's]

82% of these Hospital Dietitians say: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the most healthful"

A NOTABLE GROUP of dietitians in recognized hospitals throughout the country recently told what kind of baking powder they considered best. 82% of them said:

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a healthful point of view."

OF all who know the facts about foods, the hospital dietitian is perhaps most competent to make this statement, for her position demands not only rigid training in food chemistry but practical experience in cookery and close study of food effects upon the body.

And physicians, food experts, and teachers of Home Economics endorse this expressed judgment of leading hospital dietitians that Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best and most healthful.

The figures prove it. Of those authorities who stated the kind of baking powder they consider most healthful—

81% of the physicians in New England
83% of the physicians in New York State
4270 food experts and Home Economics teachers all over the United States—

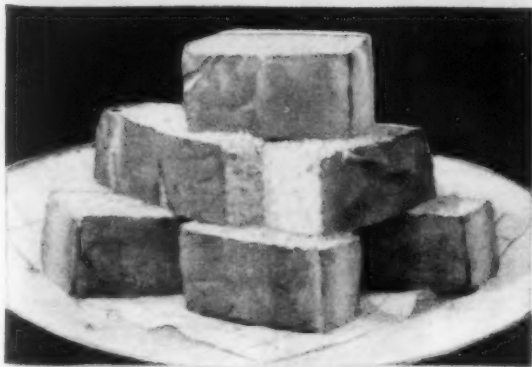
say: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is the best."



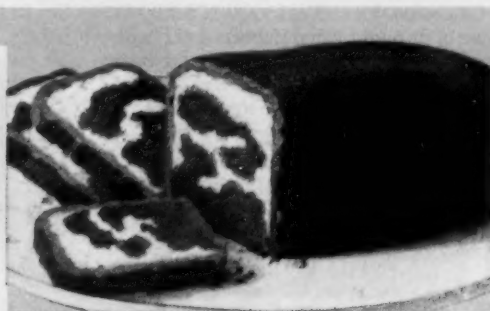
Made of pure Cream of Tartar—Royal contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste



MAPLE NUT CAKES—Chopped pecans are mixed with the batter of these cakes and sprinkled on the icing before it hardens



CORN BREAD—If you like thin, crisp Corn Bread be sure to spread the batter very thinly on the pan. The same recipe can be baked in muffin tins if desired



MARBLE CAKE is really very easy to make by the Royal recipe and it is always an attractive and popular cake. Put batter in the pan by spoonfuls, alternating the light and dark

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product—a natural product of ripe grapes. For 50 years the cream of tartar for Royal Baking Powder has been imported from Southern Europe where the choicest grapes in all the world are grown.

In these 50 years Royal has won and held its place all over the world as the standard for baking powder—so pure, so wholesome, and so effective for leavening.

Three generations of housewives have learned to depend upon Royal to make their cakes and biscuits always light, always delicious. Royal leavens perfectly and it leaves no bitter taste.

2c worth insures success

After all, the success of your cake depends on your baking powder. And housewives find it very poor economy to risk wasting the good ingredients of a cake and their own valuable time when only 2c worth of Royal will make a large layer cake perfect.

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Name

Address



In the many letters received from my good friends more questions are asked in connection with Angel Food than with any other one kind of cake. I don't believe I can tell you this morning anything that would be of more interest to you than the answers to some of these questions.

"Is it true that an Angel Food should never be baked in a pan which has been used for a butter cake?"

Yes, it is true, because for the butter cake the pan has to be greased and even repeated washings do not remove every atom of that grease. When taken from the oven an Angel Food pan should be turned upside down upon the funnel. This allows the delicate cell walls of the beaten egg whites to become firm and the whole cake to retain its lightness. If baked in a greased pan Angel Food does not stick to the sides of the pan as it should but falls out before cooled, which of course makes it flat.

"What causes an Angel Food to crack open on the top?"

Too much flour or too high an oven temperature. If you follow the directions for the Angel Sponge Cake just as given, you will have no such difficulty.

"Which is the best way to beat eggs for an Angel Food?"

We prefer a flat wire egg beater for the reason that Angel Food must be as light as possible and such a beater whips more air into the egg whites and makes your cake correspondingly light.

The Angel Sponge Cake, for which recipe is given, need not be iced. You'll find it particularly delicious served with whipped cream, ice cream, or fresh or canned fruit.

I want to give you a recipe to use up the three egg yolks left but before I do I wonder if you can tell me something. I have been asked for a recipe for Swedish Milk Wafers and I had to confess that I don't know the first thing about how to make a Swedish Milk Wafer. If you can tell me, I should just thoroughly appreciate it.

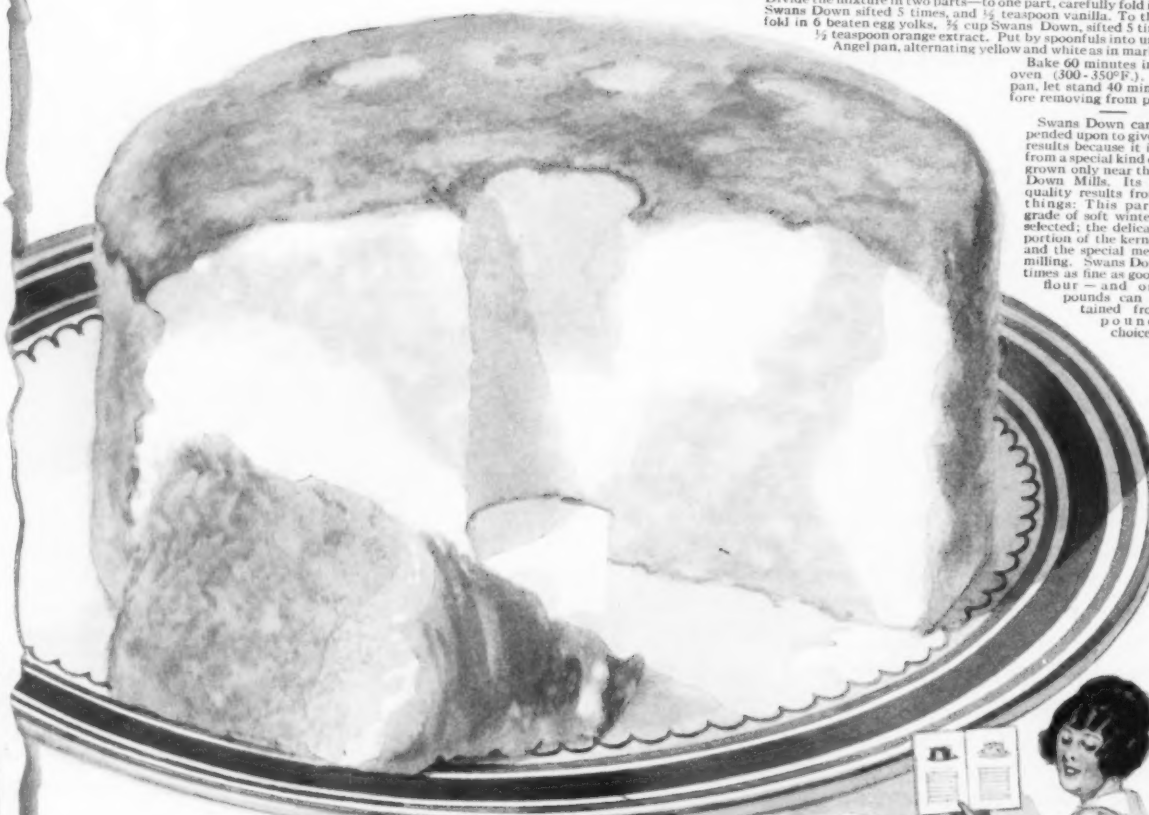
I know you'll like this:
DEVIL'S FOOD
2 cups brown sugar
6 tablespoons fat
3 egg yolks
1/2 cup sour milk (thick)
2 1/4 cups Swans Down Cake Flour
1 teaspoonful soda
1 teaspoonful baking powder
2 squares bitter chocolate
1/2 cupful boiling water
Cream fat and 1 cupful sugar. Add egg yolks and second cupful sugar. Beat hard. Sift flour and baking powder three times. Add alternately with sour milk. Stir chocolate and soda into boiling water. Add to cake batter. Beat hard. Bake in loaf, in a moderate oven, 325° F.

If there's anything special you'd like to have me write about, don't fail to ask. And don't forget if you're ever in Evansville you'll find a warm welcome in our kitchen.

Always cordially yours,

Mary Jane Hart

Domestic Science Dept.
Igleheart Brothers
2705 First Avenue
Evansville, Indiana



"There's just this about it— I'm all through experimenting!"

"If you want to quit worrying about your baking, just get yourself one of those Cake Secrets cook books and always use Swans Down."

"This," writes a California woman, "was the advice the 'established authority' on matters culinary in our big family gave me when I returned from my honeymoon nine years ago.

"As a consequence my cakes, even those containing but three or four eggs, are every one a real treat. I add variety merely by changing the flavoring, frosting, or baking pans.

"Swans Down cake is not only delectable, it is also nutritious. And if you follow the splendid directions in the beginning of Cake Secrets, there's never a baking failure. For nine years I've been proving that Swans Down can absolutely be depended upon to make a light, fine-grained cake that's thoroughly delicious."

Of course the real economy of Swans Down lies in the fact that, because of its own natural richness and feathery lightness, it transforms the simplest inexpensive cake into a real delicacy—soft, moist and velvety in texture. But many value it even more for the fact that it "can absolutely be depended upon." There's no guesswork in baking with Swans Down.

You will find, also, that Swans Down always gives just as delightful results in pastries, doughnuts, cookies, and quickbreads of all kinds. If you want to raise a chorus of exclamations, the next time you have a few friends in just serve tea biscuits or Parker House rolls made with Swans Down.

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Also Makers of Instant Swans Down and
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Prepared (Not Self-Rising)

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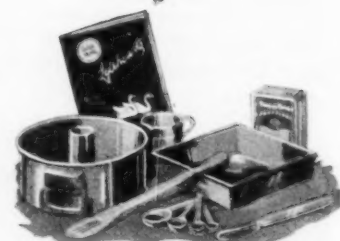
SWANS DOWN ANGEL SPONGE

(All measurements level. Sift flour once before measuring)
1 1/4 cups egg whites (9 to 11 egg whites) 1/2 cup Swans Down Cake Flour—white part
1 cup and 2 tablespoons sugar 1/2 teaspoon vanilla—white part
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup Swans Down Cake Flour—yellow part
1 teaspoon cream of tartar 1/2 teaspoon orange extract—yellow part
6 egg yolks

Put egg whites on large platter, beat until foamy. Add salt and cream of tartar, beat until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold in sugar. Divide the mixture in two parts—to one part, carefully fold in 1/2 cup Swans Down sifted 5 times, and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla. To the other, fold in 6 beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup Swans Down, sifted 5 times, and 1/2 teaspoon orange extract. Put by spoonfuls into ungreased Angel pan, alternating yellow and white as in marble cake.

Bake 60 minutes in a slow oven (300-350° F.). Invert pan, let stand 40 minutes before removing from pan.

Swans Down can be depended upon to give perfect results because it is milled from a special kind of wheat grown only near the Swans Down Mills. Its unusual quality results from three things: This particular grade of soft winter wheat selected; the delicate inner portion of the kernel used; and the special method of milling. Swans Down is 27 times as fine as good bread flour—and only 26 pounds can be obtained from 100 pounds of choice wheat.

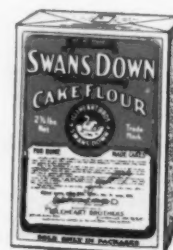


You'll want this cake set!

Only \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and west, \$1.50 in Canada) for complete set of Swans Down Cake Making Utensils, such as we ourselves use. We buy in carload lots and sell to you at our cost. Just send a dollar bill (money order or check). Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Set consists of:
8 1/2-in. Patented Angel Food cake pan (tin)
8-in. square heavy cake pan (tin)
Set aluminum measuring spoons
Copy of recipe booklet, "Cake Secrets"
Aluminum measuring cup
12-in. steel spatula (to remove and ice cake)
Slotted wooden mixing spoon
Sample package Swans Down
"Cake Secrets" is only item in this set sold separately
No orders accepted for shipment outside United States or Canada

Ask your grocer for Swans Down Cake Flour. If he does not have it, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied



A VOYAGE OF SUPREME ADVENTURE

[Continued from page 28]

fossil remains of animals from the South American pampas, how closely they resembled their living descendants around him. There he doubted the accuracy of the orthodox accounts of creation which he had hitherto accepted. While collecting and arranging his specimens aboard *The Beagle*, further doubts beset him, and he began to grope for a more adequate explanation of these strange analogies which he saw on every side. After his return home he consumed his own smoke for some years. Then he chanced to read a well-known book: Malthus's "Essay on The Principle of Population." The argument of Malthus was that Nature employs self-restraint, and prevents life from overrunning its food supplies and perishing, by introducing competition, in which the weak go to the wall, and the strong are established. It suddenly flashed across Darwin's mind that a similar principle operated in the organic world. Here we have the key to the most powerful and revolutionary idea of modern times. It came as an intuition. Plato's plea that such intuitions are the highest forms of reason has seldom received better support.

Always cautious and critical, Darwin nearly lost his title to universal fame because of his delay in announcing what he had discovered about Evolution. He did not commit his theory to writing until 1842, and even after that he waited seventeen years before he published it. A year before this date, in the spring of 1858, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a young traveller and naturalist, sent Darwin an essay on *The Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type*. Darwin was struck as with a bolt from the blue. He wrote at once to his friend and confidant, Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, enclosing Wallace's essay, with the comment: "I never saw a more amazing coincidence. If Wallace had had my manuscript, written in 1842, before him he could not have made a better abstract."

The romance of Evolution is further heightened by the fact that Wallace conceived of it while lying sick with a fever at Ternate on the Island of Celebes. During his lucid intervals he sketched the singularly clear and comprehensive outline of Natural Selection, which, as we have seen, had so absolutely nonplussed Darwin. The gravest issues were at stake. Nothing less than the scientific crown of the world was about to be bestowed. Without previous warning, two candidates presented themselves for this supreme distinction, both claiming to have discovered the principle which illuminated whatever men may know about God's methods of creation. Both candidates were scrupulously honest; each believed he could demonstrate his claim. Wallace had anticipated Darwin in writing, as Darwin had anticipated Wallace in conceiving, this vital idea.

But it was handled with consummate forbearance and skill. No hero of fiction ever displayed a more chivalrous disposition than did the two contestants. The documents upon Evolution written by both men were read together at a special meeting of the foremost scientists of Great Britain convened for the purpose on July 1st, 1858. After due deliberation, this body awarded to Darwin the honor of being the first to demonstrate the principle of Natural Selection. Some time afterwards Wallace wrote a letter heartily concurring in the decision. He said: "I have read the *Origin of Species* through five or six times, each time with increased admiration. It will live as long as the works of Sir Isaac Newton. Mr. Darwin has given the world a new science, and his name should in my opinion stand above that of every philosopher of ancient or modern times."

Generous praise can go no farther than this. Indeed, it would be difficult to find in history a more unselfish and disinterested course than that of Wallace at this particularly critical moment. Both clearly showed as they contended, that there is in Nature a process of

Natural Selection essentially identical with that of artificial selection which prevails in human society. Thus, as men improve breeds of domestic animals and bring them to high standards of perfection and utility, so, said these two giants of science, does Nature select, through the struggle for existence, those species which are fit to survive. This simple principle, as they asserted, accounts for the infinite multiplicity of living creatures from the tiniest microbe to the elephant and the whale.

Simple as it seems, it convulsed the worlds of religion and learning. Here were two young men, comparatively unversed in science, scarcely known beyond their intimate circle, who dared to challenge the undisputed doctrine of Creation. It is not surprising that derisive laughter and scorn greeted their declarations. Opposition arose, not so much in the first instance from the clergy, as from scientists. Professor Agassiz, who is still quoted with profound respect by our fathers as the first American scientist of his day, wanted to condemn Darwin's book out of hand, without even having read it. He roundly asserted that not only was each species specially created according to the account given in the Bible, but also created in the proportions and in the localities in which it now exists. Dr. Buckland, an energetic British scholar and antiquarian who was also a clergyman, uncompromisingly announced that all scientific teaching must be forever subordinated to the history of Creation given by the book of Genesis.

A repetition of the same mischievous behavior has been seen in our own day. The cheap; worthless arraignments of the God-fearing and law-abiding citizens of Tennessee, as "hill billies" and "morons" which disgraced our journalistic accounts of the Dayton trial, are no more applicable to them than to the prominent scientists, scholars and divines of the Victorian age. Nobody thinks of calling men like Buckland, Sir Humphrey Day, or Agassiz morons. Yet they said the same things which were said in Tennessee during the Scopes trial.

"Allow me," said Darwin in effect "to take the Universe as it is: a bewildering monument of omnipotence and wisdom. Then give me leave to connect the planet on which we live with that universe. The same laws must regulate all its worlds. The same will must dominate the infinite realms of space and everything which they contain, visible or invisible. These things being so, now grant the profoundest miracle of all, that life already exists on the earth. If its few primal forms possess an environment that will sustain them, and they also have inherent capacities for development, I will endeavor to show you how they have produced all other forms."

So far from bowing out the Deity with thanks for His past services, this theory cannot even start until all matter, all force, all motion, life and all which conditions life are placed at its disposal. Thus regarded, it has only to be placed in its right relation, and called Creative Evolution as opposed to blindly mechanistic Evolution, to make one fully aware of its splendid possibilities. Let the reader first get rid of the measly orthodox time limit of six thousand years, which is scarcely a single beat in God's chronometer. Let him imagine this planet pursuing its ageless cycle according to the fixed law of gravity. Afterwards he may take the long look to the rear which shows that a thousand and one horrible and debased forms of Nature have been blotted out, while an equal number of other and higher forms have been ushered in. From this viewpoint there is nothing in Evolution derogatory to the Being of God, or to the attributes of His Presiding Mind. On the contrary, religion has everything to gain by its cheerful admission of the majestic loveliness contained in scientific explanations of the Creator's handiwork. Once this is clearly understood, and the fatal obstacles of ignorance and misapprehension have been removed, religion and science will meet at the summit, where the clouds are dispersed.



It took the death of a beautiful dancer to prove this beauty secret

Only clear soap cleanses pores to their very roots and brings clear skin

A great stage—a receptive audience—a daring young dancer, her body painted brilliantly in many colors—and then her sudden collapse at the height of her performance.

This is the dramatic case stage history reveals—and every woman can profit by its lesson.

For the dancer died simply because her pores were so completely clogged by paint that functions of the entire body were impaired.

Certainly beauty, and health itself depend largely on keeping pores cleansed.

Yet very few toilet soaps do this. They are too coarse, too grainy. They merely clog pores, enlarge them, and blemishes follow.

But Jap Rose cleanses pores to their very roots!

You know that, merely to look at it; so pure you can see through it. And, of course, since the ingredients are so pure they dissolve perfectly in water. No wonder they can enter the tiniest pores, cleanse them and pass on without clogging.

Jap Rose is truly the clear soap for a clear skin. And women who know the truth about pore cleanliness use it constantly. Why not you?

Be Thankful if Your Skin Tingles

After you first use Jap Rose you will probably experience a pleasant tingling of your skin. That is evidence that pores that were never really clean before are at last clean, that your skin is on the way to improvement, that you have said good-by to blackheads and blemishes.

JAP ROSE SOAP

THE CLEAR SOAP FOR A CLEAR COMPLEXION



If your dealer cannot supply you, send this coupon and 10c to James S. Kirk & Co., 1232 West North Avenue, Chicago, for full-size cake of Jap Rose.

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Address _____
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SAWDUST

[Continued from page 11]

"Sit down, mother, I'll answer the phone," she would frequently say. "You're a naughty girl, not to mind us, and take it easy. I'll tell Dad on you."

But she could not always be on the watch, especially when her mother would sputter back:

"Goodness me, child, I'm all right. I'd go crazy if I didn't work a little."

Well, there was something to that, Alma thought. Older people needed activity, interest. Interest gives body and substance to life, useful activity, a sense of dignity and worth. Perhaps it was all for the best, then, that Emmy should putter around the house a bit. But she would see to it that her mother did not over-exert.

She did try; but high resolve is, unfortunately, quickly forgotten, particularly when willing hands relieve one. Alma found it easy, after a late party, to stay in bed an hour later next morning. This meant, of course, that her mother arose to cook breakfast for Bill. Emmy seemed glad to do it; indeed all her life, she had done things for her family, rather than let them do for themselves.

Then, too, in her tenacious desire to cling to her youth and all that it should signify, Alma determined, to develop a musical talent which heretofore had been just a plaything. She could sing, quite well, considering her lack of training, and when the opportunity was presented to her to get instruction free from one of the city's best teachers, in return for a few hours' work at his studio every afternoon, she seized it gladly.

"Yes, do it, child," Emmy agreed whole-heartedly. "I'll get along beautifully."

"Are you sure?" Alma persisted. "I hate to leave you alone so much of the time. But little Emmy plays by herself most of the afternoon, so I guess you won't have any extra work. Think, too, Mother, what it may lead to. Mr. Whiting says that after a few months I can probably get engagements for seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week, with no limit to what might come after that."

She dropped a quick kiss on the top of Emmy's head, and went on:

"I want something big and exciting to happen, so we won't always have to live this way, pinching all the time. I get so sick of it. It's for you, too, you know. I can do it, I'm sure I can."

"Just think, Mother! We'll sell this dingy old place, and buy a cute little bungalow out in Edgewood. We'll have a maid, so you won't have a thing to do but browse around in the garden. And a machine, too!" Alma did a little dance and hugged her mother in ecstatic anticipation of the good times coming.

Emmy Harmon's wistful, tired face brightened at the picture, but life had left her no illusions about future blessings. They came to some people; others they just naturally passed by. Alma's exuberance, however, disregarded the scepticism of her mother's look, which seemed at such times to divine the imponderable secret of the world's inequalities, but had not the power or wish to make it articulate. Something unearthly, ethereal, about that look—something which betokened an understanding given only to one who, weary of the battle, had stepped out of life for a moment, to be summoned back for another grudging sojourn.

"Yes, child, but no matter what happens, you and the baby will always have a home with us. We'll manage somehow," was what she said. Her thoughts, too profound, even for her own comprehension or expression, probed the mysteries of human striving and frustration. They seemed to tell her, vaguely, that any words of hers were futile, that nothing could stop this young life in its search for fulfillment.

But she spoke nothing of these thoughts, simply pressing her daughter to her in tender embrace, and bade her go on with her singing and good times while she was still young.

Alma's ambition for the career she had chosen never waned. Her enthusiasm was rare. As the demands of her artistic aspirations and her social life grew more

insistent, it became easier every day to justify the burden this imposed on Emmy, by the promise of a golden future. And Emmy never complained. Her life had been spent in accepting things. The shock of her collapse, like all disagreeable facts, was pigeon-holed in memory, as Alma and Bill marvelled at her restored vitality.

At first, Bill never referred to the tragic experience of that night. His silence was eloquent of crushing fear. But, gradually, when Emmy's improvement gave promise of permanence, he began to talk about it, as of some vague, distant event, which, it pleased him to think, had never really happened.

"Emmy, you're a wonder!" he said caressingly one night. "You sure scared us all stiff, but you've bounced back better than ever. Guess it wasn't as bad as we thought."

All of us want security from bruising circumstances, and most of us find it, somehow. Emmy, encouraged them in this. She stoutly resented their efforts to pamper her.

"There isn't any use in living, if one is a bother," was her favorite retort, when they remonstrated with her for doing too much.

She found the keenest joy in Alma's progress at the studio. In her daughter, she saw fulfilled, perhaps, some long-forgotten dream of her own girlhood. Alma fairly bloomed in this warm atmosphere of sympathy and understanding. Her old color returned to cheeks which had long lacked this wholesome blush.

Bill and Emmy attended a studio recital one evening, when Alma achieved a small triumph and special words of praise from Mr. Whiting.

"Mrs. Harmon, your daughter can go far, if nothing interferes with her studies at this critical time," he told Emmy.

"Nothing will," was the simple response. But her tone spoke of courageous determination. Alma's eyes filled with tears, as a great surge of appreciative feeling welled up within her.

"I couldn't do it alone, Mr. Whiting. You know, Mother's home with the baby."

"That's what mothers are for," Emmy said quietly.

That night, Alma lay awake for a long time. All her old yearning for something big and important to happen, seemed now to be near fulfillment. Vague shapes, embodying every hope and desire danced before her excited vision. Now, they became her tomorrow's, stretching in colorful parade down the avenue of the future.

Sleep finally claimed her, but not before she had reached out to receive the gold of her dreams.

After seemingly endless weeks spent in training and preparation, Mr. Whiting announced abruptly one day that he had arranged a professional engagement for Alma—a tour of the state on a vaudeville circuit. The girl's heart almost stopped beating, as she asked:

"Is it true? Will I get much at the start?"

"Well, this is more for experience than anything else," Whiting explained, with a mile for her eagerness, "but I think you're ready, and a lot better than many singers who are now drawing larger salaries, so on my recommendation they will pay you seventy-five dollars a week. If you make good, you can get a hundred or more."

Alma went hot and cold by turns. Her head spun dizzily. She wanted to speak, but the words would not come. She stammered her gratitude to her teacher, and after listening in a daze to his brief recital of further details of the engagement, she floated out of the studio on a cloud of confused but happy thoughts.

It was a bright, sunny day in early spring, the season of awakened hope and new life. All the way home, she planned, as she had done many times before, just what they would do with this new-found wealth. Of course, there were travelling expenses and new clothes, but she'd live simply while she was "on the road," and buy only what she actually needed. Her heart sang in an ecstasy of unselfish devotion. Here at last, was the goal of her effort and desire.

[Turn to page 85]

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SAWDUST

(Continued from page 84)

Soon she could give her mother all that would make her last years comfortable and happy—that little cottage in the suburb, with the rose-garden, someone to do the housework, a car. Certainly she deserved it. Life had always been harsh to her, and while she never rebelled, there was a wistful quality to her acceptance that told of aspirations grown spindling from long hiding in the dark, but still under urge to reach the sunlight and bloom. It gave Alma a warm thrill to think that she, at last, could provide the sunny garden for this fulfillment. She found here justification for all she had done, quite deliberately, and at times, it seemed, altogether selfishly, to have her career.

Oh! It was good to be alive and happy and successful, and to be able to give another who was dear to you, new life. A sense of majesty and worth suffused her. She could scarcely refrain from telling her good news to her fellow passengers. What tired, worn faces most of them wore! How they would brighten up if she told them that she had found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. New hope for them lay in her experience. They ought to share it. They would, too, if only they looked at her tell-tale face, which mirrored the happiness that possessed her. But they sat, each absorbed in his own thoughts, regardless of the feast of hope which her exuberance deemed miraculously sufficient for everybody.

When she left the car at her corner, her legs would not carry her fast enough up the street. Long before she reached the house she wanted to call, "Mother! Mother! See what I have for you!"

So charged was she with dynamic happiness, that it seemed her mother must surely have some premonitory inkling, could even tell from her bounding steps on the porch that she was an angel of good tidings. Then, when her mother opened the door, as she was certain to do with this fore-knowledge, she could tell her all in one fond hug.

But the door did not open. Alma drew out her key and entered. The chill of the semi-darkened interior contrasted sharply with the sunlit warmth of the street, and made her realize she was hot from running. Momentarily, too, it put cold fingers around her heart, but such nameless disappointment could not long withstand the surge of her tangible joy. Her mother must be resting. Of course, how foolish not to think of that! The baby's cry from her closed room sent her tiptoeing upstairs. Strange, though, wasn't it, that little Emmy who usually awakened from her nap in mid-afternoon, should be still a-bed. It was nearly five o'clock. She spoke a few whispered words of comfort to the child, and then softly opened her mother's chamber door. The bed had not been occupied. She shuddered slightly. How cold it was in here! The hand of fear again clutched at her heart, but she immediately freed herself, almost, it seemed, by the physical gesture of turning abruptly and running downstairs. Through the dining-room, into the kitchen, she sped, and there stopped, transfixed by what met her eyes. Prone

on the floor lay Emmy Harmon. Her hand gripped a large spoon. On the stove were two covered pans steaming contentedly.

"Mother!" Alma called in a strange, hollow voice. There was no response. She bent over the limp form, touched the white forehead, but snatched her hand away quickly at the cold contact. She lifted the thin hand, then dropped it at once, as something horrible. Her own hands suddenly became things apart from her, helpless and futile. Just a moment ago, these same hands had held so much wealth, which, like an offering of old, she had brought to lay at the feet of her mother. Now, as she looked, the gold of her dreams turned to the sawdust of reality. All the significance of the treasure they had held vanished with the realization that she, whom it was principally to benefit, was no longer alive to enjoy it.

She tried vainly to press back the tears which now came to burn her eyes.

What did it all mean? Hands, which but a few moments before had been laden with treasure, now seemed not to belong to her, so empty were they. What was worth-while? Her dreams, then so significant, now in their hour of fulfillment, were so much chaff. Her stricken brain could not think it out, except to ponder on the fulfillment and its cost—her possible career and her mother's life. Vague thoughts gave place to poignant remorse, as the remembrance grew that she had deliberately decided between the two. Then she was responsible for this! Horror-struck, she lifted distracted hands to cover her face.

"NO! No!" she called aloud, and was startled by the sound of her own voice.

This brought her sharply back to full consciousness of what had happened. Her father would soon be home. Would he blame her, as her own accusing conscience seemed now to do? What could she say in her own defence, when the only apparent justification for her course, could not be laid at the feet of the one chiefly to be considered? She shrank from the issue. . . . Her own life—yes, but somehow, it all appeared so futile when another's was the price. She had chosen her course, wisely and inevitably, it had seemed then, linked right up, as it was, with all that seemed worth while to herself. Now, alas, it was too late to moralize on it.

A vivid memory of Bill's collapse at the time when Emmy was first stricken returned to her. Could he stand this final tragedy? Somehow, through it all, she knew she must help. He had no one else. The thought lifted her up. Old life was tired, young life must carry on.

Half an hour later when Bill Harmon came home he found her waiting on the porch to break the sad news to him.

He crumpled under the blow and would have fallen, but Alma caught him. She put her firm round arm about the bowed shoulders.

"Don't, Dad dear, don't!" she whispered. "You've still got me and little Emmy. I can't take her place, I know, but I'll try, Dad—I'll try."

MARY STUART

(Continued from page 19)

every one of the men with whom she came in contact.

At the outset, it is well to explain the cause of the rivalry between the cousins, Elizabeth and Mary, a rivalry in which Mary took her share. Each had claims to the English throne, or to its reversion, and each strove to bring under her sway the neighbouring realm.

Mary Stuart was born in 1542, daughter of James V, King of Scotland, and of Mary of Guise, the Frenchwoman. She appeared in a Scotland racked by wars with England, in a time of unrest, distracted by worse than wars, by the schism between the Catholics and the Protestants, ravaged also by the quarrels between the feudal chiefs, leaders of the clans, several of whom were so strong that they could aspire to the regency of Scotland. Here was a terrible situation, which would have needed a strong woman indeed to

control it or make any impression on it.

In such circumstances it is not wonderful that Mary of Guise should seek safety for her child. She sent Mary to the French court where she was brought up and betrothed to the heir presumptive of the French throne. Thus, at once, Mary was thrust into diplomacy.

At sixteen she married the heir to the French throne, and at seventeen was Queen of France. Her husband died when Mary was eighteen: she was no longer Queen of France, but merely Queen of a remote kingdom to which now she must return.

Here develops the first romantic episode, the journey to Scotland, to her own country, the government of which was in the hands of a regent. To reach Scotland the natural route lay across England, where reigned Elizabeth. Since the quarrel had not yet reached its [Turn to page 86]

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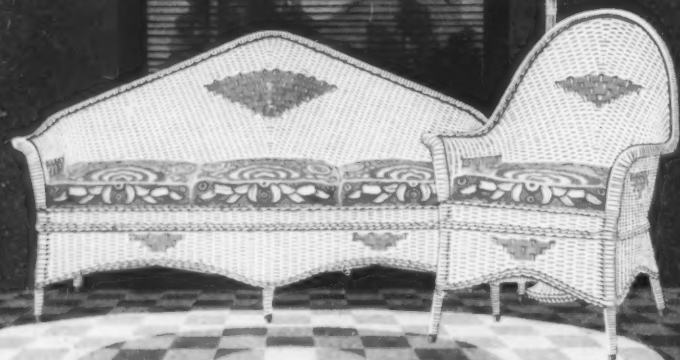
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MARY STUART

[Continued from page 85]

high point, Mary asked of Elizabeth a free passage. But the English Queen was well informed, and a better judge of character than Mary; she refused passage unless Mary satisfied the Treaty of Leith, under which she surrendered her claims to the English crown. Being high-spirited, Mary refused, and on a small ship found her way to Scotland, haunted by the fear that an English ship would capture her, or that she would be boarded by Protestants. It was a long and painful journey, and yet she miraculously escaped perils and landed at Leith. She was not expected; she was only half-welcome in Edinburgh, and John Knox, the furious leader of the Presbyterians, begged the Almighty never to allow Scotland to be "polluted" by this Catholic queen.

Mary strove to be fair, appointing to her Privy Council Protestants as well as Catholics, but she would not forego her religion; she heard mass at Holyrood, and the Presbyterian agitation became an attempt to force the queen to abandon the Catholic faith.

Marriage became a royal obligation but it was a complicated matter, because it involved the almost automatic enmity of England. Still, there were suitors: the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, the Archduke Charles, and Carlos, son of Philip of Spain. Elizabeth, anxious that Mary should not marry and so produce yet another claimant to the English throne, realised that she could not prevent it. Thus, with a certain meanness of spirit, she offered her friendship to Mary, sought husbands for her. But they were not to be royal husbands.

It was when she was twenty-three, that she met Darnley. Whether Mary fell in love with Darnley, or whether the need for a satisfactory marriage operated in her mind, will never be clear. Certainly, much spoke for Darnley. He was Catholic enough to be supported by the Catholic opponents of Elizabeth in England.

So Mary married Darnley. She married him at the last so hurriedly that she did not even wait for the Papal dispensation that could authorise her to marry her cousin. And with Darnley she was unhappy. Almost at once she discovered that the man was foolish, that he cared only for sports, dancing, merrymaking with courtiers, and, above all, that his vanity was enormous. Indeed, within four months of their marriage he demanded that Mary should give him the crown matrimonial, that is to say, elevate him from the rank of consort to that of King of Scotland.

Thus she was forced to seek support in men other than her husband. One was Rizzio, the other Bothwell. Rizzio was an Italian musician, who gained Mary's favour, as did all men who did not ignore the graces. He stayed at the court, and became the Queen's secretary. Here was an opportunity which Darnley perceived, or rather he saw a chance to do an evil which would increase his self-esteem, which would make him feel himself a great man. Whether he believed that Mary was unfaithful to him with Rizzio or whether this was merely a figment of a wounded mind, one cannot tell, but Darnley did so accuse her, and went so far as to charge that the child whom Mary bore him was the child of Rizzio.

Now, by this time Darnley was ruined in public esteem, and so a small band of nobles, all rebels, made with his assent a covenant, intending mainly to enforce Protestantism and to recover their estates, but to murder Rizzio only as an incidental. Thus Darnley could assert himself. Leaving his minions, he forced his way into the Queen's apartments; Rizzio was seized in her presence, dragged into the next room, and killed.

Mary was now practically the prisoner of the conspiracy, and she decided to escape. Here comes an irony, for Darnley, terrified by what he had done, cowed by the allies whom he had placed in power, betrayed them to her. Then, like a pullet that shelters under the hen's wing, he fled with Mary to Dunbar! It is stated that even then, no doubt because he was her husband and the father of her child, she tried to invest him with her own ambitions: a Catholic revival in Scotland and defeat for Elizabeth, but Darnley,

coward one day, bully the other, showed himself useless; and Mary saw that upon his arm she could not rely.

All that can be charged for certain against Mary is a conference with the Protestant nobles, Moray, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, and Maitland, where she agreed to divorce Darnley if such a divorce could be procured. The nobles offered Mary to "rid" her of Darnley, who had fled to Glasgow.

In this new conspiracy Bothwell was definitely the leader. He wanted to be rid of Darnley, so that he might marry Mary; the latter did not connive clearly at the murder of Darnley, but she called him to Edinburgh, where he would live in the midst of dangers.

The queen loved Bothwell with a curious kind of madness, constantly reproaching him because he loved her not enough, with a strange abasement, as if she, the proud and ambitious queen, desired to feel upon her neck the tread of his victorious foot. She gave her lover the castle of Blackness, she made him Superior of Leith; she presented him with jewels, with the furs which had belonged to her mother, Mary of Guise. . . . she even gave him the ceremonial garments of Darnley, her murdered husband. And yet she was not sure of Bothwell, she was jealous of him, she feared his infidelity.

But the marriage of Bothwell, though it rallied followers, at the same time raised once again factions among the nobles.

Though Bothwell was strong, the feeling against Mary was stronger. All through the Protestant masses, as well as among the Protestant nobles, the epithets, "murderess" and "Jezebel," were applied to Mary, and a rising of the nobles took place against her. Bothwell mustered some forces, but swiftly at Carberry Hill came the encounter and the defeat. This was to Mary a tragic moment in her life, for before her surrender to the nobles she was forced to part from Bothwell. She never saw him again. Mary was led to Edinburgh by her captors, while the people lined the roads, hurling at her biblical epithets. She was imprisoned at Lochleven. After this the story of Mary is no longer a love story. She goes from prison to prison. She escapes, for she still has a few partisans, but the Regent Moray is ready with a sufficient army, and Mary is defeated, flees across the border to throw herself upon the protection of Elizabeth.

One easily realises to what a state of despair Mary must have been driven before she craved mercy from Elizabeth. Mary in the hands of Elizabeth was a beautiful woman delivered to an ugly one. Elizabeth did not hesitate, for here at last was what she had worked for so many years, the possession of the body of Mary, Queen of Scots. She sent her from prison to prison, sometimes well-treated, sometimes ill.

So the years passed, while Mary in prison wrote poetry, played music, and fascinated men. She fascinated even her gaolers, while Elizabeth kept her in prison. She was taken to Sheffield Castle, where Lady Shrewsbury accused her of fascinating the Earl, but Elizabeth began to realise that the existence of Mary was a source of plots. The aura of blood and disaster which spread about Mary's head involved all those who conspired for her sake or for her ideals. Until then Elizabeth had spared her, holding her as a useful hostage, but, realising that Mary was an inspiration to plots, she brought her to trial, made against her charges of treason, which in fact were charges that she lived to the royal danger. She was sentenced to death.

And so, at the age of forty-four, Mary Stuart knelt before the block to make an end of a life which had brought nothing but disaster, and yet had created an immortal romance. She prayed, knelt before the block, and three strokes severed her head from her body.

Thus died Mary Stuart, a woman who was not evil, but a woman who was vain. Too easily she aroused love, and she paid the penalty of beauty. Because of her loneliness and of her rank men desired her, and desired her triumph. Thus she encouraged that which destroyed her, and she destroyed as she was herself destroyed.



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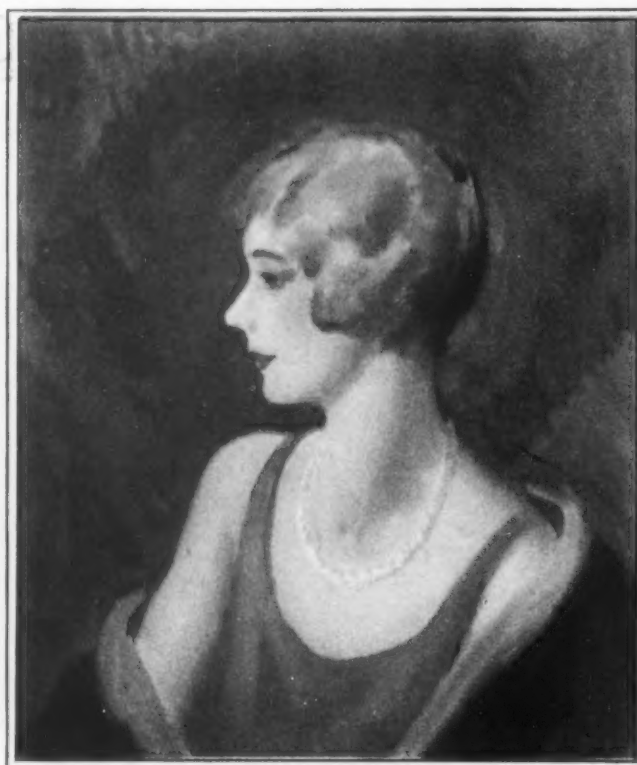
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FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 57]

practically every one who is not "in the know" comes to Florida believing that he is at least half mad. They have read the advertisements, seen the booklets, looked at the pictures of Coral Gables—things which simply cannot be true. Heard the suave salesmen in the beautiful salesrooms of the great northern cities talk. People are often severe on Coral Gables, but when you hear Merrick's story, what gets you is not so much what he is doing now as what he and his father and mother before him have done in Florida.

The older Merrick, a Congregational minister, half worn out, his wife ill, living on Cape Cod, heard about Florida some thirty-five years ago, and probably thinking things could be no harder anywhere than where they were, found his way down some six or eight miles south of Miami where he took up a homestead of 160 acres. He named his farm "Coral Gables." It took some years of hard labor to clear the original land of its pine and cocoanut palm-jungle, but with the help of his boy, this George Merrick, they finally did it. He grew up to work, to prune orange trees, raise tomatoes—all sorts of fruits and vegetables. He drove a mule to Miami and peddled them about the streets. When not farming or peddling, he was writing poetry and getting it published, too, in local papers, so they say. That was his dream—to write things. While he was cultivating tomatoes here used to come down and sit on the wheelbarrow near him a man the Miamians of that day called the "greatest romancer in the world," Doctor E. E. Dammers; a man who had boosted for the Bay Biscayne for many years. He had believed long before Carl Fisher appeared that one day there would be a city on the Beach. He prophesied too, that one day there would be a causeway across, and it is said that the natives inquired when he talked about this, "What in—is a causeway?"

Dr. Dammers found that George Merrick listened to him while he was hoeing tomatoes: "You ought to build a city here, George," he told him, and George replied, "You know I have been thinking about that!"

As he and his father cultivated the farm they added acres. It grew to be something like 1,600 acres, and they actually were shipping some \$75,000 worth of oranges a year, but he could not keep his city out of his head. He studied cities, planned cities—what they ought to be like, and one day a few years ago he finally decided to turn his 1,600 acres into town lots. The best thing I have heard about George Merrick, is that when it was finally decided to begin his city, and he realized that it meant cutting up his orange groves, he put his head in his mother's lap and cried. Nevertheless, he cut up the orange groves!

"It isn't true," you say when you read it in the advertisements and look at the pictures. "It isn't true," you say when you hear the salesmen talk. But come down and look at it! As a matter of fact, George Merrick's city has over 3,000 completed buildings, the sales value of which they declare is well on to \$208,000,000!

And it has all been done in such an incredibly short time! All the great things at Coral Gables are hardly a year old! And when men dream cities down there they dream them from the bottom up—and the bottom is much of it water!

When one thinks of development in Florida, he must not forget that Florida has not been long enough out of the ocean to be dried out. She has a tremendous, solid foundation of Coral Rock, but Coral Rock grows under the sea, not above, and has to be slowly raised; and all of these marvelous and brilliant things that are being done here are made along a coast which has no elevation. Now, how build a town such as these men dream and build it in time to meet the demands of the boom, when so much of it is in swamp or under water or is hardly above sea-level?

Take an example: I saw it with my own eyes. A city of 3,000 acres, with lordly streets and plazas—many of them paved and curbed—most substantial build-

ing begun, a bay-shore line established, and a year ago (I am writing in March) this new city was a mangrove swamp, so far as the water front was concerned, a pine thicket, so far as its hinterland was concerned.

ONE man in Florida, whose name is certainly destined to remain one of the few that years from now men will speak of as being among those who led in creating the great period on which Florida is without doubt entering, whatever ups and downs she may have to take in the process, is not a financier; not until within the last few months been included in the group of city builders; (he is there now) but, without having built a city or a railroad, he has placed a mark on Florida which, in my judgment, will be indelible. That man is Addison Mizner, the architect.

He came to Florida just before the arbitrary date of 1920, which I have chosen as the beginning of the boom period; came ill to Palm Beach. Paris Singer was there. He had given the French and the English hospitals for their soldiers. He wanted to give the United States one, and he wanted it in Florida. He asked Mizner to make the plans for it, and what he did was a revelation to everyone who looked at it.

Up to this time there had been in Florida no dominant architectural note, and this is rather curious, for in the old town of St. Augustine, Florida had a beautiful suggestion for the thing most fitted for, most possible of varied development in this wonderful climate, but beyond some pretentious attempts in great hotels that did not invite imitation, and beyond an occasional, successful villa, Spanish architecture had been used surprisingly little.

Now, Mizner looked and knew what should be done when Mr. Singer gave him the order for his hospital—an adaptation of the Spanish. That was the most perfect thing for Florida, and he knew Spanish architecture, inside and out. He had been born in California; traveled in Central America; lived in Spain; studied in the university at Salamanca. By birth, experience, study, he was at home in Spanish architecture, so he went to it and produced what was at the time certainly the most beautiful thing on the East Coast—Everglades Club—for the war was over before the hospital was finished and the structure was turned to social uses.

Palm Beach was full of the rich. The war had made their favorite Mediterranean winter resorts unlivable. They saw the Everglades and knew that what they wanted was a Mizner villa on the Florida Coast, and the rate at which they have been getting them takes your breath away.

Nobody but a man steeped in knowledge of Spanish towns, Spanish castles, Spanish cathedrals and cloisters, familiar with the detail of windows, façades, towers, patios, galleries, arcades, and a man, too, who has such passion and humility in his art that he is everlastingly studying, could have made, one after another, the big and little villas, as he has done, or fitted them so lovingly into their setting; fitted them, too, for the kind of people who had to live in them, which is a part of the architect's business, though few know it.

He sought for various things and achieved them. Florida is level as a table—no sky line—but by understanding arrangements of towers, roofs, levels, the whole softened by the waving fronds of the cocoanut palm, which grows so profusely and generously in this world, you have, everywhere you turn in Palm Beach, where Mizner has put his hands, the loveliest groups of broken sky lines; the loveliest color, too, for he uses nothing but the dull red tiles of Spain.

In his adaptation, one thing that he has taught the Florida Coast is to make the most of their health-giving, stimulating, heartening air. As a rule their hotels and most of their houses had been built, one would think, to keep the air out. There is not a Mizner house which is not so planned as to make the most of the prevailing breeze at the point where it stands. They are open on every side, and you cannot find a Mizner [Turn to page 90]



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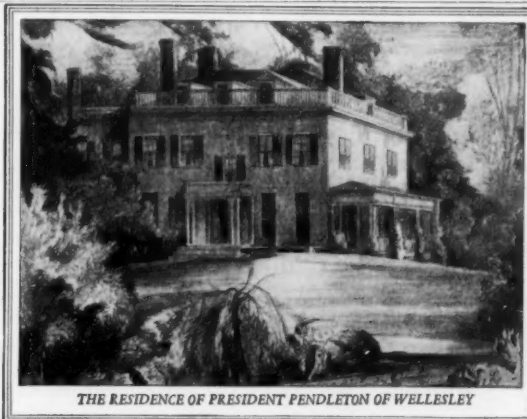
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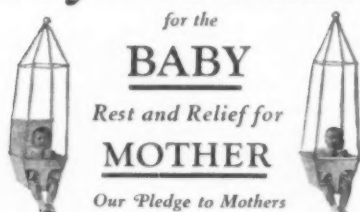
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FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

(Continued from page 89)

bedroom that doesn't have a cross current of air, which, as I have said, you almost never get in the old hotels and houses.

He gave them air and then began a war on the mosquitoes. There is no getting around it, that it is a pest in Florida; but it is a pest which can be eliminated, and Mizner has started to eliminate it and is carrying this war on the mosquitoes into his new town; for about a year ago he joined the group of city builders. A rambler of the world, he had dreamed all of his life of building a great cathedral with a little town around it. Under the stimulus of what was going on up and down the Coast he began to dream that here he might build, finally, his city, and fit his cathedral into it.

He looked for land, and about twenty-five miles below Palm Beach found 16,000 acres. How it had escaped in the general frenzy, it is hard to say. He incidentally spoke of this land at a dinner table one night, and before he left the party over three million dollars in checks had been put into his pocket. "Go and buy the land," his friends told him.

He did it. A piece at Boca Raton. A piece with a beautiful pirate tradition, as its name "rat trap" hints. It looks as if Addison Mizner would produce here one of the most beautiful, livable, joyous cities in the world. He will if he has his way. His dominating idea is to have his city direct and simple, while it will be full of the greatest beauties in the world. To leave out all that is ugly and unnecessary, but to bring in everything that is necessary and lovely, for all grades of fortunes and for all grades of people that really and truly love the beautiful.

This man with his ideas has introduced Florida to the possibilities of beauty in her climate, her sky and her vegetation. He has been able to do what he has, not merely because of his ideas, his authority and knowledge, but because he is a wonderful human being; big and generous and friendly; a man who not only makes a lovely place for you to live in, but by the force of his lovely personality shows you how to live in it, and that, I take it, is one of his chief gifts to Palm Beach.

It was natural that all this dreaming and building should have gone to men's heads. By the end of 1924 any development could be floated, even if it were mainly under water! Tampa's first big excitement came over the selling of lots, many of which were absolutely invisible save on a blue print!

Lying in the arm of Tampa Bay were three low, almost barren, sandy islands, useless so the sensible said. Nobody would touch them though the city had tried to find developers. Then in the summer of 1924 there turned up in Tampa a man whose boyhood had been spent there. He knew the islands, had "played pirate" on them, and he came now with a scheme for raising them, laying them out in lots, and selling them. His name was Davis, "Dave" Davis, and he was fresh from several successful real estate deals in Miami where there are people who credit him with having started the city's boom. He had watched Carl Fisher rounding out Miami Beach, turning the sand banks in the bay into islands. Possibly that had convinced him that he might do something with the sand banks at Tampa. Nobody would listen to him as far as backing him was concerned, but when he

asked the city to sell the lots there was little opposition. "Crazy idea but no harm in letting him try," they said, and so the city sold the islands to "Dave" Davis and he was clever enough to get from the supreme court of the state a confirmation of the city's right to sell and of the validity of his purchase.

He set the sand suckers to work and in October 1924 he put a subdivision on the market and people stood in line for hours to get the first chance at lots not yet above the water. Ninety per cent of them were residents of Tampa.

He sold a second subdivision, a third, and when the fourth and last was offered in October 1925 it was oversold almost at the start.

But the story is not so wonderful as the actual sight of Davis Island, for there is today land, over fifteen thousand acres of it. There are streets, great buildings, homes, water, electricity, paving, and a bewildering bustle of construction. There is a sea wall going up around the whole thing and on March third of this year, a day of boat races, hundreds of cars—my chauffeur said thousands!—were parked along the sea wall while the owners watched the races. And this I saw just sixteen months after Davis first set the sand suckers to work in the Bay. It is such things going on in Florida as this that upset all one's notions of the way real things are done in the world. It is utterly preposterous, but it is true!

It "got" people—all sorts of people. "We came to die," a worn, but sparkling-eyed woman told me of herself and son. "We came to die and we stayed to get well and to get rich." I ran across an old acquaintance of mine, a man who practiced at his profession for 29 years, was established in it. He needed a vacation—came down here in September of 1923 for two weeks—the second day telegraphed back for an extension of time. Three months later he resigned permanently. You should see him, with the glow of youth in his eye!

By the beginning of 1925 it had become something of a delirium, and by that time, too, something beside Florida climate, Florida sun, and a lot in Florida for a home, was stirring the migrating crowds. The dollar mark had got in front of the sun. Men came to Florida either to make money or to see others make it, and forgot everything else. And it was hardly strange. Such tales of fortune making as were going out. People told you that Samuel Untermyer's place in Palm Beach, which cost him \$75,000, had been sold for \$800,000. The air was filled with stories; of friends who had long held lots in Florida; who had gone on a sightseeing trip and bought lots; who had made turn-overs ten, twenty, thirty times the original investment. They told you that a man at Miami Beach, N. D. T. Roney, made \$6,000,000 between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m.—selling a subdivision. And men did things for their friends. Carl Fisher, big and generous, made \$40,000,000 for one pal, so they tell you.

In every coast town to which one goes where the activity had been so enormous there are innumerable stories of fortunes. Those that one likes best are the stories of the little people who had never thought of getting rich; who ran a little grocery or a shoe shop; had a little house; and here comes the boom and turns them out of house and home, [Turn to page 91]

ANYONE CAN GROW DAHLIAS

(Continued from page 72)

The dahlia is essentially a flower for specialists. It can seldom be a part of the garden's whole decorative scheme. Four or six plants of Autumn King may be used in the perennial border as a companion to the Michaelmas daisies *Novae Angliae*, with excellent artistic effect, but the best blooms are obtained by giving the plants a place all their own, setting them at last three feet apart, and cultivating them frequently and thoroughly.

The best time to plant is about June first or even a little later if one wants the blooms for the fall Dahlia Shows. Prepare the ground thoroughly to the depth

of about eighteen inches, and it is best to do this in the fall, which allows the fertilizer to become well mixed with the soil before planting time.

And because they are specimens, buy roots of the choicest varieties. Remember that they will last for years, and increase mightily, so comfort any economic twinges of conscience you may have with the assurance that your dahlias are a permanent investment. I shall be glad to send a list of the twenty best dahlias for the amateur gardener to all members of our McCall Garden Club who write me, enclosing a stamped envelope.

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FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 90]

to be sure, but gives them money to do the things of which they had never dreamed—enlarge the shop, build a comfortable home, send the boys to college, have a car—a good car. You cannot count the cases in which this has happened in these Florida towns.

Another appealing class is the small, the very small investor, who has struck it rich. I know of one young woman who came down here three years ago, and was taken over to Hollywood by one of its irresistible salesmen. Mr. Young had set aside a subdivision of his 30,000-acre city for what he called "little ranches"—half-acre lots, where he thought people of small means could raise chickens or vegetables. They were selling at from \$600 to \$900, and on very easy terms. The young woman looked at them and was lost. She put down a couple of hundred dollars of hard earned money, and agreed to pay \$25.00 a month until her lot was her own; then she went back North to her job. The \$25.00 a month did not come easily out of the job, and for months she wept when she had to pay it, calling herself a fool. Late last fall she got a telegram—would she sell her lot for \$27,000? The whole family, five or six, got into the car and came down to see about it. By the time she got here they were offering \$35,000.00, for the new-born city had grown so fast that it had absorbed her little ranch and her wept-over purchase was now on one of the great rounds which at intervals break the leading boulevard of this hustling, growing place, which in three years has achieved a permanent population of something like 20,000 people.

Institutions of all kinds have been enriched: churches, schools, clubs. Take the Miami Woman's Club, which in 1912 was given a deed to a lot of Mr. Flagler's Model Land Company. When Mr. Flagler gave this lot, fronting on the Royal Palm Park, it was boasted that it was worth \$10,000. Then, along comes the boom, and in 1923 the Woman's Club of Miami sold their lot and building for \$345,000.

They went out a considerable distance then, and bought two acres on the Bay Shore Drive, where they have put up a \$250,000.00 club house.

Now, while attention was (and is, to a large degree, still) concentrated on lot selling—the development of subdivisions—of new cities, building went with the selling; that is, a town was laid out and immediately it was arranged to have constructed there something that would be a centre to attract investors. One of the first things, of course, was a handsome administration building, and then almost invariably a big hotel. All the greatest hotel companies of the country have come in to take advantage of the boom. The developers frequently would build two or three houses—models—to tempt visitors. Very soon, too, construction companies were coming in from the North. You found the biggest construction concerns from the biggest of our cities, taking up tracts and erecting homes upon them, which they sell through their own organizations. At the same time, in the Tampa and Miami districts, there was a tremendous outbreak of business building, skyscrapers, for the ambition of the big towns seems to be to imitate, to outdo, New York skylines.

Another, and even more immediate, demand on construction was shelter for the oversupply of people which, all through the summer and fall, continued to flock in from the North. There were no roofs to cover them. People slept anywhere; in tents; in or under their cars. Out at Coral Gables there is a row of brown topped tents built for construction gangs, called "Millionaires' Row," because the cars parked in front of it are Cadillacs or better. The owners wept with joy when they found they could rent a tent in the workers' camp.

The building activity became as much of a frenzy as lot selling. In one year—July 1924 to July 1925—there was a 173% increase of construction in the fourteen leading towns of the State. The demand for construction supplies was unlimited, but how get them in, particularly, how get them in to the Miami district on the East Coast, where only a single track road came in from the North, and where

the port was shallow, with only a narrow entrance. There were soon hundreds of cars standing on the sidings up and down the Coast. There were scores of loaded boats anchored off Miami Beach, and then came a sudden realization that this congestion of freight for construction was blocking the food supply. For Florida, with all her marvelous possibilities of producing food, raises only a fraction of what she consumes. Milk is coming in here now from Wisconsin; eggs and meats from all over the North. The migrating horde had to be fed, and in the fall of 1925 there was suddenly clapped on an embargo, an embargo on everything except perishable food stuffs. It produced almost a panic among the builders. Here there were planned all sorts of things from sixteen story sky-scrapers to bungalows for new settlers, and they could not get their materials.

There was one person, and only one, so far as I have heard, that beat the embargo, and that was the extraordinary man who is building the city of Hollywood-By-The-Sea, Joseph W. Young. When he came here, perhaps five years ago, for his name was already fixed as a city builder, he came with a long experience in that kind of business behind him. Young was responsible for Long Beach and Venice, on the California Coast. He developed an Indianapolis subdivision. He dropped down here and in short order had found a site for a city—30,000 acres—and this city was booming along at an extraordinary pace, its lot selling and its construction going pretty nearly hand in hand when the embargo struck them. Young did not hesitate. Hollywood-By-The-Sea is seventeen or eighteen miles north of Miami, the closed port, but there runs along just inside the shore line, from Miami north, an old canal, a canal big enough for a barge. Young took the first train to New York City, chartered a fleet of vessels, loaded them with lumber from all parts of the country, bought cement from Belgium, and in short order had them tied up at the canal mouth and was reloading on barges. The result of that prompt action was that all through the period when the building by his neighbors up and down the Coast was held up, Young was building.

The result of all this activity, this buying and selling, this frenzy of construction, this train of people coming and staying, was inevitable. There is a large body of wily gentlemen, and some ladies, in this country, who always attach themselves to get-rich-quick movements. Where there is speculation in values, sound or unsound, it is immaterial to them, they are on hand. And early in 1925 they began to flock into all the centers of Florida, the Tampa and Miami districts particularly, where fever for development, which I have been sketching, had broken out. Their favorite procedure was simple. They dealt in town lots. Town lots anywhere. As a rule they never saw their properties. "Come out and look at the land" an acquaintance of mine told one of this band. "Look at it?" he said. "I don't want to see it, I want to sell it." Their whole stock-in-trade, as far as anyone could make out, was a blue-print.

They went to a buyer who had bought a lot in good faith in one or another development, or to someone who perhaps had long held a lot in a quiet community, who had paid, let us say, \$8,000 for it. "I will give you \$40,000 for your property," the new-comer says. "I will pay you \$8,000 down and the rest in paper." The owner could not afford to resist such an offer. He took the money and the paper, and then the speculation began, and it was not long before, as one victim told me, you hadn't anything and no one had anything. No one would ever really know what became of that lot of his, and he had had to spend a good share of his \$8,000 in various legal procedures!

It was the "binder boy," however, who capped the excitement and threatened at one time to drive the boom and all its makers over the precipice. They appeared in flocks in the summer of 1925. One able gentleman told me that he believed there were 25,000 at least of the gentry in Miami alone! Their process was interesting. You had a piece [Turn to page 92]



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FLORIDA—AND THEN WHAT?

[Continued from page 91]

of property, we will say, worth \$100,000, and a binder boy came along offering you a bigger advance than you had ever dreamed it was worth. He offered you \$500.00 as a binder to the bargain for a limited period; then he went out to his work, but his work was not to sell the property; it was to turn over the binder. He would sell it for \$750.00, \$1000.00, \$1,500.00. With each sale the price of the property was advanced, say \$25,000. The inflation was fast and furious—but a bona fide sale was rare—it was the binder which changed hands. And when finally the binder ran out you had a piece of property with a suspicious stain on it.

Things of this sort were soon going on all over Florida. There was no place, however elegant, however mean, that it did not become the center of the wildest speculation. But it was also true that the frenzy was getting very much on the nerves of the Floridians back of the enterprise, and of the men who had been dreaming and planning cities, and of the great flood of workers that had come in. Money was still coming, as the bank deposits show. They were gaining faster than they had in the year before, but those who had money were getting nervous. The Northern banks were looking into the thing. If this thing went on the Florida boom was going to end in a calamity. There would be more fortunes lost than had up to this time been made. There would be scandal upon scandal. All their beautiful dreams would be turned to nightmares. Something must be done to deflate the boom.

In Miami they turned on the binder boy as a first step; a mighty clever maneuver was planned. I have been told that it originated with Carl Fisher, N. D. T.

Roney and John Collins, all of them of Miami Beach, and a few of the soberer heads across the Bay in the city. They made it known to this clan, whose manipulations were threatening to overturn their whole structure, that they had scattered over the Beach and in the town a large number of available lots. Did they want to handle them? Of course they did. The properties allotted them were so selected that in every case an unsold piece adjoined them. The binders would be given; the sky-rocketing began, and when they had run them up to the usual wicked heights there suddenly appeared one morning in the Miami papers full page advertisements offering lots adjoining those that had been skyrocketed at something like reasonable prices. There was a howl from the gentry; some five-hundred of them, I have been told, although I do not know that there is any way of verifying the figures, were hit and hit hard, but there was nothing to do about it.

But the elimination of the binder boy was only a first step; a warning that the sober-minded city builders thought things had gone far enough. As a matter of fact, these sober-minded city builders were now turning their minds to a serious and delicate task. How were they to deflate their boom, and yet go on realizing their dreams? How were they to substitute a new word—to set the country talking, not of the Florida Boom, but of Florida Developments.

The next article in this series will deal with the deflation of the Florida Boom; the effort to make clear to investors the real values in the spectacular growth from 1920 to 1925. It will appear in the next issue of McCall's.

REMINISCENCES

[Continued from page 15]

was repeated every day in the week! In Oskaloosa, Iowa, the show broke up. No body had any money and Ed was all for us two beating the train home. It was something for which we had no experience, but Ed assured me he could show me how. We went down to the railroad track and hid in the sunflowers in the ditch. Presently a freight train came along. Ed was in the hog Latin period and he said: "Ed Fred ump jump the umpers bumpers!" A brakeman hanging his feet over the edge of a box car pointed down at him and said: "If you do I'll come down and ump jump your head!" We gave up our idea right then and there and decided to wire to Denver, where our family had moved, for money to bring us home.

I FIRST met David Montgomery in 1888. Ed and I were playing on the Sackett Circuit, in dime museums in St. Jo, Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska. In St. Jo one afternoon I saw a young fellow dancing on the sidewalk outside the theater, just amusing himself. He was a little older than I, about three years, and a good deal stockier. At that time I had my full growth and none of my width, looked like a bean plant running around with its pole. I got to talking with him; he'd been playing some in dime museums and variety theatres, but was "catching numbers" on freight cars for the Burlington Road just then. He was always hoping to get back into the show business. Four years later, in 1892, in a music hall in Denver called "The Alhambra, The Coster and Beal's of the West," my brother and I were playing a two weeks' engagement when a team called Montgomery and Williamson, booked for a black-face act, came on at the beginning of our second week—Dave Montgomery and Frank Williamson. I remembered Montgomery at once; we liked each other and palled together a lot for the week that our engagements coincided. I didn't see him again for three years.

I went to Laramie, Wyoming, after the Alhambra engagement, and played there all winter as a stock comedian. It was a fair-sized town strung out along the railroad, and a team of German comedians called Oscar and Sallie Kerns managed

the theatre. The Kerns followed the gold rush to Cripple Creek, Colorado, in 1893, and I went with them. We went on the railroad to a junction known as "The Divide" and into the mountains from there by stage coach, seventeen miles. Cripple Creek had gone up overnight. It was one long street on the side of the mountain, with a lot of light, one-story buildings, nine out of every ten of them saloons and gambling houses. There was only one brick building in town, the Palace Hotel. The theatre was a pine board affair, lined on the inside with canvas and the canvas painted. It hadn't been up long and it was made of green timber which soon began to warp so that during the afternoon shows the sunlight came through in streaks, all over the stage and all over us. Cripple Creek itself ran right under the theatre.

We had prize fights in the theater every night after the show, and if two fellows got into an argument in one of the gambling houses, someone would always say, "Come on down to the Cripple Creek theatre and have it out!" There was one professional in town who went by the name of Mexican Pete. Once there was a regular bout scheduled between him and somebody from outside who, it was whispered, was "McCoy, the train robber!" Whatever he was, he wasn't McCoy, the pugilist! The sheriff and all the authorities came down to see the fight and had seats on the stage. The minute the gong rang and the principals came to the center of the ring Mexican Pete hit McCoy in the jaw. McCoy sat down and said:

"Ain't a'goin' to fight! He fouled me!" The sheriff took a hand here and said, "You'll fight or you'll get out of town!" "I'll get out of town," said McCoy.

They took his clothes and put them in his arms and opened the door into the alley. Then I heard all kinds of shots; I suppose they were over his head and under his feet, but I guess he dressed in the woods.

I went to a funeral in Cripple Creek. One of the "beer slingers" from the theater died of pneumonia. The hearse was a plain black box with a hinged end that was just big enough to take in the coffin. We all trailed [Turn to page 111]



"Had my Mother only told me..."

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

SO did the heroine of Frank Wiedekind's great drama, "Spring's Awakening", speak against the ignorance of her age. Even in this day many women are the victims of false prudishness, unenlightenment and old-fashioned custom.

But the spirit of the age encourages frankness and revelation—and the prime causes of much of woman's discomforts, weaknesses and loss of beauty and happiness can now become her property.

Personal cleanliness and daintiness are as essential to preserve health, activity, happiness and charm as dental hygiene. Germs and bacteria find easy lodgement in delicate internal membranes. Methodical cleansing is necessary from the buoyant days of girlhood to the twilight of life.

The Marvel Hygienic or Whirling Spray was designed by science to preserve internal cleanliness. And I know of no instrument that does it so well or so effectively. By its whirling spray action the membranes are flushed clean and medication is thorough and complete. There is no danger of injury. And any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used without harm to bulb or tube.

Send for Booklet—Read the virile and forceful facts on feminine hygiene as set forth by a prominent physician. These are available in a booklet which we have printed. A copy will come to you in a social correspondence envelope on receipt of the signed coupon below.

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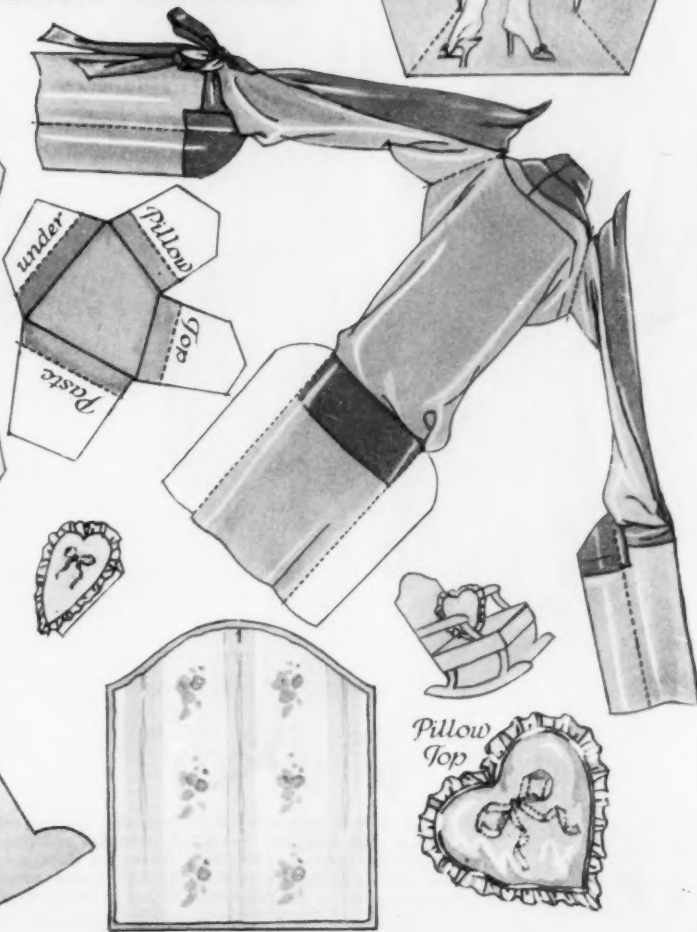
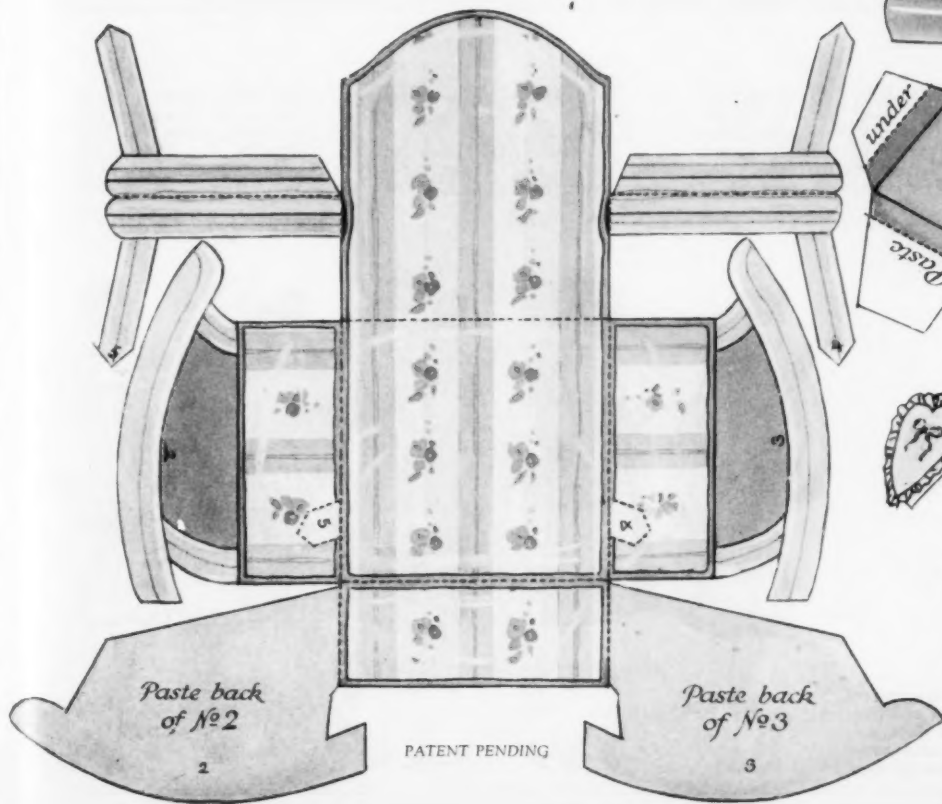
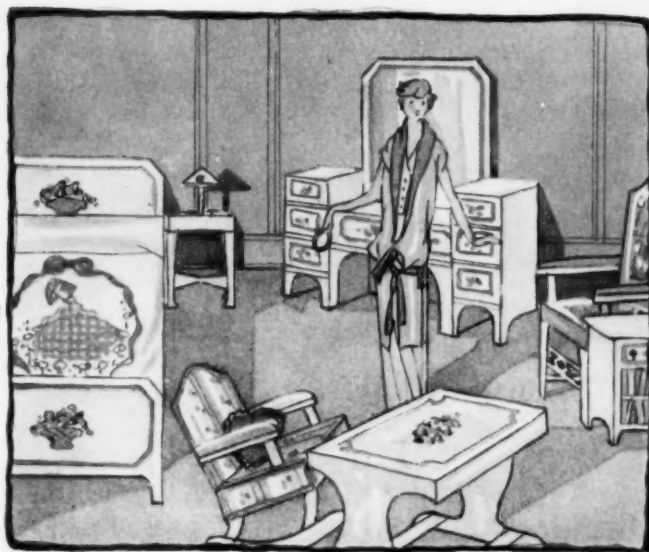
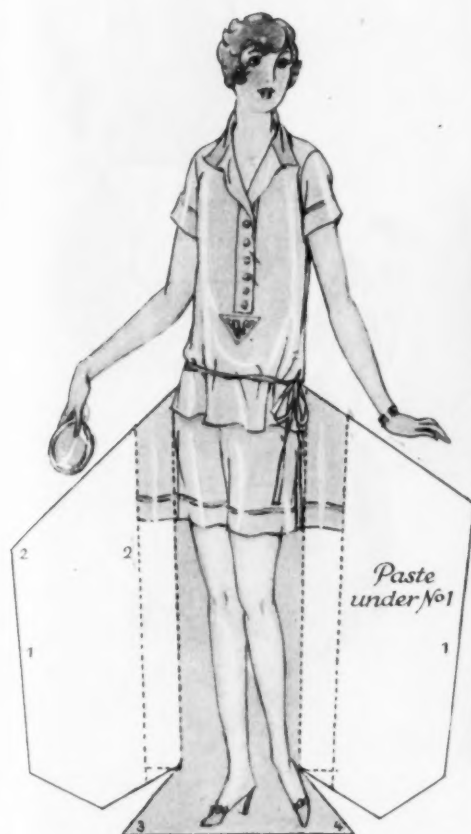
COUPON
ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse
The Marvel Company, New Haven, Conn.
Send me in plain envelope labeled "Social Correspondence" your booklet on feminine hygiene.
Name
Address
City

A Boudoir Doll

Fashion Doll Cut-Out by Mándor Honti

With a complete eight-piece set of boudoir furniture. Other pieces in boudoir set to appear in June and July issues of McCall's Magazine.

Cut out carefully following the outlines. Fold on dotted lines. Paste the matching numbers together, beginning by pasting 1 to 1 and so on. Hold the pasted places together until the paste hardens enough to hold, so they will not slip apart.



Echo de Paris

SKIRTS ARE WIDE IN SOFT FABRICS

IT is well that dress designers should permit us to make our summer fabrics into rippling skirts. They are capricious, these designers. They give us long sleeves in August, and no sleeves in January. By that reasoning, we might expect tight skirts in transparent stuffs. But fortunately, they have decreed that yards and yards shall go into one frock. Printed chiffon, voile, or flat crepe, in dots, plaids or roses, will swirl about our knees.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



No. 4485, A flaring overdress, the lower front girdled at the hips and a flowered slip make up this frock as ultra-smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4505, The lower front of this youthful one-piece frock is cut in three sections giving a cone-shaped effect. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



No. 4482, Circular side panels, long gathered sleeves, with tied sleeve bands, and a cravat collar mark this frock as ultra-smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4500, A modified version of the Robe de Style frock, has a slim bodice, two-piece straight gathered skirt and quaint fichu collar. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4490, Another conception of the two-piece idea, combining plain and plaid material, has a four-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.



Echo de Paris

SLEEVES ARE FULL AT THE WRIST

NOT all sleeves are tight this summer; neither are they all long. Fashion has relented for she has considered our comfort. Many of the new sleeves are loosened at wrists. Various ways are employed. There are shaped flounces of the fabric when soft, or ruffles of lace . . . for lace has come back. There are puffs like the Chinese elbow cushions which Jenny copies. Gathered at wrist, they are loose and comfortable.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



No. 4483, A tucked vest, circular skirt and sleeves lengthened by circular puffs impart chic to this slim Princess frock. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4504, A straight gathered flounce set on at the hipline adds smartness to this simple kimono-cut frock with underslip. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4510, The smart frock simulates a jacket costume. This one in two pieces has a two-piece circular skirt with camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.



No. 4491, The bloused bodice, and straight draped scallops. This model with skirt of this lovely dress are sewed to an underslip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4507, Paris has decreed jacket back and gathered tunic makes use of them. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

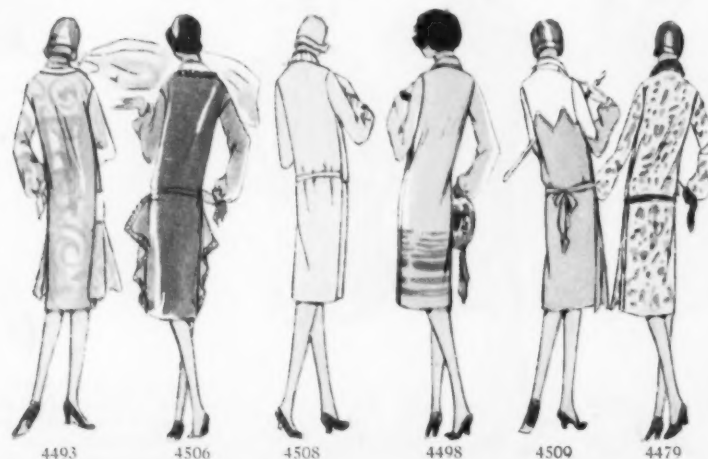


Echo de Paris

GAY COLOR SCHEMES ENLIVEN FROCKS

IN summer the restraint of winter loosens. Severity relaxes into gaiety, and the sensible one-piece gown made to do duty under topcoat and furs, becomes gay and youthful. If its bodice be a bolero, it wears a bright vest of decorative silk underneath. A jabot edged with contrasting fabric or a brilliant border may enliven the ensemble, and yokes in points like jesters once wore, may break the line. The final touch in a distinctive color scheme is often achieved by a colorful scarf.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



No. 4508, A misses' frock with jacket front, and inverted pleats for comfortable walking, wears a vest, collar and cuffs of brightly striped silk. The wide sleeves are new. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4493, Two loose circular panels with pockets are joined to this one-piece frock at the hip. A V neck with jabot, and kimono sleeves are modish features. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4506, A straightline frock wears a Peter Pan collar and vestee tab for youthfulness, and fluttering skirt drapes for movement. The long gathered sleeves are joined to drop armholes. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4498, Its fulness gathered to a tab which is in one with the front, this simple frock has a straight lower edge. It is shown effectively made up of 54-inch bordered silk. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4509, A zigzag seaming is the novel method of joining the contrasting sections of this youthful model. Pleat insets at sides break the straight lines and widen skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4479, A scarf collar and bows at wrist and hip are enlivening touches on a one-piece frock buttoned at center front. The drape at left side is in one with the front. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46, 50 bust.



AFTERNOON GOWNS SOFT AS MIST

NO. 4504, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened; yoke and straight flounce of lace. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2 yards of 40-inch; slip, 2½ yards of 40-inch; yoke and flounce, 2½ yards of 24-inch lace. Width, about 1¼ yards.

NO. 4490, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; four-piece circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2½ yards.

NO. 4491, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened; straight lower edge. In 7 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch bordered material; slip, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

THE weavers of fabrics for this season decided that our clothes should be light and airy. We had already decided to reduce ourselves to the required slenderness that can wear them best. Our gowns intended for pleasure are like the seven veils of the Orient. They are made of chiffon and voile with flowers woven into them and filmy lace to enhance the effect. With little effort one's afternoon frock resembles a summer flower garden. Transparent sleeves are much in evidence and bodices are without collars.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.

L'Echo de Paris



No. 4109, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUIT COAT. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 1½ yards of 54-inch; lining, 2¼ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4158, LADIES' LOW-WAISTED SKIRT. Sizes 30 to 42 waist. Size 30, 1 yard of 54-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.



No. 4497, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4492, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with pleat insets and straight lower edge. Sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46, 50 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 4483, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

THE BLUE SUIT

THE tailored suit is an important fashion. Next in interest is the revival of blue twill. Every woman I have heard refer to the two in combination has rejoiced. The coat is short, reaching to the hip. Whether or not it is double-breasted depends on one's figure. The skirt is short, with or without a flare, and is worn with a white silk blouse. Borders on frocks are also popular. They are woven in the material in colorful effects, thus eliminating all worry in decoration.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



4483

L'Echo de Paris

THE FASHIONABLE CAPE

THE cape for mild weather is a sensible fashion. They are the smartest wrap of the moment and appear in a variety of fabrics. As gowns are to be as thin as cobwebs and as colorful as an English garden in June, the cape is the most logical wrap to wear with them. One wants to be rid of coat sleeves when wearing fragile frocks. Printed chiffon, voile and crêpes, bordered georgettes and English broad-cloths are the fashionable fabrics. Simplicity in the making of both frock and cape is imperative.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4488

No. 4488, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; with shawl collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material; collar, ¾ yard of 40-inch; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch.



4490

4494

4485



4488

4490

4494

4485

No. 4490, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch, border on both edges; tie, 2½ yards of 4-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4494, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; vest and long gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46, and 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4485, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; straight slip; overdress with circular skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, slip, 2½ yards of 36-inch; overdress, 3¾ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

L'Echo de Paris

For descriptions
see Page 111



SUMMER FABRICS ARE GAY

WHATEVER design could be printed on fabrics has been used by the fabric designers. That is our verdict after seeing the new silks at the shops. Among the new and novel conceptions of the fabric artists, a few designs stand out conspicuously. Chief of these are dots, which sometimes take on the shape of pyramids and half moons. Stripes, vertical and diagonal, with sharp or ragged edges, and flowers as gay as those that spring from nature's own soil, are next in importance.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



L'Echo de Paris



ONE-PIECE GOWNS GAIN FAVOR

THERE is much evidence that the one-piece frock will gain favor over the jumper suit. The allure of sheer materials is too strong to resist. There is, however, a new jumper, fashioned with a cross-over waistcoat and rolling collar that is very smart. Often it is made of sturdy silks and worn as a jacket. The new innovations are cleverly carried out. Chinese cushion-puffs at wrist, jabots, and decorative pockets with gay kerchiefs peeping out enliven the one-piece mode.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.





A woman risks it three times

yet goiter can be prevented by this perfect table salt

When she leaves girlhood behind, before or after child-birth, after long illness—that is when a woman generally develops goiter.

This risk can be materially lessened by seasoning food with Morton's Iodized Salt—a perfect table salt tasting no different, but with nature's iodine restored to it at the request of health authorities combating goiter.

They advise its use on the table and in cooking to make up for the deficiency of iodine in so many of our everyday foods. They say it maintains a higher standard of nutrition for every meal. And they call it an ideal goiter preventive, for children especially—and adults.



FREE

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Please send me FREE copy of "The Prevention of Simple Goiter."

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No. 4509, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, upper section, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; lower section, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

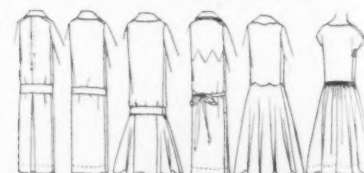
No. 4354, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; slip-on blouse; six-piece circular skirt attached to yoke. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, blouse, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch; skirt, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 4433, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 3 yards of 36-inch material; collar, cuffs and vest, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4364, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 4 yards of 36-inch material; collar and cuffs, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

No. 4363, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; skirt cut crosswise; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

No. 4500, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; closing at underarm; straight skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, skirt cut crosswise; bands, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.



4364 4433 4354 4509 4363 4500

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 113.



NO. 4374, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; center front closing; three-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 3 yards.

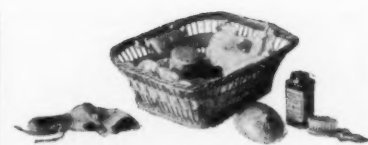
NO. 4508, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4505, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with box pleats at front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 32-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

NO. 4498, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; with straight lower edge. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 4408, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' EVENING DRESS; closing at underarm; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; insertion, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards; edging, 7 yards. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

NO. 4500, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar and bow, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Why the Powder is important



TO THE MOTHER belongs the responsibility in protecting the baby against chafing

BABY'S skin is so soft and tender that it falls into little folds. These creases are the mother's special care. If moisture is allowed to lurk in them it makes a perfect breeding place for the infection that causes chafing.

To keep these furrows free from angry soreness, doctors advise the use of powder after the bath in neck, underarms, and groins. The buttocks, too, are so often wet and soiled that they need special care against chafing. Doctors insist on the use of powder every time the diaper is changed.

OF course the powder which is used in such sensitive spots and has such an important duty, must be soft, fine, antiseptic, pure beyond question.

Because they know it has these qualities so important to the comfort and well-being of their babies, more mothers choose Johnson's Baby Powder than any other.

They know that the name stands for purity, antiseptic quality. And they know by experience how soft and healing the powder is.

All through its manufacture, the powder is zealously guarded from all possible contamination—guarded as these huge laboratories, devoted to making articles for the use of doctors and surgeons are so well equipped to do.

If you do not already know Johnson's Baby Powder, read the offer below.

How should the buttocks be cared for?

This is the most common place for chafing, as the parts are so frequently wet and soiled; hence utmost pains should be taken that all napkins be removed as soon as they are wet or soiled and the parts kept scrupulously clean and well powdered.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt
—"Care & Feeding of Children"

NOTE: To those mothers who do not already know this beneficent powder, Johnson & Johnson are offering a free sample of it and their helpful little book, "The Faith of a Baby."

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Dept. C-9; New Brunswick, N. J.

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(letter on file)

"I always keep on hand a few colors of **SUNSET Dyes**"

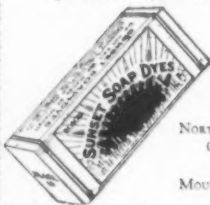
It saves time to have an assortment of colors at hand when you need them.

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SUNSET meets every home-dyeing need. Substitutes are likely to disappoint; be sure you get SUNSET for these wonderful results.

All SUNSET's 22 colors are fast for all fabrics; are quick, clean and easy to use. They can be blended to produce lovely, unusual shades.



Ask to see Color Card in drug, department, general stores and leading grocers.

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WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

Smart models for making up voile, taffeta and linen for summer wear. Children's "square cut" dresses. New ways of trimming current patterns. Neckwear. Hat trimmings. House dresses. Children's party frocks. Every home sewer will find this book helpful and interesting.

Send 10 cents in stamps

for book and three-yard sample in fast color percale in any one of the following colors: Yellow, Linen, Gray, Light Blue, Orange, Red, Navy, Lavender, Old Rose, Pink, Copenhagen, Reseda, Brown, Black.

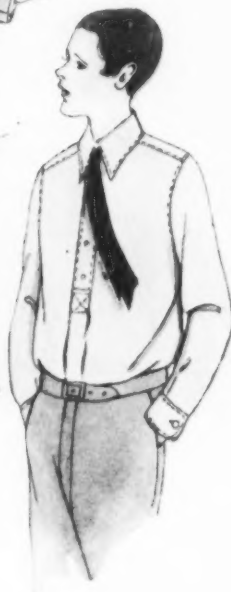
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SMARTLY CONSERVATIVE CLOTHES FOR THE CHILDREN



4480



4486



4436

4415



4501



4502

4331



4436

4415

4480

4486

4501

4502

4331

4503

4503

No. 4480, BOYS' SUIT; with long trousers; single-breasted coat with patch pockets. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4486, BOYS' ENGLISH CRICKET SHIRT; pull-on model with long sleeves. Sizes 12½ to 15-inch neck. Size 14 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 4436, LITTLE BOYS' SUIT; with knee trousers; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4415, CHILDS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with roll collar and long gathered sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4501, CHILDS' DRESS; gathered to yoke band; with bloomers and short kimono sleeves. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting bands, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4502, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with bertha collar and circular flounces. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; bertha collar, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4331, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; front in Eton style; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4503, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with short set-in sleeves and two-piece circular skirt. In 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch.

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THE MANLY LAD WEARS LONG OR SHORT TROUSERS



No. 4495, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS; with bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 32-inch material; collar, cuffs, knee bands and pockets, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 32-inch.

No. 4489, GIRLS' JUMPER DRESS; with guimpe and bloomers. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, dress and bloomers, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; guimpe, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4496, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3 yards of 32-inch material; collar and cuffs, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4484, BOYS' BLOUSE SUIT; consisting of blouse and long trousers. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; collar, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4480, BOYS' SUIT; coat with patch pockets; straight knee trousers. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4503, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular cape; two-piece circular skirt and long gathered sleeve. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material; collar, front band and frills, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4502, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; view A, with short kimono sleeves and circular ruffles; view B, with bertha collar and long sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, view A, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch; view B, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; bertha, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch.



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4487
Emb. No. 1506

NO. 4487, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE; with ruffle cut in points; adjusted at sides with tie strings. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36- or 40-inch material; edging, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1506 would be effective in French knots and lazy-daisy-stitch.

NO. 4088, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; with combination undergarment. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, View A, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; View B, overdress, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; trousers and collar, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; underwaist, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. Painted motif may be made from Embroidery No. 1463.

NO. 4413, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE; with shawl collar. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch.

NO. 4481, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON HOUSE DRESS; front skirt section and lower part of back cut circular. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32-inch or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



4088
View A



4088
Emb. No. 1463
View B



4481

4413

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Echo de Paris

ACCESSORIES TO
THE SUCCESSFUL
WARDROBE



4477



4476



4487
Emb. No. 294



4418
Emb. No. 1252



4478

No. 4487, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 1 1/4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Scallop and dots may be worked in buttonhole- and satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 294.

No. 4476, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; circular flounce; combination undergarment. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4477, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; with combination undergarment. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4418, ARTIST'S SMOCK; fastening at front. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 4 3/4 yards of 32-inch or 4 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1252 may be used for monogram.

No. 4478, LADIES' AND MISSES' NIGHTGOWN; with curved lower edge. Sizes small, medium, large, and extra large. Medium size, 38 to 40 bust, requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch; yoke, 1 1/4 yards of 6-inch; edging, 2 7/8 yards of 2-inch.

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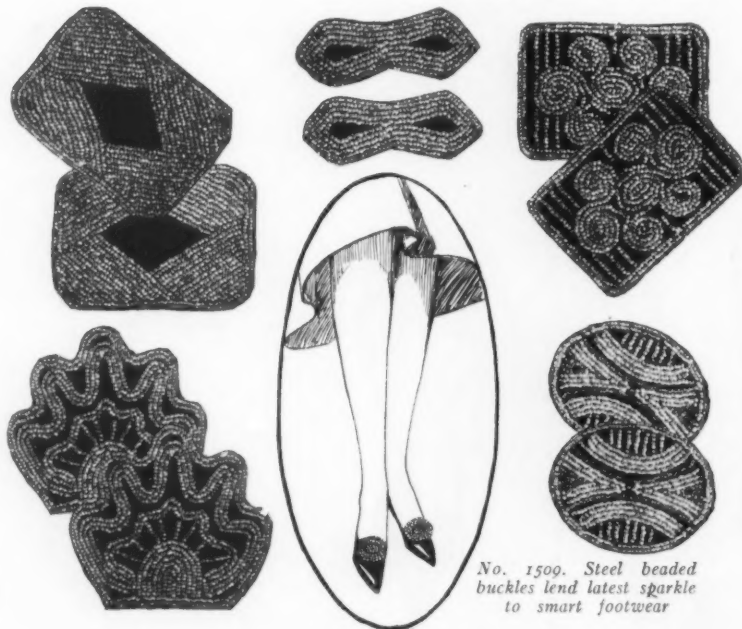
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**SPARKLING BEAD WORK VIES WITH QUILTING AND EMBROIDERY
IN NEEDLEWORK'S DOMAIN**

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 1509. Steel beaded
buckles lend latest sparkle
to smart footwear

No. 1508. DESIGN FOR QUILTED PILLOWS. Borrowing this beauty from our great-grandmother's day provides a pleasing needlework pastime. Among other Early American revivals, the vogue for quilted pillows and chair cushions has reached unexpected dominance.

No. 1509. DESIGNS FOR BEADED BUCKLES. Something new and fascinating in beadwork buckles for pumps. Simply and inexpensively made, though costly when purchased at smart shops. The beads, in steel or any desired color, are strung on fine wire and sewed on satin-covered buckram shapes.

No. 1510. DESIGN FOR LACE MOTIFS. Delicate sprays of embroidery in pastel colorings worked in lazy-daisy-, outline-stitch and French knots, may be used with lawn and lace vanity sets and tray centers. These motifs are adapted for a 7 3/4 x 11 1/4-inch central design.

No. 1487. DESIGN FOR BOUDOIR PILLOW. The dress of deep-colored lawn is appliquéd and stitched underneath to show daintily through sheer linen. This captivating Colonial lady is also adapted for a quaint decoration of vanity sets or scarf ends about 11 x 15 inches.

No. 1511. DESIGN FOR LACE PILLOWS. Sheer lawn inset with delicate lace, and further enhanced with dainty embroidery done in simple stitches and pastel tones, develop pillows (16 to 18 inches) immensely attractive in the boudoir.

No. 1511. Lin-
gerie Pillows



No. 1510. Sheer Vanity Set and
Tray Center Meet the Mode for
Pastel Embroidery and Lace

No. 1487. Quaintness and Chic
Combine in this Dainty Concep-
tion for an Appliquéd or Painted
Pillow

No. 1508. Quilted Taffeta Pillows
are Among Fashion's Favorites

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236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 113.

REFLECTING THE INCREASING TENDENCY TOWARD SIMPLICITY IN DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



No. 4401, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED DRESS AND HAT WITH PANTALETES. Coquettish for the little miss from 2 to 6 years. Scalloped edge, with its double row of lace, displays pantalettes below and gay motifs in simple stitches above. Size 6, 2½ yards 36-inch material.

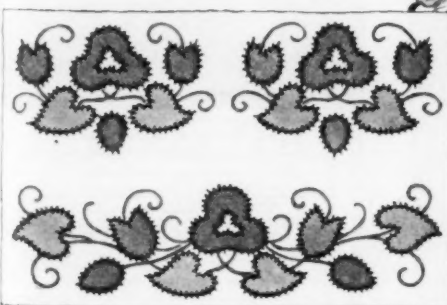
4401 Dress, Hat, Bloomers and Emb. Design

Dress 4404 Emb. No. 1512

4431 Dress and Emb. Design
4432 Dress and Emb. Design

No. 4431, LADIES' DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY. Contrasting collar, cuffs and pocket flaps, with cross-stitch design and button-holed edges, furnish an effective and easily made trimming for this youthful model. Dress comes in sizes 34 to 44 bust. For size 36, 4½ yards 36-inch material

No. 4432, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY. As bright and fresh as a May morning this charming frock in gay print or voile with embroidered design worked in buttonhole-stitch. For 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material; ¾ yard contrasting. 1 skein each of 5 colors 6-strand cotton.



1512. Design for Appliqué



4402 Dress and Emb. Design

No. 4404, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Attractive simplicity with color emphasis in smart appliqué. Embroidery No. 1512 is used, motifs of which are shown in detail at left. The dress comes in 8 sizes; 14 to 18 years; 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3¾ yards material.

No. 4339, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Graceful in line and movement, this dressy evening frock is made individual by its delicate and distinctive embroidery developed from design No. 1507. Straight- and running-stitches make the work extremely simple. Dress is in sizes 14 to 18 years; 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4402, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY. Dainty sprays of embroidery fitting neck and for sleeves of this tot's dress lend charm in color and design. Dress is in 4 sizes; 1 to 6 years. For size 6, 1½ yards 36- or 40-inch material; 1 skein each 4 colors 6-strand cotton.

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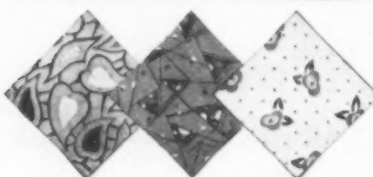
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By Elisabeth May Blondel



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I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

REMINISCENCES

[Continued from page 92]

along behind it, up on the side of the mountain where there was a brand new grave yard and a few wooden crosses in the middle of the scrub oaks and pines. There was no preacher and it looked as if the man would be put into the ground without anything being said for him, till an actor from the legitimate stage where they played stock dramas volunteered. He had never known the boy, he may have heard he was a ne'er-do-well, which he certainly was, but he gave a little talk on what he called "The Bohemian Boy" that was very touching. I wished then that I was able to do a thing like that.

I'd like to say right here that I think we all have opportunities to become just what we want to be or are best fitted for, and that they sometimes come a second time, and our only responsibility is to choose the right ones and let the bad ones go by. That boy whose funeral I went to offered me a chance to make easy money. I got talking to him one day in an eating house, about three weeks before he died. I told him that day-times I was helping a Denver friend of mine, Harry Warn, rock out gold in a little placer mine he had staked a claim on but that we only made about fifty or seventy-five cents a day when we cashed in the gold at the assay office. This fellow then told me that if Warn and I would get into a fight some day outside the assay office and would break the plate glass window, he and a pal in the confusion would get away with the bags of money and the raw gold from the inside window: they'd have horses around the corner, they'd pack it in their saddle bags and a few days later they'd meet us anywhere we said and divide the loot! He was surprised when I told him that wasn't the kind of money I was looking for.

Early the next year I went to Trinidad, Colorado, to play in a variety theater called "The Adelphi." Ed was playing there with me. Several years before, in the Comique Theatre in Kansas City, we had met the Dixon Brothers from Brooklyn. Everybody in the business passed on songs and jokes, and the Dixon Brothers gave us a Hottentot dance they were through with. In the course of time we developed it into quite an act. We wore wigs of black horse hair, black tights and a leopard skin apiece, and I had a chain of three white celluloid rings—the kind they use on harness—hanging from my nose, wearing callouses on the inside! For a set we had a hut made out of broom sticks and half a cart wheel and a square of canvas thatched with straw wine bottle casings. I made my appearance sliding down a grape vine webbing from the roof. In those days Ed and

I were so light on our feet we could turn back flips and land just like cats, without making a sound. We put a lot of acrobatics into this dance and we had the stage almost dark. I can remember the song to this day:

We are a tribe of Massi—pie—oe's
From the Zambeze River Nile

We were still using that act in Trinidad, and I remember that the sheriff, Bob Brannen, came into the theater one night with three of his big bloodhounds just at the moment when I gave one of my monkey squeaks. One of those dogs heard me and started on a rush for the stage, with the others right behind him. The orchestra parted in the middle, Ed ran offstage into the dressing room, and I went up the webbing to the roof. Brannen had to come down the center aisle and lead his dogs out before the show could go on.

I was in Trinidad most of the winter of 1894. When the theater closed down in the spring I went home to Denver for awhile, and from there to Galveston, Texas. This proved to be a momentous move on my part, for in Galveston I was to meet David Montgomery again, and to begin the partnership that lasted twenty-two years until his death.

ONE afternoon late in February of 1895 I stood on the curb of a street in Galveston, watching the parade of Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels that was due to open in town that night. There were four big trombones out in front and then suddenly behind them I saw a familiar figure toggled out in a pale overcoat and a plug hat—Dave Montgomery. I shouted at him and he motioned to me to go down and meet him at the theater. After the parade we got together in his dressing room and he told me he had lost his partner Willie O'Dell in Dallas, that one of the acrobats, Willie Segrist, with the show was in the same fix, and that they had been trying to help each other out. Then he suggested why didn't I join up with them and act as partner to them both?

Billy Rice, the manager of Haverly's Minstrels, came to me afterwards and offered me twenty-five dollars a week to go with them, to work with both Montgomery and the acrobat—but he was honest enough to admit the show was three weeks behind in salaries!

I took the situation to Mr. Hamlin, my manager and he said: "Fred, I hate to lose you, but you don't belong here. You should be where you can make something of yourself. I advise you to take this."

This was the beginning of my partnership with Dave [Turn to page 113]

Descriptions for Page 100

No. 4482, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; circular side panels; short set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 32-inch or 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4353, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; circular front flounces with scalloped banding. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4479, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; wrap-over front with flare at left side. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 46 and 50 bust. Size 36 requires ¾ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4506, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened; gathers at shoulder and hip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4493, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves; circular front panels. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

Descriptions for Page 101

No. 4493, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened by gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4292, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with circular front tunics; sleeves lengthened by puffs. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4510, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS; slip-on blouse and two-piece skirt attached to camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch or 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4507, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; long sleeves and gathered tunic with scalloped lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material; belt, ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

No. 4506, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; short kimono sleeves; cascade draperies at sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.



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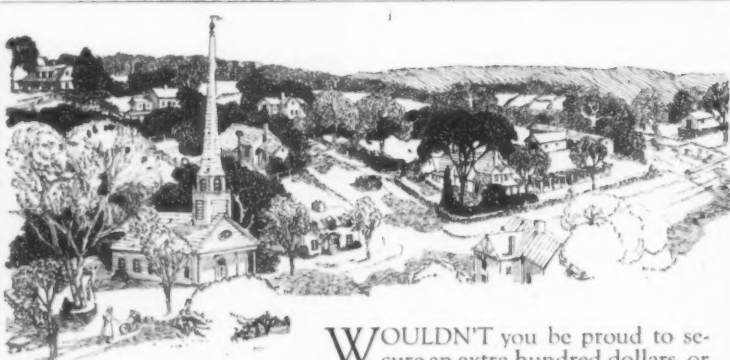
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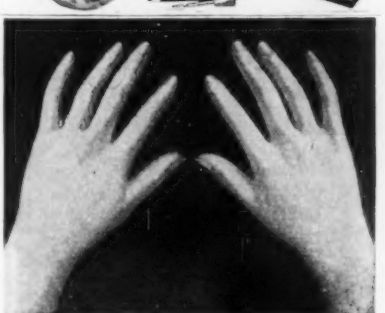
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The Blonde Hair Shampoo

REMINISCENCES

[Continued from page 111]

Montgomery, and all the years that it lasted we never had anything but a handshake between us by way of contract. The hardest time of my life came after he died, when I had to begin all over again alone.

I rehearsed day and night with Montgomery and the acrobat; we opened in New Orleans on a Monday night and on Wednesday night the show broke up! Dave and I counted ourselves lucky to get an engagement with a New Orleans variety theater called "The Royal." This was for two weeks and we were to get forty dollars a week for the two of us. The first week we got it and the second we didn't, though the theater went on playing. We were allowed to sign tabs at the bar for drinks, but as I didn't drink I didn't get any satisfaction out of that arrangement, that is, after I had drunk up all the milk they had! The management owned an oyster bar too, and pretty soon they gave us permission to sign tabs on oysters. That suited Dave all right because he liked oysters: I got so hungry I had to learn to like 'em. I'd go up there and ask the man to open up a dozen, then I'd take a walk around the block and feel as if I'd had nothing at all, and I'd come back and get him to open up another dozen. It went on that way until about the fifth day when the man struck, being so tired opening oysters he wouldn't work for anybody any more.

Dave Montgomery was always the good business man of our partnership. The situation looked pretty serious to me and I had written to Mr. Hamlin in Galveston to see if he would take Dave and me back with him. Dave, in the meantime, wrote to Billy Rice in Chicago, and Rice wrote back offering the team of Montgomery and Stone forty dollars a week for four weeks, to begin as soon as we could get there. That was a problem, because we hadn't any money. Finally some kind comedians from "The Royal," who were themselves bound for Chicago, paid our way there.

We played eleven weeks under Billy Rice's management, and then one day we opened a letter and found two contracts, offering to tie us up for the season of 1896-1897 with Gus Hill's "World of Novelties," at eighty dollars a week, joint. Of course we took it. Gus Hill had never seen us; he made us the offer on the advice of some friend of his, and he didn't know at the time how good a friend he was of ours! It was our first glimpse of success—quite a ways off still—but I've always had a friendly feeling for Chicago in consequence. And several years later we made the first big hit of our lives when "The Wizard of Oz" opened there.

"The World of Novelties" opened in September in Boston, at Howard Theater. Montgomery and Stone came next to the last on the bill so that it was about midnight before we appeared at all, just when everybody got up and began to go home. We didn't do as well as we expected and I remember I went to Gus Hill and told him I was afraid he was going to be disappointed with our act. He said: "Don't you be worried, I know what your act will be and it's all right. And I know this audience!"

Our second appearance in Boston was still less happy. It was a year later and a free-lance engagement. Keith's Theater brought us all the way from Chicago for one week for which we were to receive ninety dollars. It was the most magnificent and wonderful theater we had ever been in; the show ran all day and Montgomery and Stone opened it at ten in the morning to an audience of seven ushers! They had so many people on the bill that they couldn't use us again, so we sat on the Common in the afternoons and fed the squirrels and in the evenings I guess we went and looked at the State House dome.

"The World of Novelties" took us from Boston to Montreal. Going into Montreal on the train we saw a man with a theatrical three-sheet showing a lithograph of Montgomery and Stone, and I remember we spent the greater part of our spare time that week trying to find another like it. At last we discovered one on a bill board 'way out of town and after that we couldn't seem to tear ourselves away from that locality; it was the first time we had ever seen ourselves on a bill board and we finally got a photographer and had our pictures taken in front of it!

We played our first engagement in New York with "The World of Novelties" in Miner's Bowery Theatre. The audience was mostly men and when the curtain went up you couldn't see anything at all for the smoke screen they sent up. Boys went around hawking "pea corn, pop nuts and chewing cigars!" and the top gallery was full of kids who kept up the most awful jabbering and whistling anybody ever listened to, that is, until the show was ready to begin. Then there was a man up there with a big cane who hit the edge of the gallery twice and after that you could have heard a pin drop! There's been a big change for the better in the theaters during the twenty odd years since then, and they certainly were open to improvement in those days. The wonder was that the people who played in there were many of them so decent.

From Miner's Bowery we went to Miner's Eighth Avenue Theater, another of the same kind, and from there we went on the road, through the Middle West, as far out as St. Louis. Montgomery and Stone played approximately the same circuit three successive years, with "The World of Novelties" in '96-'97, with Russell's Comedians the next year—when we advanced to a salary of a hundred and twenty-five a week—and in 1899 with Hyde's Comedians. This last was the nicest outfit of them all. We opened in Brooklyn at Hyde and Behman's Theater in September 1899 and were with them three months.

In the summer of 1897 Dave Montgomery and I had taken a flier at the managerial end of the variety business. We leased the amusement park at the end of the trolley line in Kankakee, Illinois. We strung up a high wire for me to make an outside exhibition, we hired a company and we figured on making a lot of money—which we never did! The cars ran out to the end of the line, but nobody rode on them. This was the year when bicycling was just (Turn to page 114)

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4292..45	4408..45	4459..40	4469..35	4478..30	4487..30	4496..35	4505..45	
4331..35	4413..35	4460..50	4470..25	4479..45	4488..40	4497..45	4506..45	
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4363..45	4431..35	4463..45	4473..35	4482..45	4491..50	4500..45	4509..45	
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REMINISCENCES

[Continued from page 113]

beginning to be so popular, and there was a Y. M. C. A. dirt track right across from our park. I bought a Stearns racing machine and a bicycle suit and went into training under a boy called "Cigarette Art" who worked around the theater. I trained for two months and on the fourth of July I entered the one-mile open race—with handicap of sixty yards because I was a novice—and won a bicycle lamp as first prize. This encouraged me and I entered for the five-mile race. I was on the line, just waiting for them to fire the pistol, when Montgomery came running up and said he'd sold eighty dollars worth of tickets, that the house was full and I'd have to come right back and put on my act. He said, what did I want to do anyway, earn some money or win a bicycle pump? I figured the show would be over before I could ride five miles so I had to drop out right then! By this time we were losing money hand over fist with our park; we were paying our actors but there was never anything left over for us, so when Ringling Brothers came to Kankakee we closed up for the afternoon and evening and went to the circus. We met John Ringling that afternoon and he asked us what we were doing there. I remember we told him we had figured he was a pretty good friend of ours and we didn't want to hurt his business so we had closed our park for the day! As soon as our lease at Kankakee was up we leased ourselves out to an amusement park in Louisville, where we had no responsibility for other people's salaries and were paid our own. I took the bicycle along, had a trunk built for it and carried it everywhere after that—many's the time I've pedaled down to Coney Island on it! The bicycle suit went too and it was the only one I had right then, costumes, a pair of tights and the bicycle suit!

Montgomery and Stone played Koster and Bial's roof one week in 1898. It was to be extended to four weeks if they liked our act, but they didn't! The Rogers Brothers, the big star comedians, were billed just before us. We stood out in the wings waiting for our turn and as soon as the Rogers Brothers went on everything went dead quiet; they all stopped eating to listen. But when it came our turn people picked up their knives and forks and clattered dishes and ate and talked and told stories; we weren't known at all and nobody would listen to us. And then on Friday night it rained, they took the show downstairs and Montgomery and Stone got their innings—we stopped the performance, they liked our act so well! But even then we didn't make a hit with the management; they didn't offer us the other three weeks and we finished up the season on the roof of the New York Theater, on Broadway and 45th Street.

That winter we went to London, to play three months at the Palace Theater. It was a music hall very like the good American theaters of that kind, but a little more dressy in some of its fixings—the card boy, for instance, was a full-grown man in satin knee-breeches and a court wig. He was quite a personage around the theater and it was some time before Dave and I got over having a chill every time he came near us.

When we went over we had a wonderful wardrobe to display, gold-headed canes, choky collars, silk hats and all. We featured particularly buck and wing dances; we used sand for these and I remember in one I used to dance about two minutes without any music at all. Our act ran about twenty-five minutes; we wanted to try everything we had and see what they liked. We had a lot to learn. The first night, just before we went on, Dave saw a colored stage hand and said, "There's one guy who will know what we are doing!" He went up to him and said: "Hello, bub! Have there been any Mobile buck dancers over here lately?" And then Dave almost died because the fellow came back with an English accent:

"Buck dancers, sir? Buck dancers?" I don't rightly understand you sir!" Dave was game and went on; "You know, what they dance in Mobile!" "Don't know the plice, sir. Lunnon's the only town I know!"

[Continued in JUNE McCall's]

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TRICKS OF TIDINESS IN TRAVELING

[Continued from page 54]

beautiful but freckle-inclined skin that belongs with red-gold hair, for use at the seashore when bathing. Grease-paint allows you to breathe in comfort, but on the other hand, it is messy and a veil is not. In either case you will arrive at the end of the day with a skin that is cool and normal, instead of one that aches and looks like fire—or worse, like a speckled egg.

If you wear grease-paint in bathing it is easy enough in your bath-house to take it off with cold cream, remove that and apply a lotion or a vanishing cream. But if you wear it motoring your neck must be protected with something washable as it will smear any fabric it comes in contact with. As you will probably want to wipe it off when arriving at your stopping-place for the night, and as it is apt to stick in spots and give a piebald complexion, the quickest way to make yourself presentable is to put on a lace veil (brown or blue or black, according to the color of your clothes). Through the pattern or lace nothing shows. You can be perfectly piebald and entirely camouflaged by what is seemingly the pattern of the veil.

Motoring much in a good fur coat will, as you know, wear the fur perfectly bald across the back. If you wear a dolman-shaped wrap on top of it—even made of material as thin as taffeta—the outer wrap will take the wear instead. You can drop it from your shoulders in a second and leave it in the car until you return home. You can, of course, wear another coat and change, but it is not always safe to leave a fur coat out in the street in an open car.

If you drive a car yourself you know how hard the floor is on the heels of your shoes. If you are wearing shoes that are very perishable either in color or fabric and it is a great nuisance to change them or take heel-protectors off each time you stop, and if you MUST drive in these particular shoes, baste a piece of light-colored velvet over the bristle side of a small brush-mat and keep it to put under these special heels.

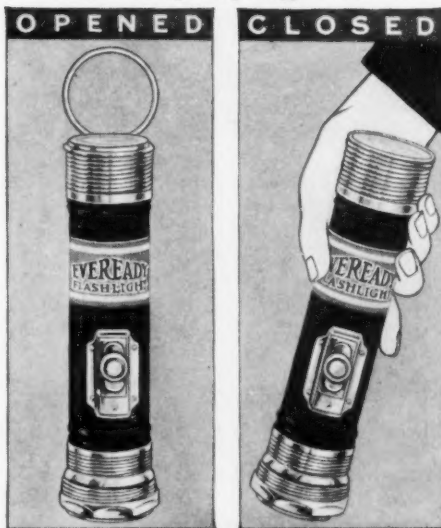
One trick of tidiness in traveling is carrying a good-sized taffeta bag, about twenty-four inches square, with a draw-string at one end, into which you may put all your belongings for deck on a ship, or for the observation car on a train. Your book, magazines, writing-materials, extra scarf or fur piece, anything you may want to read or use. You can go to and from your cabin or section (or enter or leave your car when motoring) without your arms filled with all the assorted belongings that otherwise seem determined to blow away and make their escape.

In this day of chiffon stockings, one trick of tidiness useful even when going for a walk in your own neighborhood, is to carry always in your wrist-bag a tiny envelope containing a few half-inch squares of thin silk court-plaster, either flesh or white or black according to the color of your stockings. If you feel the prick of a "run" just starting, quickly stick on a square of court-plaster. It will keep it from becoming one of those unmendable "ladders" and a stitch caught saves a new pair bought!



Your book, magazines and writing-materials may be carried in a good-sized taffeta bag

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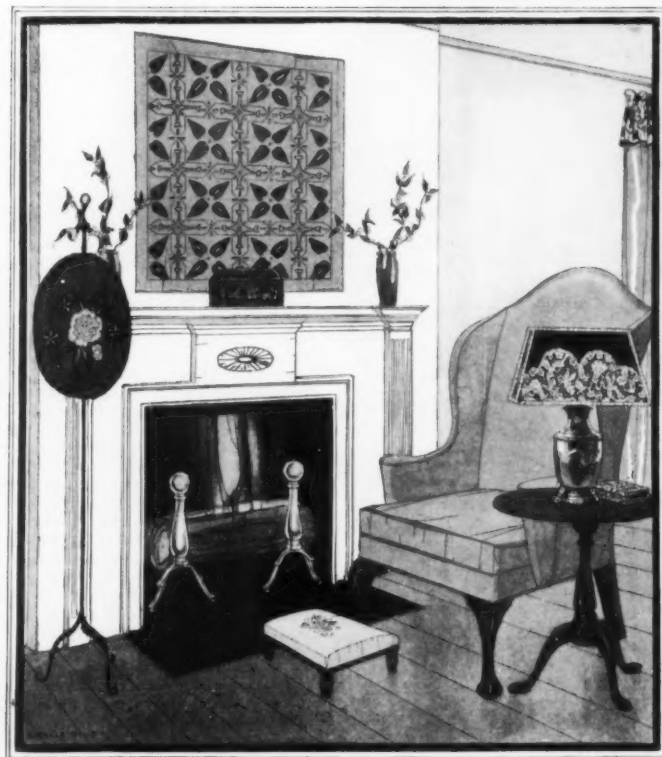
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The firescreen and the panel over the mantel, such as antique dealers delight in; the two vases, the lamp shade, footstool and cigarette box can all be made at home

ENLIVEN THE LIVING-ROOM

*With these Quaint, Charming, and Easily
Fashioned Accessories*

BY PATRICIA WALSH



BEAUTIFUL, decorative articles, such as give distinction to a home, may be chosen from the hoard of an antique dealer, they may be picked up on one's travels, or they may be made at home.

For instance, Mrs. Ingenious Homemaker made many of the attractive articles pictured on this page. She had the help of a cabinet-maker for the footstool and the firescreen; but if Mr. Homemaker had been a skillful craftsman, as many a householder is, he could have come to the rescue.

Let me outline for you briefly the simplicity of most of the accessories pictured on this page:

The panel over the fireplace recalls an oriental rug. The basic cross-design is copied from a Turkish rug of rare beauty whose colors time has softened. These same old color-tones may be reproduced by tracing a design on a neutral-colored denim background with ordinary crayons. The colors are then softened into the cloth by pressing the reverse side of the finished panel.

The attractive

pair of vases can be made by painting a simple over-lapping leaf-design on two well-shaped jam-jars.

The inviting footstool was built on an inexpensive wooden frame. Mrs. Ingenious Homemaker stained and padded this; then the top was covered with denim on which is painted a design from a transfer pattern.

Near at hand, on the table, is an unusual cigarette-box. In its rough covering of gold sealing-wax are Italian mosaics which originally served as brooches. With the pins removed they make a beautiful decoration for the top of the box. Lacking mosaics, medallions can be made by arranging glass jewels easily assembled from a few ten-cent-store trinkets.

THE table-lampshade may adorn a very plain or a very elaborate lamp-base. An unusual touch is given to it by trimming it with circular lace and narrow pleated ruffling. The plain metal screw-top of the lamp was transformed by covering it with sealing-wax. Before the wax became hard, the feet of a small bone elephant were secured in it.

The latest whim of style in shades for floor-lamps is a cut-out flower-motif. The panels, made of black glazed chintz, have the cut-out design stamped on the wrong side by means of a transfer pattern. The eyelets are then cut out with an old pair of cuticle scissors.

Detailed directions for making each of the lovely accessories enumerated in this article will be sent to you if you request them. There is no charge for this service, other than that you are asked to send a stamped self-addressed envelope. Address the Service Editor, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, and ask for Detailed Directions for the Living-Room Necessities.





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GLOVER'S
IMPERIAL
MANGE MEDICINE

A TALK TO AMERICAN FATHERS

[Continued from page 70]

classified according to their clinical signs and symptoms and treated as patients who need and are given medical treatment.

In the home the child's mental requirements are simple. There must be an atmosphere of interest and love. He requires this mental support and stimulation. He will feel it and react accordingly. Of course there will be acts of disobedience, tantrums and tears followed by punishment, repentance and forgiveness. By such means he rises to a higher level and learns to accept authority.

A father's relations to his child should be such that the child will realize that his father is his best friend—not someone to be feared, but one to whom he will instinctively run with all his joys and troubles. Don't treat him well one day and neglect him the remaining six days of the week. The child is registering impressions every day and every hour.

Careless family practices among the elders, or family discords have a baneful effect upon the mind of the child. "Now Willie," says his mother, "you told me a falsehood. Do you know what happens to little boys who tell falsehoods?"

"No, Ma," replies Willie sheepishly. "Well, Willie, a big black man with only one eye in the center of his forehead comes along, picks him up and flies with him up to the moon and makes him pick sticks for the rest of his life. Now you will never lie to me again, will you, dear? It is awfully wicked."

And Willie knows that his mother lied and he will continue his prevarications as suits the time and occasion.

But this type of mother is exceptional in American homes. The mother, to a large degree, makes the home and it is through her character in the close contacts with the child that does much to create right mental development. Her ready sympathy, her unflinching interest and instinctive understanding register indelibly.

A man's memories of this association, which he invariably carries through life, have always been the chief factors in the making of all great men.

[To Be Concluded]

HOW I WRITE

[Continued from page 2]

have to stop and exercise them. A little later, I bought a typewriter from a friend, and learned to run it myself. Then my daughter decided I was confined too much, and working too hard, and she borrowed another typewriter, and taught herself to run it. She used to do the final typing of my manuscripts, and I would sit beside her, and read them to her so that the work would go more quickly.

Later I hired a secretary, the daughter of a friend of mine, who had been a school-teacher, and taught her to use my typewriter, but she knew no stenography. By this time my daughter had gone away to school; I wrote the first draft on the typewriter, then we corrected it, and the secretary made the second copy. This method continued for many years.

Then I came to California, and was finally persuaded to try dictating. My nephew sent me a very efficient stenographer, and I began the dictating. I think the first few days were the hardest work I ever did in my life, but when I saw what a tremendous help it would be, and what a saving of time, I determined to make it work if it was possible. Gradually I began to like it; it was more like talking to someone; I could sort of feel the pulse of my audience. Now, I would not work any other way.

So if you feel you have ability, give yourself a thorough trial. The field is wide, and new authors are in demand. And if you have talent, determination, and courage, you can find a way.

FREE:

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B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must* eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blisters, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



WOMEN of Thirty

and over... read this!

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Lovely skin is so important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes can be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you how. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need one cream... only!

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WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD: A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

The SERMON of the MONTH

Continued from page 22
Column 3

"It is not surprising that at Easter time the wistful, yearning throngs press into the churches to hear the happy message of Immortality. Where else can they hear it? Nobody else but Christ has ever answered the cry of the human heart. It remained for Jesus to answer the age-old question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' in the affirmative.

"Jesus answered it once for all, calmly, quietly, without over-emphasis or overstatement, and with perfect assurance, when he said: 'Because I live, ye shall live also. Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so I would have told you.' Nobody talks like that today—except Jesus. So far as we can humanly see, nobody ever will talk like that to mortals grieving by sodden mounds under weeping-willow trees. 'If it were not so I would have told you'—that is the word of a gentleman; nay, more, the word of one who looked through the death into the life of things."

Jesus did not argue; He opened the windows. In His vision God is here, Eternity is now, and the sky begins at the top of the ground. The faith of the preacher finds its center and circumference in Christ. He continues:

"So you are meekly surrendering your reason? it will be asked. You are taking your religion on the authority of another? After all, then, is it the old authoritative faith? No. It is reason that bids me listen to Christ and take His word. He, whose teaching has been tested by two thousand years of human experience and has proven true to all that is best in human relationships, upon whose words the finest things in our social structure have been built; He could not have been mistaken upon this most vital question. So, I believe in immortality because He said it was so, and if it were not so He would have told us."

Such a wise and simple faith makes one think of the words of St. Ignatius: "Those who have heard the word of Jesus can bear His silence." He confirms faith without satisfying curiosity, but He lets light through the Shadow. When He spoke of His own death He simply said: "I go to my Father."

"So, someday, I shall see that father, whom I scarcely knew on earth, and I hope to know him. I shall see that old mother, the best friend that anybody ever had. I shall see those young soldier lads whom I knew, admired, envied, and loved, whose torn bodies are sleeping under little white crosses in France and Flanders. We shall know them better than we knew them here—I have the word of Christ for it."

To those who think, or fear, that such things are too good to be true, the preacher has a word of wise counsel—we must not let our conceit lead us to imagine that we can think or dream things too great and good for God to fulfill. If life after death—or, rather, life further on—of which we may be assured beyond all peradventure of doubt, is an absorption into God Himself, then we may be certain that it will be deeper, richer, and more perfect than we ourselves could create or devise.

"I do not know what the future life is to be like. But of one thing I am very sure: there will be work for us to do, work that is congenial, happy, hopeful; errands that we shall do with those we love best as comrades, and service that is of value to God."

Aye, how good it is to hear the voice of faith in an age of dim, brooding doubt and vague probabilities.

No man believes in Immortality because he has proved it. No, we are always trying to prove it because we cannot help believing it. And that profound necessity of our nature is deeper than logic; as deep as the home and the family, as deep as infancy and old age, as deep as love and death. The preacher is wise when he rests his faith on the sanity of life, the integrity of God, and the revelation of Christ. Whatever it is, the future life will be good—better even than we have dreamed.

The WORLD EVENT of the MONTH

Continued from page 22
Column 1

that our peace proclivity was a sane emotion against the folly of war, and not at all an emotion of fear. Had they known the temper of our people they would have realized that, given cause, they would be prompt to fight for their rights regardless of all consequences.

The Europeans are, by and large, law-abiding and conservative, the American people have a distinct tendency toward lawlessness and are more or less reckless of consequences. This inability to understand one another must be a source of very real danger so long as it exists.

In the early days of our Republic it was not difficult to maintain a policy of isolation. The shores of Europe were then many times more distant, and the means of communication were sporadic and tedious. We had but little to export and life was so simple that, to the mass of people, imports were not a necessity. We had but little trade of consequence, and after 1814 it was not seriously interfered with by the wars of other nations. Today that is all changed. Our commerce seeks the remote corners of the earth and the ramifications of our trade are in evidence throughout the Seven Seas. War in any part of the world, no matter how remote, is of concern to us and must be reckoned with in one way or another. We cannot be the most powerful nation of the world and shirk the responsibilities of the position. If there is danger in co-operating with other nations toward peace, there is greater danger in refusing to do so. Theoretically, a policy of isolation is possible, in practice it is not.

At the beginning of the World War we were committed to a policy of non-interference—a policy we found impossible to maintain. If some years before 1914 we had begun to interest ourselves in European peace, it is possible that our efforts might have been successful and the World War prevented. As it was, those that we made came too late. We began at the eleventh hour, and were finally drawn into the maelstrom. And this may happen again. We may stand aloof, doing nothing to shape events, and then when war comes, we shall go in as before, on the terms of the belligerents, not on our own.

Our commercial interests now touch every nerve center of the world, and wherever a war occurs one or the other of the belligerents may trespass upon our

rights and draw us in. We of all nations, desiring peace most, and having the greatest interest in its maintenance, are doing the least toward that end. Our attitude indicates a degree of timidity that should be humiliating to a brave and proud people.

The manner in which we have agreed to become a member of the World Court indicates the hysteria into which we have fallen regarding international cooperation. It is possible that our resolution to accept membership in the Court has pushed its advantages further away from us rather than bringing them closer. As a non-member of the Court we had the privilege of using it or not as we desired. As a member, with the Senate reservations, we are less free to use it than before, since under certain conditions the consent of two thirds of the Senate must be obtained.

Edward S. Martin recently said: "If Captain Fried had been as solicitous about the safety of his crew as the Senate is about the safety of this country, the Antinoo's twenty-five would have gone to the bottom with her."

There are many signs that our citizens are awakening and thinking the question of international cooperation through for themselves. Especially is this true of the women of America. While they are still impressed by the cry that their sons must not be sent over seas again to die for an alien cause, they are beginning to realize that if their sons are to remain at home this Government must exert its influence in advance to prevent the necessity for their going.

The future of the United States lies largely in the hands of the women. Once they understand that the United States, because of its geographical situation and potential resources, might become the arbiter of world peace, they will find a way to achieve that great role for our country. Labor will be with them, so, indeed, will be the church organizations. Peace cannot be had by merely wishing for it. If it is worth having it is worth working for—fighting for if needs be. Another world war would mean an overturn of our present day Western civilization. It may be averted, but not by sitting at home in smug complacency hoping it may not come. Peace and isolation are not synonymous terms.

The PLAY of the MONTH

Continued from page 23
Column 3

Lewisohn, worked miracles with the company. There is an ensemble playing that reminds us of the Moscow Art Theatre. Young men, excellently made up and devotedly trained, play old men's parts. Miss Dorothy Sands as the old foster mother gives a gentle and wise performance, the eternal mother taking the young life to her breast. Miss Mary Ellis, who made such a success the past season in Rose Marie, plays triumphantly the girl whose body is possessed by her dead lover's soul.

At the Neighborhood Playhouse they have won with the production of "The Dybbuk" the artistic success of the season so far. And it is pleasant to see that this is accompanied by a great practical success; it is one of the sensations of the theatrical year. "The Dybbuk" could happen anywhere, at any time; the present producers had the inspiration to move it farther off. Instead of the popular Yiddish realism they have achieved austerity and a universal quality. They have freed the story, which now seems like a great myth. As you watch the play you have the sense of life taking place in two worlds, the seen and the unseen. The voices from the world of the dead seem as probable and as real as the voices of the living men and women there before you. Life seems unified and everlasting. All human experience seems a unity and a divine treasury of life. But, most of all, "The Dybbuk" appeals because of the magnificent story. It has one of the great love stories of the theatre of the world.

The BOOK of the MONTH

Continued from page 23
Column 1

in the weaving.

Sandburg is the poet in his description of Lincoln's pain over Ann Rutledge; there is no slopping over, nor is there any attempt to muffle the blow. So, too, in his estimate of Lincoln's wife, whose character played its part in moulding his own. There is nothing of the fashionable biographer's love of psychological jargon in the analysis of Lincoln's love life. It, too, rings sound and true in a book greatly notable for its sincerity.

The great struggle of the book, it seems to one reader, is Lincoln's own struggle to make a great man of himself after his entry into politics. It was his sense of helplessness before men of greater opportunities than his own which seemed to drive him. Beginning his political life with coarse and illogical methods, he literally taught himself to reason and to eschew the horse-play of earlier years. Sandburg not only relates this struggle intimately; he actually names the books to which the man went.

When the second volume is done, and the reader casts back into the thousand pages he has followed, there remains no solitary stature of a great man. Rather, Lincoln is seen in the midst of a race and a nation of his own; is seen as the man destined to be born and schooled into the part he played in that nation. And there remain the manners, the speech, the customs and the beliefs of his days, a full picture of the American scene in all its colors and its movements, its follies and its virtues.

The FILM of the MONTH

Continued from page 23
Column 2

husband, reverting to his own type, moves on upward, leaving her behind (it is her own choice) to care for their daughter.

The daughter, who has had the ill-luck to inherit all her father's sensitiveness and native nobility, is still intensely loyal to her crude mother and determined to stick by her. But she is obviously out of place in the pitiful vulgarity of her mother's home, and *Stella Dallas*, in a moment of harrowing lucidity, realizes this. So this unhappy woman deliberately abases herself in her daughter's eyes—wilfully destroys the filial respect that she has inspired—so that her child may be free to go from her and live her life among the people with whom, by birth, she belongs.

Such is the story of "Stella Dallas"—a moving, stirring story of a low-born but fine-spirited woman who discovered that oil and water won't mix, even in the melting pot of a theoretical democracy.

Naturally enough, *Stella Dallas* provided a character of amazing latitude and still more amazing depth for any actress. It also presented enormous difficulties, for the span of years covered by the story necessitated a change from the charm and fascination of young girlhood to the fleshy stolidity of an idle middle age.

Mr. Goldwyn selected, for this part, a comparatively obscure actress named Belle Bennett, who had achieved only mild success on the stage and almost none on the screen. A more felicitous choice could not at the moment be imagined, for Miss Bennett played *Stella Dallas* as though she had been created for that one particular purpose. Although her costumes were over-elaborate at times, she herself never indulged in a moment of exaggeration.

The other important role, that of the daughter, was entrusted to Lois Moran, who was even more obscure than Belle Bennett. Miss Moran had been taken by her mother to Paris to study. On the way back to their home in Pittsburgh they passed through New York and there, quite by chance, Miss Moran met Marc Connelly, the playwright. Mr. Connelly was so emphatically impressed by Miss Moran's beauty that he offered her a part in his new play, "The Wisdom Tooth," which was about to go into rehearsal.

Miss Moran had had no experience whatever on the stage; indeed, she was going home to Pittsburgh to make her official debut in society. But she played the part in "The Wisdom Tooth" during its trial run, and it was then that Samuel Goldwyn offered her a motion picture contract.

Since that fortuitous encounter with Marc Connelly, less than a year ago, Lois Moran has scored such an enormous success in "Stella Dallas" that she has become a permanent fixture on the screen.

Her triumph is deserved. She is not only beautiful, charming and extremely young; she has a genuine sense of dramatic values and a subconscious safety valve which tells her when to stop.

"Stella Dallas" is essentially Miss Bennett's and Miss Moran's picture, and such celebrated players as Alice Joyce, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jean Hersholt are necessarily relegated to the background. They all fill that space more than satisfactorily.

"Stella Dallas" incidentally has given Henry King an opportunity to resume his former position as a director of unusual perception and taste. He occupied that position four years ago, when he achieved his first great success with "Tolable David." Since then, he has made "The White Sister" and "Romola," with Lilian Gish, and two easily forgotten pictures with Alice Terry. He has been slipping badly—but with "Stella Dallas" he comes all the way back. It is a fine, creditable piece of work that he has done; he has told a simple, sympathetic story as it should be told, in a quiet, straightforward, unostentatious manner. He has brought great pictorial beauty to it, and shaded this beauty with the essentially dingy tones of drabness. He has mixed romance with disillusionment, without placing undue stress on either element. Which is as it should be.

Five Who Might Pass Your Window



People typical of thousands who
conquered their ills—found
youthful energy, superb vitality
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NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in
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The millions of tiny active yeast plants
in every cake invigorate the whole sys-
tem. They aid digestion—clear the skin
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Where cathartics give only temporary
relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal
muscles and makes them healthy and
active. And day by day it releases new
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Eat two or three cakes regularly every
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juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled
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"I WAS BOTHERED WITH CONSTIPATION. I was also
troubled with indigestion, accompanied by disagreeable skin
eruptions. I am very grateful to the friend who recommended
Fleischmann's Yeast. At first I was sceptical but I took
three cakes a day faithfully. The results were amazing. My
digestive troubles vanished. My complexion cleared. I can
now eat all the sweets I wish without having any trouble with
my skin."

ALMA L. BROTHERS, Norfolk, Va.



"I AM A GIRL of seventeen. I began
to get worried when my skin lost its
freshness. I was desperate. One day in
school a friend offered me one of her
Fleischmann's Yeast sandwiches, which
she told me were tasty and beneficial.
I began to eat Yeast sandwiches. In two
weeks I was feeling better; in about
three my skin had regained its natural
freshness. Now, I feel and look as a girl
of seventeen should. The credit is all due
to Fleischmann's Yeast."

ANNA WALDRON, Bloomfield, N. J.

LEFT

"AFTER THE WORLD WAR, I re-
turned home with health greatly im-
paired. I suffered from numerous ail-
ments, including constipation. One day
by chance I saw Yeast cakes served in
a restaurant. I decided to try them. I
soon noticed I was getting back my ap-
petite and my constipation was leaving
me. I am now feeling fine—due to
Fleischmann's Yeast."

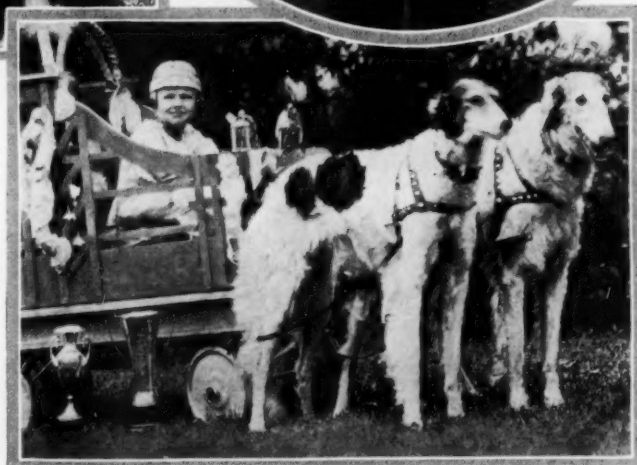
L. H. KLEEBER, St. Louis, Mo.

"WHEN I STARTED USING Fleischmann's Yeast, I
was run down to a mere shadow; I could not sleep, had
no appetite. I had to take tonics and laxatives contin-
ually. Now I am perfectly well. I can eat anything with-
out distress. When returning home worn out from a
day's shopping I take a cake of Yeast and feel one hun-
dred per cent better in every way. No more medicine.
Fleischmann's Yeast restores my energy and keeps me
fit."

MRS. BERTHA H. MOORE, Walnut Hills,
Cincinnati, Ohio

"MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER was afflicted
with styes; her hair was brittle, her lips pale. When I
brought home my Fleischmann's Yeast she would eat
some. The styes disappeared, her hair is now thick, and
she has a beautiful complexion. Both in 1923 and 1924
she won the silver cup in baby parades held in Utica."

R. T. EDWARDS, Utica, New York



THIS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids di-
gestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.
For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot
water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.
Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh
in a cool dry place for two or three days.



Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women



NEW issues accrue daily to each party in the little old war between conservatives and radicals. Tolerance is so obviously necessary that tolerance is widely discussed. Some of the youngsters treat tolerance as though it were a grand modern discovery, but it's really rather ancient. The original Latin means "to bear" or "to endure."

Just at present many persons who take life seriously are bearing and enduring a good deal. Eliminating world policies and national politics, there remains an extraordinary number of subjects about which people can disagree, but perhaps it is the minutiae of existence which today make tremendous demands upon everybody's tolerance.

Times are changing in the home as well as in the wide, wide world. Many a house is divided against itself, old against new, conservative against radical, and the house may fall unless repairs are made.

"What I drink and whom I kiss is nobody's business!" says the flapper.

This is a wisp of straw which is sure to break the camel's back.

Having discovered that human beings have appetites, many persons, not all of whom are morons, behave as if every urge should be satisfied. So we have bootleggers and their patrons, and appalling expense to the public.

Having, to its astonishment, discovered sex as something new under the sun, we have with us our petters. Some human urges beget weaknesses which sorely tax tolerance.

In the minds of many, the modern version of tolerance runs thus: Those who have high standards must lower them to the level of the weakest among us!

"Be a sport!" "Be broad-minded!"

Verily, there is an end to forbearance. The weakness we tolerate in others we may soon excuse or encourage in ourselves.

This month's page consists of letters concerning which one is bound to ask oneself: "Just how tolerant would I be under the same circumstances?" "Of course times are changing and I want to be modern, but could I put up with this?"

Dear Winona Wilcox: I have a charming young daughter. I have slaved for her, prayed for her, saved her from sorrow. I have taken care that she has mental resources, and have given her a fine musical education.

We live in a small town where there is not sufficient amusement for young people. I am no old fogey. I can explain though I cannot tolerate petting parties.

Coming home unexpectedly, I recently found my girl enveloped in a young man's arms. They were so engrossed in an uncensored kiss that they did not hear me and I was so shocked that I could not speak. I groped my way to my room and wept. I would have staked my life on my daughter's refinement.

I have not told her what I saw, fearing to make her deceitful and sly. I am unequal to the situation. What can you suggest?—Mater.

An abrupt end to the sheik's visits. Personally, I'm convinced that Mater should have interrupted the episode and should have ordered the offending man from her door and should have told him never to darken it again, with good old-fashioned firmness. Let daughter cry it out. Why should Mater do all the weeping?

"Melodrama!" hoots Youth. "Intolerance!"

Let's go slow. Perhaps it is the youngsters who revel in melodrama. Doubtless the Victorians loved it on the stage but there they left it. Today looks like the great age of applied melodrama. Sentiment and gush and slush and pretense and passion are too often substituted for sincerity in love. And as for tolerance, that is what youth demands from its elders. Sometimes our young radicals need to be told that tolerance is supposed to work in more than one way.

IS it wise for a wife to tolerate a husband's romances? Wives often ask how the code of modernity runs.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Don't think my problem trivial. Please take it up on your page. My husband works in an office with a married woman. He takes her home in the car he gave to me. I am busy, she has more use of my car than I have.

Formerly my husband always was prompt at dinner. It is right that he should be so as we have several children. Now he is forty-five minutes behind our old schedule every night. The dinner is spoiled, the children grow hungry, sleepy and fretful, my work is delayed so that I spend my evening, my only leisure time, in the kitchen.

In the beginning, I thought that business delayed him. By

WHAT editors call "the human interest story" is the vogue in journalism today. In you will find the truest as they do, the honest and men. Many thanks Still other human documents, real-life romances ed. Yours is not when you analyse it. story, for it may well be the answer to some pressing All letters will be published anonymously. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



chance I discovered the truth.

He swears he doesn't care a pin for the woman, but she asks him to take her home and he can't say "No!" In spite of my pleading, he continues to upset our home routine.

I wish to be broad-minded but in order to be so must I put up with this?—Odette.

There's a hunger for justice in me which amounts to an intolerance of injustice. As I see this case, it is far from trivial. There is on the one hand the discomfort of hungry, waiting children and of the wife at her dishpan all evening because, on the other hand, the father desires to transport his office companion—in comfort—to her home. To save her time, he robs his wife of her scant leisure!

That does not balance fairly. The father ought not to be allowed to get away with "the bunk."

If the wife can end the trouble by a plain statement of fact and a quiet demand that the husband cease to act as a taxi chauffeur, well and good. If she fails, let a court of domestic relations read the man's duty to him.

Perfectly well do I know that this is an old-fashioned reply, and that the outline for sophisticated wives of philandering husbands reads thus:

"These affairs wear out. If the man is that kind of a man, one love is sure to succeed another, so what matter which one enthralls him? Why not endure that which no wife can cure?"

All very generous no doubt, but not tolerable if philandering interferes with the welfare of children or, as in some cases, threatens to ruin a man's business success.

I know that some persons are going to tell me that philandering makes the tired business man a better husband and father, etc., etc. But I shall not believe it. (Were we speaking of tolerance?)

SPRING—summer—the open season for petting.

A recent page about this subject brought me more letters of encouragement than I had dared to hope for in a long life. I needed them. My critics averred that "chastity is a fetish," they suggested that because our emotions remain the same as the caveman's, we never can control them, so why try?

Kind words from those who agree with me that self-restraint is not despicable did me a world of good. For example:

"As a high school teacher, a married man with a family, I have given the petting tendency much study. I think it is sapping our vitality faster than alcohol ever did. My conclusion is that it is only the rattle-brained moral weaklings who engage in petting. A petter publicly announces his or her mental inferiority."

"Much of the domestic infelicity of today comes from the inability of men and women to appreciate and discuss together the fine and enriching things of art and culture. Jazz and petting are the limit."

"But I see also the beauty and happiness that come to those who are led by wisdom and will not step down from their plane of decency and chastity. Such are the only hope for our nation.—V. C. H."

"Thou shalt not!" runs the code of the ex-petters. The day of flapperdom is short. Many of our original petters are now young matrons who hold positive opinions about tolerating petting in their daughters, and who are beginning to say so:

Dear Winona Wilcox: As an original petter, I thought it clever to scoff at old ideas, though now I see that I didn't

know much about what I was scorning. Boys and men liked me. I discovered that it was fun to get them terribly in love and then to squelch them, professing injured innocence. Not all of them were to be fooled, and so I had some devastating experiences.

Now I am married and I have three darling daughters. My husband believes I never petted, consequently I feel like a cheat and a fraud—so much so that I shall see that my girls do not grow up to behave as I did. They never shall "pet" one minute even though they never go to a dance all their days.

I ask the girls who are just crazy about being popular: "Would you want your daughter to do some of the things you are doing?"

I can hear a chorus of negatives. It's safe to say that petting is not here to stay. We mothers who have been through it are going to take care of that.—R. R.

Now for a searchlight on petting "as is."

Dear Winona Wilcox: We, a group of co-eds, have had endless talks on the never settled question, "to pet or not to pet."

Some of us who chose the negative made an experiment in consequence of which we spent half a year of absolute unpopularity.

We are average college girls, who like a good time. We have always had admirers, but we have found that unless a girl pets she is taboo. No matter how nice a girl she may be—how good-looking—how accomplished—she is ignored.

The men of this college are the average intellectual, well bred type. But they all believe in petting. If you do not measure up to their estimation of "a sport," you are condemned to a manless existence and excluded from all the college fun.

To a man, what is a kiss? A pleasant pastime. And a girl who doesn't kiss is as alone as was Robinson Crusoe.

Why should we girls keep ourselves "pure?" (If that is what abstinence from petting means).

Find for us the man who does not pet, who will not flirt, who keeps himself for his ideal, and we will believe that petting is morally wrong.

We admit that deep in our hearts there always will be the question of moral right and wrong, but what are we to do?

This is our youth, why should we throw it away? Are we going to deny ourselves youthful associates? Petting may be wrong, but we fear that without it we will have robbed ourselves of youth's pleasures. Where are the men who measure up to the standards we have set for them?—Doubtfuls.

Slavery for women and all according to Freud!

From the horrors of war the world will recover but how can it survive the harm Freud has done? Though I give him full credit for his theory of the subconscious, I know that that side of his teaching is not the one which has seized the average imagination.

I think Freud is responsible for the sex greed which today obsesses the indiscriminating. Young people are afraid that they are going to lose something.

Doubtless, the sexes should try to understand and forgive each other for a lot of things, and the girls will have to do their share. First they have got to get over some of the love hunger which is consuming them, however they disguise it. Then they must learn to treat the stronger sex as if it really were the stronger, and not to be humored and indulged and babied—which is what petting amounts to.

Does any girl of intelligence suppose that a marriage ceremony can convert a polygamist into a monogamist?

"When discussing petting, dear Madam, why don't you urge reform for the men?" asks another college girl.

Would it be sane to ask the moon to cease to pull the tides?

Even so, the ideal man who can rule himself is not extinct. Some girls are out of luck in the matter of making acquaintances. I know two men in widely separated universities who put it this way:

"Nice families are still raising nice young folks, boys and girls, and they play around together."

We all know that, but occasionally we need to be reminded of it.

Also, we know that many of the future great men of the land are now in our universities, and doubtless in some instances are regarded as sticks and bores. But that doesn't worry them. They can't afford to waste their energy in petting, booze or other wild parties.

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GOLD DUST



When Spring Comes -

And doors and windows are thrown wide to sunshine and soft breezes, bring some of that sparkle and freshness inside with Gold Dust.

Old Winter's grime is clinging in thin films to woodwork, walls and stairs—to shake off his grip one's thoughts turn naturally to Gold Dust Gold Dust, first aid to Spring Cleaning!

And how much cleaning just a little Gold

Dust will do! A tablespoonful—a pail of warm water—enough!

Don't rub and scrub. Just use a mop and Gold Dust. For Gold Dust *dissolves* the grease and dirt, leaves everything sweetly, gleaming clean.

When cleaning woodwork—to avoid streaks—always have a separate pail of clear water and a cloth or sponge for rinsing.

Gold Dust is eager to help you with your spring cleaning!

P.S.

It's New!

Let the Gold Dust  Twins do your work



For those who like a cleanser in a shaker-top can, there is now Gold Dust Scouring Powder. It's "sudsy" and different. It is especially fine for aluminum.



An attractive rug that's play-proof!

Their very own room! A place where they can play any game they like—and no one ever says, "Don't do that, you'll ruin the rug!" For this rug is Congoleum—so sturdy that it stands the scuffing of tireless little feet without a sign of wear.

Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are sanitary—and that's another important point for rooms where children spend much of their time. The surface is smooth, water-proof, and seamless—no place for crumbs or germs to lurk.

Dust can't sift under the edges of these rugs for they hug the floor yet do not require fastening of any kind. And a few

strokes of a damp mop make them spotless.

Then, cheerful beauty! All children love color. And the designs in Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are marvels of artistic color combinations.

You must see these rugs to appreciate them fully. Just visit your dealer's and look over the many patterns. There are sizes for every room—from small mats to large room-sized rugs. And prices have never been as low as they are today.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Cleveland Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

CONGOLEUM

GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

"Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs," is an interesting, illustrated little booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce. It shows all the beautiful patterns in their full colors and contains more detailed information regarding these labor-saving floor-coverings. A copy will be sent free on request.



\$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

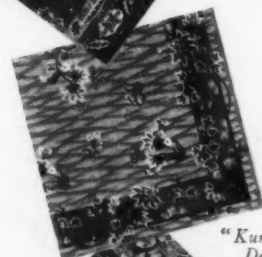
As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay \$100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

*Its soft rose and delicate blues make the "Venetian" Design, shown above, extremely popular. It's Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug No. 532.*



"Jasmine"
Design
Rug No. 538



"Kurdistan"
Design
Rug No. 560



"Wiltshire"
Design
Rug No. 574



"Nassau"
Design
Rug No. 570

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY